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Great New Street and Fetter Lane.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

From his Monument at Stratford.

THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE TEXT REVISED

BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.
1857.

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NEW YORK

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PREFACE.

PREVIOUS to the publication of the folio edition of Shakespeare's dramatic works in 1623 under the auspices of his fellow-actors Heminge and Condell, seventeen of his plays had appeared in quarto at various dates,—viz. *King Richard the Second, King Richard the Third, Romeo and Juliet, Love's Labour's lost, The First Part of King Henry the Fourth, The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth, King Henry the Fifth, The Merchant of Venice, A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Much Ado about Nothing, Titus Andronicus, The Merry Wives of Windsor, Hamlet, King Lear, Troilus and Cressida, Pericles,* and *Othello.* As I have elsewhere enumerated the different impressions of those quartos (see *List of Editions,* p. cxxxii. sqq.), and incidentally noticed their peculiarities (see *Account of the Plays,* p. cliii. sqq.), I need only observe here, that, though they found their way to the press without the consent either of the author or of the managers, it is certain that nearly all of them were printed, with more or less correctness and completeness, from transcripts of MS. copies belonging to the theatre.

The folio of 1623 includes, with the exception of *Pericles,* the plays which had previously appeared in quarto, and twenty others which till then had remained in manuscript. The title-page of the volume runs thus,—*Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Published according to the True Originall Copies:* and in a prefatory address "To the Great Variety of Readers,"[1] the editors announce

[1] Usually supposed to have been written by Ben Jonson.—In *Notes and Queries,* Sec. Series, vol. iii. 8, Mr. Bolton Corney expresses his conviction that Edward Blount "was the real editor" of the folio of 1623: and on that

what they have done in the following terms: "It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings. But, since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his

---

subject he has recently favoured me with several communications, of which I regret that the limits of a note prevent me from giving more than the following portions. "For some years before I ventured to ascribe the editorship of the entire volume to Edward Blount, it had been my firm notion that the two paragraphs of which the address 'To the Great Variety of Readers' consists could not have been written by the same person. The affectation of smartness, and the anxiety to vend, which disfigure the first paragraph, are utterly unlike the sober criticism and earnestness of feeling which form the substance of the second. What had Ben Jonson to do with the sale of the volume? What had Heminge and Condell to do with it after the transfer of the copyright? The persons chiefly interested in the sale of it were W. Jaggard, Ed. Blount, J. Smethwick, and W. Aspley; and as Blount had taken up the pen, on various occasions, for more than twenty years,—sometimes writing in a scholar-like way, and sometimes *fantastically*,—to him I am inclined to ascribe the first paragraph of the address. To Heminge and Condell I assign the rest,—and I admire the spirit of it." After enumerating various works edited by Blount, and among them the *Ars Aulica* of Lorenzo Ducci, 1607, which he dedicated to William Earl of Pembroke and Philip Earl of Montgomery as an expression of his "particular dutie,"—Mr. Corney asks, "Can it be conceived that the other proprietors [of the folio *Shakespeare*, 1623] would not have urged him to edit the volume? Could he decently refuse the office of editor? He had, moreover, a threefold motive to accept it:—1. As a fulfilment of his 'particular dutie' to the noble brothers to whom the volume is dedicated; 2. As one of the printers of the volume, and therefore in part responsible for its due execution; and 3. As one of the four publishers at whose charges the volume was printed." Mr. Corney also thinks it "possible that Blount may have had some influence in procuring the commendatory verses prefixed to the volume. Of the four specimens which it contains, that by Holland was not written for the occasion; that by I. M. is of uncertain authorship; and the others are by Ben Jonson and Leonard Digges. Now, Ben Jonson and Leonard Digges contributed verses to the *Guzman de Alfarache* of Matheo Aleman, of which Blount was the proprietor and editor, in the same year."

When Mr. Corney ascribes to Blount the editorship of the first folio, he, of course, does not mean that Blount had any concern in selecting the materials of which it consists, but that Blount undertook to see through the press the "copy" (a jumble of printed books and manuscripts) which Heminge and Condell had handed over to him:—and how was that task performed? with a carelessness almost unexampled!

[illegible] of
[illegible] and all
[illegible] them; who
[illegible] gentle [illegible]
[illegible] and what he
[illegible] have [illegible]
[illegible] But, as Malone
[illegible] the imperfec-
[illegible] true of any
[illegible] of Windsor
[illegible] in general the
[illegible] demonstrable
[illegible] about Nothing
[illegible] portions and
[illegible] trivial changes,
[illegible] Labour's lost
[illegible] the old errors
[illegible] they corrected
[illegible] spoilt the con-
[illegible] by omitting several
[illegible] in act iv. sc. 3.
[illegible] that their text
[illegible] taken from Ro-
[illegible] the two quartos of
[illegible] followed; and though
[illegible] not a few bad

[illegible] which was un-
[illegible] was entirely super-
[illegible]

variations, to say nothing of their being chargeable with some small omissions: — that for *The Merchant of Venice* they used Heyes's quarto, 1600, retaining a good many of its misprints; and though in some places they improved the text, their deviations from the quarto are generally either objectionable readings or positive errors:—that in *King Richard II.* they chiefly adhered to the quarto of 1615, copying some of its mistakes; and though they made one or two short additions and some slight emendations, they occasionally corrupted the text, and greatly injured the tragedy by omitting sundry passages, one of which, in act i. sc. 3, extends to twenty-six lines:[6]—that their text of *The First Part of King Henry IV.* is, on the whole, more faulty than that of the incorrect quarto of 1613, from which they printed the play:—that their text of *King Richard III.*,—which materially differs from that of all the quartos, now and then for the better, but oftener perhaps for the worse,—was in some parts printed from the quarto of 1602, as several corresponding errors prove; and though it has many lines not contained in any of the quartos, it leaves out a very striking and characteristic portion of the 2d scene of act iv.,[7] and presents passages here and there which cannot be restored to sense without the assistance of the quartos:—that they formed their text of *Troilus and Cressida* on that of the quarto of 1609, from which some of their many blunders were derived; and though they made important additions in several passages, they omitted other passages, sometimes to the destruction of the sense:—that in *Hamlet*, while they added considerably to the prose-dialogue in act ii. sc. 2, inserted elsewhere lines and words which are wanting in the quartos of 1604, &c., and rectified

[6] "*Boling.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
* * * * * * *
The man that mocks at it and sets it light."

[7] "*Buck.* My lord,—
K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time
* * * * * * * *
I am not in the giving vein to-day."

various mistakes of those quartos; they,—not to mention minor mutilations of the text, some of them accidental,—omitted in the course of the play about a hundred and sixty verses (including nearly the whole of the 4th scene of act iv.), and left out a portion of the prose-dialogue in act v. sc. 2, besides allowing a multitude of errors to creep in *passim*:—that their text of *King Lear*, though frequently correct where the quartos are incorrect, and containing various lines and words omitted in the quartos, is, on the other hand, not only often incorrect where the quartos are correct, but is mutilated to a surprising extent,—the omissions, if we take prose and verse together, amounting to about two hundred and seventy lines, among which is an admirable portion of the 6th scene of the iiid act,[8] as well as the whole of the 3d scene of act iv.:—but, not to weary the reader, I refrain from further details, though something might be added concerning their text of *The Second Part of King Henry IV.*, of *Titus Andronicus*, of *Romeo and Juliet*, and of *Othello*. In short, Heminge and Condell made up the folio of 1623, partly from those very quartos which they denounced as worthless, and partly from manuscript stage-copies, some of which had been depraved, in not a few places, by the alterations and "botchery of the players,"[9] and awkwardly mutilated for the purpose of curtailing the pieces in representation.[10]—For the strange inconsistency of such a procedure with what the editors of 1623 professed to do, Mr. W. N. Lettsom has perhaps satisfactorily

[8] "*Edg.* The foul fiend bites my back.
* * * * *
False justicer, why hast thou let her scape?"

[9] Gifford,—note on Jonson's *Works*, v. 163.

[10] With a boldness of assertion similar to that of Shakespeare's earliest editors,—Humphrey Moseley, in an address "To the Readers," prefixed to the folio of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Comedies and Tragedies*, 1647, declares, "now you have both all that was acted, and all that was not; even the perfect full originals, without the least mutilation:" which is certainly not true with respect to two of the plays, *The Humorous Lieutenant* and *The Honest Man's Fortune*, and is probably untrue with respect to many others. (See my ed. of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works*.)

accounted when he suggests, "that, in their eyes, autographs, transcripts to the third and fourth generation, and printed books, were all much on a level, if they were only used and sanctioned by their company."[11]—As to the original manuscripts of Shakespeare's plays, it is altogether improbable that any of them (especially when we recollect that the Globe Theatre was burned down in 1613) should have existed in 1623:—we know, on the testimony of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, that the original manuscript of *The Winter's Tale*,—one of our poet's latest compositions,—was "missing" in August 1623.[12]

The editor of the second folio, which appeared in 1632, was alike ignorant of Shakespeare's phraseology and versification: hence he vitiated the text in numerous instances by capriciously altering what he did not understand, and by interpolating words in lines where he thought the metre halted. All he did in the way of real correction was to set right some of the more obvious mistakes of the first folio, while he left others as he found them, and not unfrequently substituted new errors for the old.—Since whatever changes he made were merely arbitrary,—for he certainly never consulted manuscript copies of the plays,—the second folio cannot be considered as an independent authority.

After what has been said, it is almost unnecessary to add that the text of this edition is eclectic. Mr. Collier justly remarks of *Hamlet*, that "any editor who should content himself with reprinting the folio, without large additions from the quartos, would present but an imperfect notion of the drama as it came from the hand of the poet. The text of 'Hamlet' is, in fact, only to be obtained from a comparison of the editions in quarto and folio:"[13] and the remark is applicable to nearly all the other plays which were first printed in quarto; for even when the quartos do not supply

[11] Preface to Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. xvii.
[12] See p. clxix. [13] Introd. to Hamlet.

absolute deficiencies, and though in various passages they may be themselves defective or corrupt, they frequently enable us to restore the language of Shakespeare where it has suffered from the tampering of the players.[14]

Of the modern editions of Shakespeare, from Rowe's to the most recent, I need make no mention here. But on the *Emendations* of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, which are still the subject of acrimonious dispute, I feel myself compelled to give an opinion: and, waving the question, for how much of that immense farrago the Corrector is really answerable, I am bound to say, that, with all his ignorance and rashness,—

[14] That Horne Tooke knew little or nothing of the quartos is manifest: if he had ever examined them even with ordinary attention, it is impossible that a man of his acuteness could have written about the folio in these extravagant terms: "The first Folio, in my opinion, is the only edition worth regarding. And it is much to be wished, that an edition of Shakespeare were given *literatim* according to the first Folio: which is now become so scarce and dear, that few persons can obtain it. For, by the presumptuous license of the dwarfish commentators, who are for ever cutting him down to their own size, we risque the loss of Shakespeare's genuine text; which that Folio assuredly contains; notwithstanding some few slight errors of the press, which might be noted, without altering." Ἔπεα Πτερόεντα, &c., vol. ii. 54, ed. 1829. Nor is Mr. Knight's encomium on the folio less extravagant: "Perhaps," he says, "all things considered, there never was a book so correctly printed as the first folio of Shakspere" (see vol. iv. p. 647 of the present edition): yet throughout his editions Mr. Knight has very great obligations to the quartos. The latest champion of the folio, and one determined to go all lengths in its defence, is Mr. Keightley; who (*Notes and Queries*, Sec. Series, vol. iv. 263) "does not despair" of seeing some future editor print, with the folio, in *As you like it*, act ii. sc. 3,

> "From SEVENTY years till now almost fourscore
> Here livèd I, but now live here no more.
> At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
> But at fourscore it is too late a week," &c.

(Poor Rowe! when he altered "From *seventy* years" to "From seventeen years," he fancied that he had made an emendation which was fully confirmed by the third line of the passage.)

Mr. Hunter gives the true character of the folio: "Perhaps in the whole annals of English typography there is no record of any book of any extent and any reputation having been dismissed from the press with less care and attention than the first folio." Preface to *New Illust. of Shakespeare*, p. iv.

the far greater proportion of his *novæ lectiones* being either grossly erroneous or merely impertinent,—he yet deserves our thanks for having successfully removed some corruptions, and must be allowed the honour of having anticipated several happy conjectures of Theobald and others.—Mr. Collier complains of the reception which the *Emendations* have met with in certain quarters:[15] but, even granting that they have not always been fairly criticised, he has himself, in a measure, to blame. He went far to create a prejudice against, if not to provoke a spirit of opposition to, the Corrector's labours *en*

[15] In his Preface to *Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton by Coleridge*, &c., Mr. Collier writes at great length about those who have assailed the *Emendations*,—about their animosity to the Corrector and to himself; and, p. lxvi., speaking of what he conceives to be unfair dealing on the part of Mr. Singer, he says, "I dislike using hard words: all who are acquainted with me know that it has never been my practice; but if I acquit Mr. Singer of intentional misrepresentation, the *assertio falsi*, how is he to answer the accusation of *suppressio veri?* Of this minor offence proofs present themselves to me," &c. Further on, after attempting to support the Corrector's foolish alteration in *King Henry the Eighth*, act i. sc. 2,

> "I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
> Is *one* in your displeasure,"—

Mr. Collier notices certain mistakes in early books which have arisen from "the inability of some people to sound the letter *r*," and then observes, p. lxxxv., that "the most remarkable proof to the same effect *occurs in Webster's 'Appius and Virginia'* (*Edit. Dyce*, ii. 160), *where this passage is met with as it is printed in the old copy:*

> 'Let not Virginia wate her contemplation
> So high, to call this visit an intrusion.'

It is clear that 'wate' must be wrong, and the editor suggests *waie* (i.e. weigh) as the fit emendation; when he did not see that it is only a blunder of *w* for *r*, because the person who delivered the line could not pronounce the letter *r*: read *rate* for 'wate,' and the whole difficulty vanishes." Now, in my edition of Webster the passage stands *verbatim* thus,

> "Let not Virginia *rate* her contemplation
> So high, to call this visit an intrusion:"

and with the following note,

"*rate*] So the editor of 1816. The old copy, '*wate*.' Qy. if a misprint for '*waie*,' i. e. weigh."

Yet Mr. Collier,—who charges Mr. Singer with want of candour,—most carefully conceals the fact that "*rate*" is the reading in my text of Webster.

masse, when, in the commentary with which he encumbered them, he advocated hundreds of the most unnecessary changes ever devised by perverse ingenuity; and when, moreover, from his limited knowledge of what conjecture had attempted on the poet's text during the eighteenth century, he paraded as novelties a number of alterations already to be found in the editions of Pope, of Hanmer, and elsewhere.—It would seem that Mr. Collier's judgment, nay, his recollection of the phraseology of our old writers, was at times affected by his blind admiration of the Corrector. E. g. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* act iv. sc. 2, the first folio has,

"Her eyes are grey as glass," &c.;

on which line Theobald aptly cites from Chaucer, "*hire eyen grey as glas.*" But the second folio, by a misprint, has,

"Her eyes are grey as *grass,*" &c.

The Corrector,—who used the second folio,—not perceiving that the error lay in the word "*grass,*" altered the unoffending epithet "grey" to "*green,*"—

"Her eyes are *green* as *grass,*" &c.;

"*and such,*" says Mr. Collier, "*we have good reason to suppose was the true reading;*" though a little before he admits that the first folio "may be right." In *The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth,* act iv. sc. 1, the old copies have,

"and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war."

The Corrector substitutes,

"and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and *report* of war;"

which Mr. Collier declares "*ought to be printed in future,*" for "*here 'point of war' can have no meaning:*" yet Mr. Collier formerly edited an early drama which contains the following passage;

"Matrevers, thou
Sound proudly here *a* perfect *point of war*
In honour of thy sovereign's safe return."
Peele's *Edward I.*,—Dodsley's *Old Plays*,
vol. xi. 13, ed. Collier.

But enough of the Ms. Corrector's *Emendations*, with their particles of golden ore and their abundant dross.

When, at the desire of Mr. Moxon, I undertook this edition of Shakespeare,—with a reluctance arising from the conviction that, even if it proved not wholly unacceptable to others, it must fail to satisfy myself,—the arrangement was, that I should merely revise the text, without adding notes of any kind. But it soon became evident that, though notes explanatory of words, manners, customs, &c. might not be essentially necessary (for with such matters the reader is often as conversant as the editor), yet notes regarding the formation of the text were indispensable. Hence it is, that an edition originally meant to be entirely free from annotation comprises a considerable quantity of notes:—in disjoining which from the text, and placing them at the end of each play respectively, I have consulted the taste of those who have little relish for the minutiæ of verbal criticism.

It was also originally understood between the publisher and myself, that I should not be required to supply the memoir of Shakespeare intended to accompany the present edition: circumstances, however, which it is needless to explain, eventually imposed on me that ungrateful task. Owing to the scantiness of materials for his history, and to our ignorance of what we most wish to know concerning him, a Life of Shakespeare, in spite of its subject, is generally among the least readable efforts of the biographer: and I cannot but feel that, if my own memoir of the poet has any claim to another character, it is solely on account of its comparative shortness.

I have to return my best thanks to Mr. W. N. Lettsom for the extracts from the late Sidney Walker's unpublished papers on Shakespeare, as well as for his own critical remarks, with which from time to time he furnished me; to Mr. John Forster, for much kind and judicious advice on various points of difficulty; and to Mr. Singer, for his prompt assistance whenever I had occasion to request it: nor ought I to conclude without acknowledging my obligations to Mr. Robson, from whose press the present edition comes forth, not only for the care he has bestowed in revising the sheets with an eye to verbal correctness, but for innumerable suggestions during the whole progress of the work.

A. DYCE.

December 1857.

SOME ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.

"ALL that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakespeare, is—that he was born at Stratford upon Avon—married and had children there—went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays—returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried."[1] Such is the remark made long ago by the most acute of his commentators: and even at the present day,—notwithstanding some additional notices of Shakespeare which have been more recently discovered,—the truth of the remark can hardly fail to be felt and acknowledged by all, except by professed antiquaries, with whom the mere mention of a name in whatever kind of document assumes the character of an important fact.[2]

[1] Note by Steevens on Shakespeare's xciii[d] *Sonnet*.

[2] "All that insatiable curiosity and unwearied diligence have hitherto detected about Shakesp[illegible] serves rather to disappoint and perplex us,

14

Shakespeares abounded in Warwickshire: they were settled there as early as the fourteenth century; and, soon after, they spread themselves, in various branches, through the county: but genealogical inquiry has as yet been able to throw little light on the pedigree of the dramatist.—We have every reason to believe that his father, John Shakespeare, was the son of Richard Shakespeare, a substantial farmer at Snitterfield.[3] In 1552 we find John Shakespeare resident in Henley-street,[4] Stratford-upon-Avon; but his employment at that period is not recorded. In 1556 he was carrying on the business of a glover.[5] He did not, however, con-

than to furnish the slightest illustration of his character. It is not the register of his baptism, or the draft of his will, or the orthography of his name that we seek. No letter of his writing, no record of his conversation, no character of him drawn with any fullness by a contemporary has been produced.—*Note.* I am not much inclined to qualify this paragraph in consequence of the petty circumstances relating to Shakespeare which have been lately brought to light, and which rather confirm than otherwise what I have said." Hallam's *Introd. to the Liter. of Europe*, ii. 176, ed. 1843.

[3] Three miles from Stratford.—Richard Shakespeare of Snitterfield was a tenant of Robert Arden, whose daughter John Shakespeare married: at Snitterfield, too, lived a Henry Shakespeare; and John Shakespeare had a brother named Henry. (Mr. Collier first offered the conjecture, that Richard Shakespeare was the poet's grandfather.)

[4] As is shown by a Court Roll, dated April 29th, 1552, in the Carlton Ride Record Office: "Item [juratores] præsent. super sacramentum suum quod Humfrudus Reynoldes (xij.^{d}) Adrianus Quyney (xij.^{d}) et Johannes Shakyspere (xij.^{d}) fecerunt sterquinarium in vico vocato Hendley Strete contra ordinationem curiæ. Ideo ipsi in misericordia, ut patet."

[5] This is proved by the following extract from the register of the proceedings of the bailiff's court;

"Stretford, ss. Cur. Philippi et Mariæ, Dei gratia regis et reginæ Angliæ, Hispaniarum, &c. secundo et tercio, ibidem tent. die Marcurii, videlicet xvij° die Junii, anno prædicto [1556], coram Johanni Burbage ballivo, &c.

"Thomas Siche de Arscotte in com. Wigorn. queritur versus Johan-

[illegible] in
[illegible]
[illegible] for he is
[illegible] his name [illegible]
[illegible]" in Bur-
[illegible] called "yes-
[illegible] According to
[illegible] to Rowe, "a
[illegible] these several
[illegible] with each
[illegible] for if he was
[illegible] the market both
[illegible] have been
[illegible] he would
[illegible] hypothesis is un-
[illegible] appears to have
[illegible] that at one
[illegible] a wool-stapler.

[illegible] in placito quod
[illegible] in action against
[illegible]
[illegible] Henry Fyld [Field]
[illegible] quas ei injuste de-
[illegible] for a pec tymbur,
[illegible]
[illegible]." Aubrey's
[illegible] to these words
[illegible] and it is not a
[illegible], who was
[illegible] was "bound
[illegible] Shakespeare.
[illegible] the time our
[illegible]

On April 30th, 1557, he was marked one of the jury of the court leet, but not sworn; and on Sept. 30th, 1558, he was one of a like jury. In the former year he was also appointed an ale-taster; and soon after Michaelmas he was chosen a burgess. On Sept. 30th, 1558, and again on Oct. 6th, 1559, he was elected constable. On the day last mentioned, and again in May 1561, he was made an affeeror. In Sept. 1561, he was elected one of the chamberlains, and filled the office two years. On July 4th, 1565, he was chosen an alderman. From Michaelmas 1568 to Michaelmas 1569 he served as high-bailiff. On Sept. 5th, 1571, he was elected chief alderman for the ensuing year.—It may be added that in those days few of the Corporation of Stratford could write their names, and that among the markmen was John Shakespeare.

He married Mary,[10] the youngest daughter of Robert Arden, of Wilmecote,[11] then deceased; who, though described in documents of the time as "husbandman," was a considerable landed proprietor, and descended from a family of long standing and of no mean note in War-

---

Shakespeare and his son William have been confounded with *Thomas Shakespeare, a butcher at Warwick, and his son John*, who in March 1609-10 was bound apprentice to William Jaggard the stationer, and who was admitted to his freedom May 22, 1617, &c.: but it is altogether unlikely that tradition should have mistaken the far-famed dramatist for Jaggard's insignificant apprentice.

[10] She was the youngest of the seven daughters of Robert Arden by his first wife, whose maiden name is not known. His second wife, Agnes Arden, was the widow of a person named Hill: her maiden name was Webbe.

[11] "A hamlet, partly in the parish of Stratford, and partly in Aston Cantlowe." Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 7, folio ed.

the latter a garden only.[15] In 1564, when Stratford was visited by the plague, his donations towards the relief of the poor "seem to denote a moderate, though not the lowest, rank among the contributors."[16] In 1570 he rented a farm of about fourteen acres, known by the name of "Ingon, *alias* Ington meadow;" and in 1575 he purchased for forty pounds a property consisting of two freehold houses[17] in Henley-street, with gardens and orchards annexed.

But before 1578 his affairs had become greatly embarrassed. In that year he and his wife mortgaged to Edmund Lambert[18] for forty pounds the estate of Ashbies. They also sold to Robert Webbe their interest in the tenements at Snitterfield: according to the indenture of sale, dated October 15th, 1579, the purchase-money was four pounds; but from a fine preserved in the Chapter House, Westminster, dated in Easter Term, 22 Eliz. 1580, it appears that the reversionary interest[19] on the same property was parted with to the same Robert Webbe for forty pounds.—We find, too, in the notes

[15] It is not known how long he remained possessor of the premises in Greenhill-street: but as late as 1590 he certainly owned the copyhold in Henley-street, as well as another copyhold tenement in the same locality, for they are mentioned in a survey made during that year. See Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, pp. 24, 31, folio ed.

[16] Malone's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 83.

[17] Mr. Halliwell thinks "it admits of a doubt whether Shakespeare's father did not occupy the whole as one tenement. A minute examination of some deeds relating to the property has nearly convinced me that this must have been the case, and that it was not formed into two houses until long after the birth of Shakespeare." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 32, folio ed.

[18] Joan Arden, the sister of Mary Shakespeare, was married to an Edward Lambert.

[19] On the death of Agnes Arden: see note [10], p. iv.

of the proceedings of the Corporation, and in the registry of the Court of Record, at Stratford, a series of entries, which, taken together, sufficiently indicate John Shakespeare's failing fortunes. When it was agreed, Jan. 29th, 1577-8,[20] that every alderman should "paye towardes the furniture of thre pikemen, ij billmen, and one archer, vj*s.* viij*d.*," John Shakespeare was required to pay only "iij*s.* iiij*d.*" On the 19th of Nov. next, when it was ordered that every alderman should contribute fourpence a week for the relief of the poor, it was determined that he should "not be taxed to paye anythynge." In an account of money levied on the inhabitants of Stratford, March 11th, 1578-9, for the purchase of armour and defensive weapons, his name occurs among the defaulters. On "Jan. 19, 28 Eliz." the return made to a *distringas* was—"quod prædictus Johannes Shackspere nihil habet unde distringi potest. Ideo fiat capias versus eundem Johannem Shackspere," &c.: and on Feb. 16th, and again on March 2d, a *capias* was issued against him. In the same year he was deprived of his alderman's gown: "[Sept. 6, 1586.] At thys halle William Smythe and Richard Courte are chosen to be aldermen in the places of John Wheler and John Shaxpere; for that Mr. Wheler dothe desyre to be put owt of the companye, and Mr. Shaxpere dothe not come to the halles when they

[20] In a list of debts due to Robert Sadler, a baker at Stratford, appended to his will, dated Nov. 14th, of the same year, is "Item of Edmonde Lambarde and . . . Cornishe for the debte of Mr. John Shaksper, v*li.*" This debt probably was included in the moneys which (see p. x.) John and Mary Shakespeare allowed that they owed to Edmund Lambert.

be warned, nor hathe not done of longe tyme."[21] On "Mar. 29, 29 Eliz." he produced a writ of *habeas corpus* in the Stratford Court of Record,—"Johannes Shakesper protulit breve dominæ reginæ de habeas corpus cum causa," &c.; from which it may be gathered that he was in custody or imprisoned for debt: and the registry of the same court might be cited to show that several years later he was still in difficulties.—Such is also the testimony of a document derived from a different source, which moreover exhibits him as lying under the suspicion of nonconformity. Eight commissioners (Sir Thomas Lucy, Sir Fulke Greville, &c.) were appointed to make inquiries respecting Jesuits, priests, and recusants, in Warwickshire; and the result of their inquiries, dated Sept. 25th, 1592,[22] is extant in the State-Paper Office. The return for "the hundred of Barlichewaye in the parrishe of Stratford upon Avon" is headed "The names of all sutch recusantes as have bene hearetofore presented for not comminge monethlie to the churche according to hir Majesties lawes, and yet are thoughte to forbeare the church for debtt and for feare of processe, or for soom other worse faultes, or for age, sicknes, or impotencye of bodie;" and among the

[21] Mr. Halliwell thinks that the "absences" of John Shakespeare were occasioned by his wish to withdraw himself from the Corporation, and that they imply his ability to pay the fines for non-attendance. *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 64, folio ed. But let this entry prove what it may, we have ample evidence of his distress without it.

[22] During this same year John Shakespeare assisted on two occasions in taking inventories of the goods of persons deceased; which perhaps argues that the impaired state of his finances had not brought him into discredit with his neighbours.

names of nine men[23] subjoined,—with a memorandum opposite to them, "It is sayd that these laste nine coom not to churche for feare of processe for debtte,"[24]—the name of "Mr. John Shackespere" stands third. Hence it certainly would seem that dislike of the established worship was not the cause of his absenting himself from church:[25] and we must recollect, too, that, as a member of the Corporation he had taken the customary oath.—In concluding this account of his embarrassments, it is proper to mention that they were never so extreme as to compel him to part with the freehold houses (or house[26]) in Henley-street.[27]

In 1597, John and Mary Shakespeare filed a bill in Chancery, for the recovery of the estate of Ashbies, against John Lambert, son of the Edmund Lambert, to whom in 1578 they had mortgaged that property for forty pounds on the condition that it should revert to them, if they repaid the money on or before Michaelmas-day 1580. They alleged that the money in discharge had been tendered to Edmund Lambert, who had re-

[23] Followed by the names of six women.

[24] In the original copies of the presentments at Warwick Castle, the memorandum runs thus, "Wee suspect theese nyne persons next ensuinge absent themselves for feare of prosses."

[25] Mr. Collier (*Life of Shakespeare*, p. cxxxix.) thinks that he could not have been arrested on a Sunday; but the words of the document are express to the contrary.

[26] See note [17], p. vi.

[27] In Jan. 1596-7 he made over to George Badger a small piece of ground—"a narrow slip extending the whole length between Henley-street and the Guild Pits" (see Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 33, folio ed.): but he would seem to have parted with it merely to accommodate his neighbour Badger.

fused to receive it unless other moneys which they confessed they owed him were also paid: and it was only to be expected that they should contrast the palmy state of the defendant with their own less fortunate condition,—"the sayde John Lamberte ys of greate wealthe and abilitie and well frended and alied amongest gentlemen and freeholders of the countrey in the saide countie of Warwicke where he dwelleth, and your saide oratours are of small wealthe and verey fewe frends and alyance in the saide countie." In his answer to this bill John Lambert denied that the money had been tendered, and maintained that by his father's death he had become legally possessed of the estate. His answer drew forth a replication from the complainants, in which they reiterated their former statements. How the business ended is not known: perhaps it was settled by some private arrangement, for no decree in the case has been discovered.—That John Shakespeare and his wife should have attempted to carry on so expensive a law-suit without pecuniary assistance from their son the dramatist is altogether unlikely: he was then in the receipt of a considerable income; and perhaps it was solely by his advice that the proceedings were instituted.

In the Heralds' College are two drafts of an intended grant of arms by Dethick to John Shakespeare, dated 1596,[28] and a draft of another grant by Dethick

[28] If we could rely on a note at the bottom of one of the drafts of 1596, we must believe that long before that date John Shakespeare had been in communication with the heralds: "This John hath a patierne therof [i.e. a trick of the arms] under Clarenc Cookes hand in paper

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known from the Stratford registers, which give the dates of their baptisms in the following order: Joan, Sept. 15th, 1558; Margaret, Dec. 2d, 1562; William, April 26th, 1564; Gilbert, Oct. 13th, 1566; Joan, April 15th, 1569; Anne, Sept. 28th, 1571; Richard, March 11th, 1573-4; Edmund, May 3d, 1580.—The first Joan must have died an infant, though the entry of her burial has not been discovered in the register. Margaret and Anne were cut off immaturely: the former was buried April 30th, 1563, the latter April 4th, 1579. Gilbert, the second Joan, Richard, and Edmund, will afterwards be mentioned in the course of this memoir.

The baptism of William Shakespeare at Stratford-upon-Avon is thus recorded in the register,—

"1564, April 26, Gulielmus filius Johannes [*sic*] Shakspere;"

but the day on which he first saw the light cannot be exactly fixed. If we trust a faint tradition[30] that he died on the anniversary of his birth, we are to believe

[30] Oldys's *Ms. Notes on Langbaine.*—The inscription on Shakespeare's monument is "Obiit anno Domini 1616, Ætatis 53, die 23 Ap."—It seems unreasonable to question the constant tradition that he was born in the house in Henley-street, to which such crowds have flocked, like pilgrims to a shrine. But alas for the "Shakesperian relics," which are (or at least, when I visited the house, were) exhibited there to all "curious travellers"! They consist of a card-and-dice box, with a pincushion on its top, *presented to him by the Prince of Castile;* a Toledo; an iron box which enclosed his will; a table-cloth of black velvet, embroidered with gold, *the gift of Queen Elizabeth; his wife's shoe;* a drinking-glass, *made for him in his sickness;* a table *on which he wrote his works,* &c.—"The most probable supposition is, that John Shakespeare lived in the birth-place during the whole of his residence in Stratford, first as tenant, and afterwards as owner; there being no reason for

that he was born on the 23d of the month; nor is the interval which this supposes between his birth and baptism inconsistent with the custom of the time.

When he was only a few weeks old, the plague (which had been making great havoc in London) broke out in his native town; but though it raged there during several months with fatal violence, not a single individual of the name of Shakespeare appears to have become its victim.

The fact of his father's being a member of the Corporation sufficiently confirms Rowe's statement that he was sent to the Free-school at Stratford;[31] where the successive masters from 1572 to 1578,—the period during which we may assume that Shakespeare attended it,—were Thomas Hunt and Thomas Jenkins.—What was the extent of our poet's "learning" is a question which has given rise to much discussion, some of it not a little foolish. In opposition to those critics,—Gildon, Upton, &c.,—who asserted the wide erudition of Shakespeare, Farmer has incontrovertibly shown that, while composing several of his dramas, he had recourse to North's *Plutarch*, and to other vernacular books, instead of consulting the ancient authors in the ori-

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believing that he ever inhabited any one of his copyhold tenements, which were, in all probability, houses of a very inferior description." Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 32, folio ed. That in January 1596-7 John Shakespeare was inhabiting what Mr. Halliwell emphatically calls *the birth-place*, we learn from the deed of conveyance by which he made over to George Badger the small piece of ground already mentioned: see note [27], p. ix.

[31] *Life of Shakespeare.*

ginal (which, by the by, even with competent scholarship, he might be excused for doing). The line in Ben Jonson's admirable verses to his memory,—

"And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek,"—

if taken literally, allows him at least a smattering of the latter language; and perhaps it may be urged that considerable attainments in learning would have appeared slight to Jonson, who having devoted many a laborious hour to the study of the classics, had stored his mind with all the treasures of antiquity: I believe, however, Jonson's meaning to be—that to his comparatively slender knowledge of Latin, Shakespeare never added any acquaintance with Greek; and such, I am persuaded, was the case.—Aubrey having related on the authority of a Mr. "Beeston," that Shakespeare "understode Latine pretty well, for he had been in his younger yeares a schoolmaster in the countrey,"[32] Mr. Collier conjectures that he might have been employed by the master of the Free-school at Stratford to aid him in the instruction of the junior boys.[33] The conjecture is not very probable: and yet "small Latin" would have qualified him for such a task.—Of French and Italian, I apprehend, he knew but little.[34]

We are further informed by Rowe that, in consequence of "the narrowness of his father's circum-

[32] *Mss. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*

[33] *Life of Shakespeare*, p. lxxxiii.

[34] "That Shakespeare was acquainted with Italian sufficiently appears from the very curious entry relating to *Twelfth-Night* in Manningham's Diary, 1602." Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 83, folio ed. Not

stances," the youthful poet was withdrawn from school, his assistance being required at home:—the truth of which account is weakly disputed by Malone;[35] who, as unsuccessfully, endeavours to establish, from the frequent occurrence of law-terms in our author's dramas, that he was placed for two or three years in the office of a Stratford attorney. Rowe proceeds to say that "upon his leaving school, he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him," meaning that he became a dealer in wool; while Aubrey, to the express assertion that Shakespeare

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so: Manningham's notice that incidents in *Twelfth-Night* resemble those in *Gl' Inganni* does not prove Shakespeare's acquaintance with the Italian text of that comedy.

Mr. Armitage Brown, in *Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems*, &c. 1838, concludes from certain passages of his plays that Shakespeare must have visited Italy; but those passages give nothing about Italian manners or places which he might not have obtained by means of books or hearsay. Mr. Brown's first proof of his having been in Italy is singularly unfortunate: "[*Taming of the Shrew*] Act I. Scene I. *A public place.* For an open place or a square in a city, this is not a home-bred expression. It may be accidental; yet it is a literal translation of *una piazza publica*, exactly what was meant for the scene." p. 104:—*the words*, "A PUBLIC PLACE," *are an insertion by the modern editors.* Rambling in Italy would have rather interfered with what seems to have been the grand object of Shakespeare from his earliest days,—the acquisition of a fortune, which was to enable him eventually to settle himself as a gentleman at Stratford: besides, I cannot but think that, if he had ever been in Italy, an incidental mention of his peregrination must have reached us from some quarter or other.

[35] "His brother Gilbert," says Malone, "was little more than two years younger than our poet, and, at the time now under our consideration, *was as capable of carrying out parcels of gloves* for his father (all that a boy could do) as his elder brother. For this purpose, therefore, it was not necessary to impede the progress of the eldest son's education." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 106. But we have seen that, even before the dramatist's birth, John Shakespeare had other occupation besides glove-selling.

was the son of a butcher, adds, "and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours that when he was a boy he exercised his fathers trade, but when he kill'd a calfe, he wold doe it in a high style, and make a speech."[36] The conflicting statements of Rowe and Aubrey about his father's occupation have been already considered: and here I need hardly remark what an amusing variety of business has been crowded by tradition and conjecture into the poet's earlier years,—he was a wool-stapler, a butcher, a schoolmaster, and an attorney's clerk![37]

[36] *Mss. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.* And, curiously enough, one Dowdall, in a letter to Mr. Edward Southwell, dated 1693 (and printed 1838), writes thus: "The clarke that shew'd me this church [Stratford church] is above 80 years old: he says that this Shakespear [the dramatist] was formerly in this towne bound apprentice to a butcher, but that he run from his master to London," &c.—"The singular statement in Aubrey's account that Shakespeare, 'when he kill'd a calfe, he would doe it in a high style, and make a speech,' *has been supposed by Mr. Raine* to allude to an old semi-dramatic entertainment, called *Killing the Calf*, played by a person who was concealed from the spectators behind a curtain," &c. Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 78, folio ed. A stranger "supposition" cannot well be.

[37] After giving an account of a play performed by the men of Coventry at Kenilworth Castle in July 1575, during Leicester's magnificent entertainment of the Queen,—Percy continues: "Whatever this old play or 'storiall show' was at the time it was exhibited to Q. Elizabeth, it had probably our young Shakspeare for a spectator, who was then in his twelfth year, and doubtless attended with all the inhabitants of the surrounding country at these 'Princely pleasures of Kenelworth,' whence Stratford is only a few miles distant. And as the Queen was much diverted with the Coventry play, 'whereat her Majesty laught well,' and rewarded the performers with 2 bucks and 5 marks in money: who, 'what rejoicing upon their ample reward, and what triumphing upon the good acceptance, vaunted their play was never so dignified, nor ever any players before so beatified:' but especially if our young bard afterwards gained admittance into the castle to see a play, which the same evening, after supper, was there 'presented of a very good theme, but so set-forth by the actors' well-handling, that pleasure and mirth made it

To turn from uncertainties to facts. While under the age of nineteen, Shakespeare took to wife Anne Hathaway, who was about eight years older than himself.[38] Neither the date of the marriage, nor the place where it was celebrated, have been discovered: but the following preliminary bond, preserved in the registry at Worcester, was given Nov. 28th, 1582, for the security of the bishop of the diocese in licensing the parties to be married with once asking of the banns:—

"Noverint universi per præsentes nos Fulconem Sandells de Stratford in comitatu Warwici agricolam, et Johannem Rychardson ibidem agricolam, teneri et

seem very short, though it lasted two good hours and more,' we may imagine what an impression was made on his infant mind. Indeed, the dramatic cast of many parts of that superb entertainment, which continued nineteen days, and was the most splendid of the kind ever attempted in this kingdom; the addresses to the Queen in the personated characters of a Sybille, a Savage Man, and Sylvanus, as she approached or departed from the castle; and, on the water, by Arion, a Triton, or the Lady of the Lake, must have had a very great effect on a young imagination, whose dramatic powers were hereafter to astonish the world." *On the Origin of the English Stage*, p. 147,—*Reliques of Anc. Eng. Poet.* i. ed. 1812. Percy's fancy that the boy Shakespeare was at Kenilworth, utterly improbable as it is, has yet been patronized by several later writers.

[38] According to the brass-plate over her grave in Stratford Church, she died "the 6th day of August, 1623, *being of the age of* 67 *yeares.*"—In a note on Shakespeare's xciii[d] *Sonnet*, Malone writes: "Mr. Oldys observes in one of his manuscripts, that this and the preceding Sonnet 'seem to have been addressed by Shakespeare to his *beautiful* wife on some suspicion of her infidelity.' He must have read our author's poems with but little attention; otherwise he would have seen that these, as well as the preceding Sonnets, and many of those that follow, are not addressed to a female." Steevens subjoins: "Whether the wife of our author was beautiful or otherwise, was a circumstance beyond the investigation of Oldys, whose collections for his life I have perused."

firmiter obligari Ricardo Cosin generoso, et Roberto Warmstry notario publico, in quadraginta libris bonæ et legalis monetæ Angliæ solvend. eisdem Ricardo et Roberto, hæred. execut. vel assignat. suis, ad quam quidem solucionem bene et fideliter faciend. obligamus nos et utrumque nostrum per se pro toto et in solid. hæred. executor. et administrator. nostros firmiter per præsentes sigillis nostris sigillat. Dat. 28 die Novem. anno regni dominæ nostræ Eliz. Dei gratia Angliæ, Franc. et Hiberniæ reginæ, fidei defensor. &c. 25°.

"The condicion of this obligacion ys suche, that if herafter there shall not appere any lawfull lett or impediment, by reason of any precontract, consanguinitie, affinitie, or by any other lawfull meanes whatsoever, but that William Shagspere one thone partie, and Anne Hathwey of Stratford in the dioces of Worcester, maiden, may lawfully solennize matrimony together, and in the same afterwardes remaine and continew like man and wiffe, according unto the lawes in that behalf provided: and moreover, if there be not at this present time any action, sute, quarrell, or demaund, moved or depending before any judge ecclesiasticall or temporall, for and concerning any suche lawfull lett or impediment: and moreover, if the said William Shagspere do not proceed to solemnizacion of mariadg with the said Anne Hathwey without the consent of hir frindes: and also, if the said William do, upon his owne proper costes and expenses, defend and save harmles the right reverend Father in God, Lord John Bushop of Worcester,

[illegible] William
[illegible] once asking of
[illegible] them, and for all
[illegible] by reason or occasion
[illegible] to be voyd and of
[illegible] and abide in full force and
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[illegible] of *Sandells and Richardson*
[illegible] R. H.[39]).

[illegible] among his other children in
[illegible] first Anne Hathaway was
[illegible] Hathaway, a "husbandman"[40]
[illegible] of Shottery in the parish of
[illegible] upwards of a twelve-
[illegible] was executed, and who
[illegible] of intimacy with John
[illegible] were resident at Shot-
[illegible] sixteenth century.

[illegible] the deceased Richard Hatha-
[illegible] Richardson, are mentioned in
[illegible] of its supervisors; and the
[illegible] were his neighbours at Shot-
[illegible]

[illegible] Hathaway and the two
[illegible] Shottery is a hamlet about
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[illegible] of the Court of Record at
[illegible] Shakespeare became security
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[illegible] Shakespeare's time (but
[illegible]

To free our poet from the imputation which is suggested by a comparison of the date of the preliminary bond (Nov. 28th, 1582) with that of his first child's baptism (May 26th, 1583), some recent biographers have anxiously informed us that in those days betrothment was often regarded as a sufficient warrant for cohabitation before actual marriage. Such may have been the case: it by no means follows, however, that Shakespeare saw any excuse for his weakness in the conventional morality of the time.

All things considered, Mr. Hunter perhaps is justified in terming this "a marriage of evil auspices."[46] But it is unfair to conclude, as Malone and others have done, from certain passages in our author's plays,[47]—each of which passages more or less grows out of the incidents of the play,—that he had cause to complain of domestic unhappiness: indeed, without taking into account the tradition of his regular visits to Stratford, we have strong presumptive evidence to the contrary in the fact, that the wife of his youth was the compa-

[46] *New Illust. of Shakespeare*, i. 51.

[47] *e. g.*

"Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him;
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

. . . . . .

Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent."

Twelfth-Night, act ii. sc. 4.

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May 26th, 1583.

Feb. 2d, 1584-5,

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Sadler and Judith

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too harshly; and he repaid the severity by ridiculing Sir Thomas in a ballad. So bitter was its satire, that the prosecution against the writer was redoubled; and forsaking his family and occupation, he took shelter in the metropolis from his powerful enemy. Such is the story[49] which tradition has handed down; and that it

[49] First put in print by Rowe, *Life of Shakespeare*, 1709. But in the archives of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, are the Ms. collections of a learned antiquary, the Rev. William Fulman, who died in 1688, with additions by the friend to whom he bequeathed them, the Rev. Richard Davies, rector of Sapperton and archdeacon of Litchfield, who died in 1708. Among these papers, under the article *Shakespeare*, the following additions by Davies are found: "Much given to all unluckinesse in stealing venison and rabbits; particularly from Sr —— Lucy, who had him oft whipt and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native country, to his great advancement: but his reveng was so great, that he is his Justice Clodpate [i. e. his foolish Justice—*Justice Shallow*]; and calls him a great man, and that, in allusion to his name, bore three lowses rampant for his arms."

Rowe speaks of the ballad on Sir Thomas Lucy as "lost."—According to Oldys: "There was a very aged gentleman living in the neighbourhood of Stratford (where he died fifty years since) who had not only heard from several old people in that town of Shakespeare's transgression, but could remember the first stanza of that bitter ballad, which, repeating to one of his acquaintance, he preserved it in writing, and here it is, neither better nor worse, but faithfully transcribed from the copy which his relation very courteously communicated to me:

'A parliemente member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scare-crowe, at London an asse;
If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,
Then Lucy is lowsie whatever befall it:
He thinks himself greate,
Yet an asse in his state
We allowe by his ears but with asses to mate.
If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscalle it,
Sing lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.'"

Ms. Notes,—first printed by Steevens.

"One stanza of it [the ballad]," says Capell, "which has the appearance of genuine, was put into the editor's hands many years ago by an ingenious gentleman (grandson of its preserver) with this account of the way

[illegible] surely be doubted, [illegible] been argued to the contrary [illegible] in writing the Life of our [illegible] credibility of the facts brought [illegible] There is no mistaking the allusion [illegible] opening scene of *The Merry* [illegible] where Justice Shallow is highly in- [illegible] having "killed his deer:" Slender [illegible] of the Shallows are a "dozen [illegible] the broken English of Sir Hugh [illegible] "dozen white *louses*."[1]

[illegible] Mr. Thomas Jones, who dwelt at Tar- [illegible], a few miles from Stratford-on-Avon, [illegible] upwards of ninety, remember'd to have [illegible] at Stratford the story of Shakespeare's [illegible] park: and their account of it agreed with [illegible] that the ballad written against Sir [illegible] upon his park-gate, which exasperated [illegible] at Warwick to proceed against him. Mr. [illegible] the first stanza of this ballad, which [illegible] Mr. Thomas Wilkes (my grandfather) [illegible] memory, who also took it in writing, [illegible] *Various Readings*, &c. ii. 75.— [illegible] Lucy," &c., Capell's version of the [illegible] given by Oldys. Though it is quite [illegible] we may hesitate to believe it genuine.— [illegible] found in a chest of drawers at [illegible] different pasquinade on Sir Thomas [illegible] History of the Stage (see Ma- [illegible]) are rank forgeries, no one can [illegible]

[illegible] that Sir Thomas Lucy *had no* [illegible] *had deer;* for his son and [illegible] Ellesmere in 1602: see *The* [illegible]), p. 355.

[illegible] gules, three luces [i. e. pike- [illegible] to allow that passages [illegible] that our author, on some

Various sets of players,—the Queen's company, the servants of Lord Worcester, of Lord Leicester, of Lord Warwick, and of other noblemen, had been in the habit of resorting to Stratford, and usually exhibiting their performances in its Guildhall.[2] Before Shakespeare forsook his home, he had doubtless seen the best dramatic productions, such as they were, represented by the best actors then alive; and it is not unlikely that, his inclination for the theatre having early manifested itself, he had formed an acquaintance with some of the players at Stratford.[3] Even supposing that he was not then under the mortal displeasure of Sir Thomas Lucy, his own circumstances must at the time have been affected by the unprosperous state of his father's affairs: it was natural, therefore, that he should have recourse to the theatre as a means of subsistence; and, in all probability, he was nothing loth to exchange the dull uniformity of his original occupation (whatever that was) for the more exciting profession of the stage.

His arrival in London may be fixed about the year 1586. According to Rowe,[4] "he was received into the company, at first in a very mean rank;" which agrees with the account given by the old parish-clerk

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account or other, had not the most profound respect for Sir Thomas Lucy." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 142.

[2] The earliest notice of theatrical performances at Stratford is in 1569, when John Shakespeare was bailiff.

[3] The elder Burbadge is believed to have been of a Warwickshire family; and Thomas Greene was certainly our poet's townsman.

[4] *Life of Shakespeare.*

of Stratford to Dowdall[5] in 1693, that he "was received into the playhouse as a serviture." Another tradition,[6] —that he used to hold the horses of those who rode to the theatre without attendants, till the performance

[5] See note *, p. xvi.

[6] "Here I cannot forbear relating a story which Sir William Davenant told Mr. Betterton, who communicated it to Mr. Rowe; Rowe told it to Mr. Pope, and Mr. Pope told it to Dr. Newton, the late editor of Milton, and from a gentleman [Dr. Johnson], who heard it from him, 'tis here related. Concerning Shakespear's first appearance in the playhouse. When he came to London, he was without money and friends, and being a stranger, he knew not to whom to apply, nor by what means to support himself. At that time, coaches not being in use, and as gentlemen were accustomed to ride to the playhouse, Shakespear, driven to the last necessity, went to the playhouse door, and pick'd up a little money by taking care of the gentlemen's horses who came to the play; he became eminent even in that profession, and was taken notice of for his diligence and skill in it; he had soon more business than he himself could manage, and at last hired boys under him, who were known by the name of Shakespear's boys. Some of the players, accidentally conversing with him, found him so acute, and master of so fine a conversation, that, struck therewith, they [*sic*] and recommended him to the house, in which he was first admitted in a very low station, but he did not long remain so, for he soon distinguished himself, if not as an extraordinary actor, at least as a fine writer." *Lives of the Poets, &c. By Mr. Cibber*, 1753, vol. i. 130. (The title-pages of the later volumes have "*By Mr. Cibber*, and other Hands."—Johnson's assertion (in his *Life of Hammond*, and in his conversation *apud* Boswell) that these *Lives* were written wholly by Robert Shiels is incorrect:—Theophilus Cibber contributed largely to them; see Croker's note on Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, p. 504, one-volume ed.).—"*To the foregoing accounts of Shakespear's life I have only one passage to add, which Mr. Pope related, as communicated to him by Mr. Rowe.* In the time of Elizabeth, coaches being yet uncommon, and hired coaches not at all in use, those who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horseback to any distant business or diversion. Many came on horseback to the play; and when Shakespear fled to London from the terror of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to wait at the door of the playhouse, and hold the horses of those that had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became so conspicuous for his care and readiness, that in a short time every man as he alighted called for *Will. Shakespear*, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse while *Will. Shake-*

was concluded,—is extremely improbable; for we can hardly suppose his situation to have been desperate enough to subject him to so degrading an employment. It is most likely that he gained access to the stage by means of some of the players, with whom he had become acquainted during their visits to Stratford.—But however subordinate may have been his rank at first, he quickly raised himself to distinction: if we now lose sight of him for a period, it is only to meet with him again as a successful actor and a popular dramatist.—There is no proof that he was ever attached to any other company than that which owned the Blackfriars and the Globe (the latter of which was first opened, if not in 1594, early in 1595); and his connection with those two theatres will be afterwards more particularly noticed.

The following buildings were used for the representation of plays in London, between the time of Shakespeare's first arrival there and his final retirement to Stratford: it must be understood, however, that some of them were constructed subsequent to his appearance in the metropolis.

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spear could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakespear, finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when *Will. Shakespear* was summoned, were immediately to present themselves, *I am Shakespear's boy, sir.* In time Shakespear found higher employment: but as long as the practice of riding to the playhouse continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of *Shakespear's boys.*" Johnson's Prolegomena to *Shakespeare*, 1765.

[illegible] and *The* [illegible] *Gardens*, *The Globe*, *The* [illegible] on the Bankside, South- [illegible] the present site of Apothe- [illegible] *The Fortune*, in Golden [illegible] Cripplegate; and *The Red* [illegible] of St. John Street. There was [illegible] *Theatre*, frequented by the [illegible]

[illegible] buildings, it is probable, were of [illegible] (we know not why) private[8] thea- [illegible] roofed in from the weather, while [illegible] were open to the sky, except [illegible] galleries. On the outside of each [illegible] indicative of its name; and on [illegible] of performance, was hoisted [illegible]

[illegible] resembled those of the [illegible] tiers of galleries or *scaffolds*; [illegible] rooms intended for persons [illegible] which at the private theatres [illegible] keys being given to the in- [illegible] and there was the centre

[illegible] appear to have been converted [illegible] retired to Stratford.

[illegible] marks of private play- [illegible] *Past.* iii. 335.

[illegible] balcony at the back of the [illegible] inconveniently situated, [illegible] In these houses, which were [illegible] necessary as singularity."

area (separated, it seems, from the stage by pales), at the private theatres termed the *pit*, and furnished with seats, but at the public theatres called the *yard*, and affording no such accommodation. Cressets or large open lanterns served to illuminate the body of the house, and two ample branches, of a form similar to those now hung in churches, gave light to the stage. The band of musicians, which was far from numerous, sat, it is supposed, in an upper balcony, over what is now called the stage-box: the instruments chiefly used were trumpets, cornets, hautboys, lutes, recorders, viols, and organs.

The amusements of the audience, previous to the beginning of the play, were reading, playing at cards, smoking tobacco, drinking ale, and eating nuts and apples. Even during the performance, it was customary for wits, critics, and young gallants who were desirous of attracting attention, to station themselves on the stage;[10] either lying upon the rushes, or seated on hired stools, while their pages supplied them with pipes and tobacco.

At the third *sounding*, or flourish of trumpets, the exhibition began. The curtain, which concealed the stage from the audience, was then drawn, opening in the middle and running upon iron rods. Other curtains called *traverses* were used as a substitute for

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Malone's *Hist. Acc. of English Stage*, p. 80.—The exact situation of these private boxes is by no means certain.

[10] Malone thought this custom was confined to private theatres; but see Collier's *Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* iii. 352.

scenes. At the back of the stage was a balcony,[11] the platform of which was raised about eight or nine feet from the ground; it served as a window, gallery, or upper chamber; from it a portion of the dialogue was sometimes spoken; and in front of it curtains were suspended, to conceal, if necessary, those who occupied it from the audience. The internal roof of the stage, either painted blue, or adorned with drapery of that colour, was termed *the heavens*. The stage was generally strewed with rushes, but on extraordinary occasions was matted. We have reason to believe, that when tragedies were performed, it was hung with black.

Movable painted scenery there was none:

> "The air-blest castle, round whose wholesome crest
> The martlet, guest of summer, chose her nest,—
> The forest-walks of Arden's fair domain,
> Where Jaques fed his solitary vein;
> No pencil's aid as yet had dar'd supply,
> Seen only by the intellectual eye."[12]

[11] "It appears," says Malone, "from the stage-directions given in *The Spanish Tragedy*, that when a play was exhibited within a play (if I may so express myself) as is the case in that piece and in *Hamlet*, the court or audience before whom the interlude was performed, sat in the balcony, or upper stage, already described; and a curtain or traverse, being hung across the stage *for the nonce*, the performers entered between that curtain and the general audience, and on its being drawn, began their piece, addressing themselves to the balcony, and regardless of the spectators in the theatre, to whom their backs must have been turned during the whole of the performance." *Hist. Acc. of English Stage*, p. 108. Though, as Mr. Collier remarks (*Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* iii. 363), the authorities here cited by Malone do not bear out his supposition, I cannot help thinking that it is right. There was no necessity, however, that, on such occasions, the actors should absolutely turn their backs on the audience.

[12] Charles Lamb.

A board containing the name of the place of action in large letters, was displayed in some conspicuous situation. At times, when a change of scene was necessary, the audience was required to suppose that the performers, who had not quitted the stage, had passed to a different spot.[13] A bed thrust forth, showed that the stage was a bed-chamber; and a table with pen and ink, indicated that it was a counting-house. Rude contrivances were employed to imitate towers, walls of towns, hell-mouths, tombs, trees, dragons, &c.; trap-doors had been early in use; but to make a celestial personage ascend to the roof of the stage, was more than the mechanists of those days could always accomplish.[14]

Much money was often expended on theatrical apparel;[15] but the dresses were, of course, less costly at

[13] So in Peele's *Old Wives Tale:*

"*Smith.* Well, masters, it seems to me you have lost your way in the wood: in consideration whereof, if you will go with Clunch to his cottage, you shall have house-room and a good fire to sit by, although we have no bedding to put you in.

All. O blessed Smith, O bountiful Clunch!

Smith. For your further entertainment, it shall be as it may be, so and so. [*Here a dog bark.*] Hark! this is Ball my dog, that bids you all welcome in his own language: come, take heed for stumbling on the threshold.—Open door, Madge, take in guest.

Enter Old Woman.

Old Wo. Welcome, Clunch, and good fellows all," &c.—See Peele's *Dramatic Works and Poems*, i. 209, ed. Dyce, 1829.

[14] A stage-direction at the end of Greene's *Alphonsus* is, "*Exit Venus; or, if you can conveniently, let a chair come down from the top of the stage, and draw her up.*" See Greene's *Dramatic Works and Poems*, ii. 67, ed. Dyce.

[15] In 1590, John Alleyn gave 16*l.* for "one cloke of velvett, with a cape imbrothered with gold, pearles, and redd stones, and one roabe of

[illegible] of male [illegible] Female parts [illegible] young men, who some- [illegible] who spoke the Pro- [illegible] immediately after the third [illegible] in a black velvet cloak: [illegible] have been a regular ap- [illegible]

[illegible] the clown would break [illegible] buffoonery; there was danc- [illegible] the acts; and at the end of [illegible] a farcical rhyming com- [illegible] length, sung or said by the [illegible] with dancing and playing on [illegible] for the queen, offered [illegible] concluded all.

[illegible] appears to have varied ac- [illegible] of the theatres: it [illegible] days a shilling was [illegible] boxes or *rooms*; and that [illegible] same to the pit as to the [illegible] or a penny (a matter [illegible] because "*gallery*" was

[illegible] and Edward Alleyn paid no [illegible] with sleves ymbrodered [illegible] stryped with golde." [illegible] Soc.), pp. 11, 12.

[illegible] which were spoken have [illegible] to omit them, rather [illegible] *English Dram. Poet.*

frequently synonymous with "*room*"). The performance commenced at three o'clock.[17] During the reign of Elizabeth, plays were acted on Sundays, as well as on other days of the week;[18] but in the time of her successor, dramatic exhibitions on the Sabbath appear to have been tolerated only at court.

Of the dramatists who immediately preceded Shakespeare, the most distinguished were Lyly, Peele, Greene, Marlowe, Kyd, Nash, and Lodge. The plays of Lyly are, on the whole, frigid and artificial: and it must be remembered that they were not intended for the public theatre. Neither Peele nor Greene were able to draw character with much strength or discrimination: their style is sometimes turgid, sometimes mean; and their blank verse, sweet and flowing as it is, fatigues the ear by its monotony. But in Peele's best drama, *David and Bethsabe*, there is no inconsiderable portion of tenderness and poetic beauty; and, till chance has discovered to us some common original of *Comus* and of *The Old Wives Tale*, he must be allowed the honour of having afforded hints to Milton. Greene, too, has his redeeming points: though less rich in fancy than Peele, he is occasionally elegant and spirited; and his *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, and his *George-a-Green, the Pinner of Wakefield*, may be pronounced the most pleasing comedies of the time:—after all, however,

[17] See Collier's *Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* iii. 377.

[18] In 1580, the magistrates of the city of London obtained from the Queen a prohibition against plays on the Sabbath, which seems to have continued in force but a short time.

[illegible] scattered [illegible] pamphlets which he [illegible] *The Spanish Tragedy* [illegible] contemporary applause; and it [illegible] parodies which its more [illegible] doubtless it is here and [illegible] not so poetical as the plays [illegible] them in touches of pas- [illegible] To the three writers last [illegible], was decidedly infe- [illegible] was justly celebrated; and [illegible] Harvey he exhibited [illegible] and virulent invective, [illegible] have never been sur- [illegible] like Nash, was more [illegible] than in the drama: [illegible] force; and several [illegible] his different prose [illegible]. Marlowe was gifted [illegible] an intellect far more [illegible] wrights. In delineat- [illegible] of truth to which [illegible] approaches; and in [illegible] he attains to real [illegible] his earlier tragedy, [illegible] of incident and [illegible] which none of [illegible] on good grounds, [illegible] blank;

verse on the public stage, and he certainly was the first who harmonised it with variety of pause.

To the list of dramatic poets preceding Shakespeare may be added the names of Chettle, Munday, and Wilson, who also continued to write when his reputation as an author was established. Plays are still extant by the first two, containing scenes of some merit; but from what remains of Wilson's productions, we cannot entertain a favourable opinion of his talents.

[According to the following certificate, which forms one of the papers[19] discovered by Mr. Collier in Lord Ellesmere's collection, Shakespeare was a "sharer" in the Blackfriars Theatre as early as 1589:

"These are to certifie your Right Honble Lordships that her Maiesties poore playeres, James Burbadge, Richard Burbadge, John Laneham, Thomas Greene, Robert Wilson, John Taylor, Anth. Wadeson, Thomas Pope, George Peele, Augustine Phillipps, Nicholas Towley, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, William Johnson, Baptiste Goodale, and Robert Armyn, being all of them sharers in the Blacke Fryers playehouse, have never given cause of displeasure in that they have brought into theire playes maters of state and religion, vnfitt to bee handled by them or to bee pre-

[19] It is well known that the genuineness of these papers has been violently assailed; and wherever they are quoted in the present memoir, I leave the reader to determine whether they are to be relied upon as authorities or not.

[illegible] each one com-
[illegible] against them
[illegible] most humble in
[illegible] of their former good be-
[illegible] and willing to yeelde
[illegible] whatsoever your Lordships
[illegible] in such case meete. &c.

[illegible] that Shakespeare had been some
[illegible] displayed his powers as a writer
[illegible] days dramatists were frequently
[illegible] to alter and make additions to
[illegible] to attract the public; and
[illegible] to believe that he commenced
[illegible] works of others, and not by
[illegible] his early performances in this
[illegible] *Second and Third Parts*
[illegible] which he formed on the still
[illegible] *First Part of the Contention*
[illegible] *of Yorke and Lancaster*
[illegible] *Duke of Yorke*:[21] and
[illegible] of his *rifacimenti* may
[illegible] of plays which, after
[illegible] the theatre, were laid
[illegible] among his first produc-

[illegible] (which has not come
[illegible] Shakespeare is scarcely, if
[illegible] inserted in the folio
[illegible]

tions as an original dramatist we need not hesitate to reckon *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *Love's Labour's lost*;—in *The Comedy of Errors* and in *Titus Andronicus*,[22] which certainly belong to the early part of his career, we know not how much he may have been indebted to the labours of his predecessors.

If the following stanzas were intended to apply to Shakespeare, they contain the first notice of him which has yet been found in print;

"And he, the man whom Nature selfe had made
To mock herselfe, and truth to imitate
With kindly counter under mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late:
With whom all ioy and iolly meriment
Is also deaded and in dolour drent.

In stead thereof, scoffing scurrilitie,
And scornfull follie, with contempt, is crept,
Rolling in rymes of shameles ribaudrie,
Without regard or due decorum kept;
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,[23]
And doth the learned's taske vpon him take.

But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen
Large streames of honnie and sweete nectar flowe,
Scorning the boldnes of such base-borne men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashlie throwe,
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell
Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell."

So speaks Thalia, grieving for the deterioration of co-

[22] Since this play is not only inserted in the folio of 1623, but is mentioned as Shakespeare's in a passage of Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, &c., 1598, (which will be afterwards quoted,) I do not venture to say (what I would fain believe) that he had nothing to do with it.

[23] i.e. compose.

[illegible] March, 1591;[26] and [illegible] dispute.—"Mr. Dry- [illegible] of opinion that these [illegible] Shakespear:"[27] but Dryden's [illegible] since it is notorious that [illegible] the poets of Elizabeth and [illegible] betraying his ignorance of all [illegible] and Rowe, in a subsequent edition [illegible] the statement just quoted.— [illegible] not improbably, that *The Teares* [illegible] about 1580;[27] and he thinks [illegible] Philip Sidney;—who was a [illegible] which is still extant),—who is [illegible] "*gentle* shepherd of *gen-* [illegible] *gentle* minde,"—and who is [illegible] of "Willy,"[28] in *An Eclogue* [illegible]—

[illegible] *Containing sundrie small Poemes* [illegible] *copy of the Complaints*, the title- [illegible]

[illegible] an address from "*The Prin-* [illegible] "Since my late setting [illegible] found a favourable pas- [illegible] by all good meanes (for [illegible] your delights), to get into [illegible] as I heard were dis- [illegible] to bee come by, by him- [illegible] and purloyned from [illegible] which I have by good [illegible] which I have caused

[illegible] *shepherd*, i.e. *poet*.

"*Willy* is dead . . .

. . . . . .

Phœbus himself, that conquer'd Pan,
Striving with *Willy*, nothing wan.

. . . . . .

The learned Muses flock'd to hear his skill,

. . . . . .

Of none but *Willy*'s pipe they made account," &c.—

Malone once thought that Spenser pointed to Shakespeare; but he afterwards laboured to show that the person in question was Lyly.—Mr. Collier maintains that "Willy" can be no other than Shakespeare, who "though he had not composed any of his greatest works before 1591, may have done much, besides what has come down to us, amply to warrant Spenser in applauding him beyond all his theatrical contemporaries."[30] But, as has been observed, *The Teares of the Muses* was, in all likelihood, written about ten years previous to the date of its publication. Mr. Collier proceeds: "With regard to the lines which state that Willy

'Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,
Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell,'

we have already shown that in 1589 there must have been some *compulsory cessation* of theatrical performances, which affected not only offending, but unoffending companies: hence the certificate, or more properly remonstrance, of the sixteen sharers in the Blackfriars. The choir-boys of St. Paul's were silenced for bringing 'matters of state and religion' on their stage, when they

[30] *Life of Shakespeare*, p. cxxi.

[illegible] of their dramas;
[illegible] and Lord Strange
[illegible] as we can learn, on
[illegible] of performances by
[illegible] in for about ten
[illegible] companies (after the
[illegible] by commissioners specially
[illegible] to follow their vocation,
[illegible] there was a *temporary sus-*
[illegible] exhibitions in London. This
[illegible] a short time before Spenser
[illegible] in which he notices *the*
[illegible] these lines afford not
[illegible] interpretation, or ra-
[illegible] with it;—they tell us
[illegible] to imitate the rude
[illegible] who had then caught the
[illegible] to sit in idle cell,"
[illegible] being *altogether*
[illegible] such a description agree
[illegible] —with his un-
[illegible] last!—But enough of
[illegible] determine who it is
[illegible] " though I would
[illegible] —whose endow-
[illegible] opening lines of the
[illegible] it cannot mean
[illegible] which Sidney's

poetry excited among his contemporaries, many proofs might be adduced besides the verses cited above from Davison's miscellany, and the following hexameters from the same collection;

"See where Melpomene sits hid for shame in a corner:
Hear ye the careful sighs fetch'd from the depth of her entrails?
There weeps Calliope, there sometimes lusty Thalia.
Ah me! alas, now know I the cause, now seek I no further:
Here lies *their glory, their hope, their only rejoicing:*
Dead lies *worthy Philip, the care and praise of Apollo:*
Dead lies his carcase, but *fame shall live to the world's end.*"[32]

On Sept. 3d, 1592, Robert Greene, having run his reckless course, expired in utter destitution and neglect at the house of a poor shoemaker near Dowgate. It appears that he had devoted his last days to the writing of a pamphlet entitled *A Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*, which, soon after his decease, was given to the public by Henry Chettle.[33] Towards the conclusion of the tract Greene exhorts his fellow-dramatists,[34] Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, to amend

[32] Davison's *Poet. Rhaps.* ii. 253, ed. Nicolas.

[33] The first edition (which I have not seen) was published at the close of 1592.

[34] Greene does not mention them by name. That the first is Marlowe, and the third Peele, there can be no doubt. "Dr. Farmer is of opinion that the second person addressed by Greene is not Lodge, but Nash, who is often called Juvenal by the writers of that time: but that he was not meant, is decisively proved by the extract from Chettle's pamphlet [see p. xliv.]; for he never would have laboured to vindicate Nash from being the writer of the *Groatsworth of Wit*, if any part of it had been professedly addressed to him. Besides, Lodge had written a play in conjunction with Greene, called *A Looking-Glass for London and England* [printed in 1594], and was author of some satirical pieces [his satire in verse, *A Fig for Momus*, appeared in 1595]; but we do not

[illegible] the
[illegible] Bone-minded
[illegible] yee bee not
[illegible] sought those
[illegible] that speake from
[illegible] in our colours. Is it
[illegible] all haue bin beholding;
[illegible] they all haue bin behold-
[illegible] that I am now, be both
[illegible] them not: for there
[illegible] with our feathers, that;
[illegible] *hyde*, supposes
[illegible] a blanke verse as the
[illegible] *Johannes Fac-totum*,
[illegible] Shake-scene in a coun-
[illegible] to Shakespeare; and
[illegible] beautified with our
[illegible] certain pieces, in the
[illegible] Marlowe, Lodge, and
[illegible] or jointly concerned:

[illegible] conjunction." Malone's
[illegible] I am aduertised of, that a
[illegible] *of Wit*, is giuen
[illegible] of my soule, but vtterly
[illegible] proceeded from my pen,
[illegible] of it." *A Priuate*
[illegible] *Pierce Pennilesse*
[illegible] 1595).
[illegible] acquaintance,
[illegible] a better endroit,

it would seem too that Greene more particularly alludes to the two old dramas entitled *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, and *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, on which (as before mentioned) Shakespeare formed *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry the Sixth;* for the words "his *Tygres heart wrapt in a players hyde*" are a parody upon a line in *The True Tragedie*,

"Oh, tygers hart wrapt in a womans hide!"[36]

That this address of the dying man gave offence both to Marlowe, whom it charged with atheism,[37] and to Shakespeare, at whom it so sarcastically pointed, we learn from Chettle's epistle "To the Gentlemen Readers" prefixed to his *Kind-Harts Dreame*, &c., n. d. "About three moneths since," says Chettle, "died M. Robert Greene, leauing many papers in sundry bookesellers hands; among other, his *Groatsworth of Wit*,

[36] Sig. B 2, ed. 1595. Shakespeare has retained the line: see *Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, act i. sc. 4.—Greene, Lodge, and Peele may each perhaps have had a hand in *The First Part of the Contention* and in *The True Tragedie;* but their undisputed works show that they were quite incapable of rising to the vigour of conception and expression which characterise some scenes in those two dramas. We might, therefore, confidently ascribe to Marlowe a large portion of both, even if both did not in some passages closely resemble his *Edward the Second:* see the *Account of Marlowe*, &c. p. lxii. prefixed to his *Works*, ed. Dyce. Indeed, I have a strong suspicion that *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedie* are wholly by Marlowe.

[37] "Wonder not (for with thee will I first beginne), thou famous gracer of tragedians [i. e. Marlowe], that Green, who hath said with thee, like the foole in his heart, *There is no God*, should now giue glorie vnto his greatnesse," &c.

in which a letter written to diuers play-makers is offensiuely by one or two of them taken; and because on the dead they cannot be auenged, they wilfully forge in their conceites a liuing author; and after tossing it two [to] and fro, no remedy but it must light on me. How I haue all the time of my conuersing in printing[38] hindred the bitter inueying against schollers, it hath been very well knowne, and how in that I dealt I can sufficiently prooue. With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them [i. e. Marlowe] I care not if I neuer be: the other [i. e. Shakespeare], whome at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that as I haue moderated the heate of liuing writers, and might haue vsde my owne discretion (especially in such a case) the author beeing dead, that I did not, I am as sorry as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because myselfe haue seene his demeanor no lesse ciuill than he exclent in the qualitie he professes; besides, diuers of worship haue reported his vprightnes of dealing which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writting that approoues his art. For the first, whose learning I reuerence, and, at the perusing of Greenes booke, stroke out what then in conscience I thought he in some displeasure writ, or, had it beene true, yet to publish it was intollerable; him I would wish to vse me no worse than I deserue. I had onely in the copy this share; it was il written, as sometime Greenes hand was none of the best; licensd it must be,

[38] Chettle was originally a printer.

ere it could bee printed, which could neuer be if it might not be read: to be briefe, I writ it ouer, and, as neare as I could, followed the copy, onely in that letter I put something out, but in the whole booke not a worde in; for I protest it was all Greenes, not mine, nor Master Nashes, as some vniustly haue affirmed."[39] A striking testimony indeed, not only to Shakespeare's ability as an actor and as an author, but to his worth as a man.

In 1593 Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, and in 1594 his *Lucrece*, issued from the press, both dedicated to Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton, who was Shakespeare's junior by more than nine years.[40]—That the *Venus and Adonis* (which the author styles "the first heir of my invention") was not a recent composition in 1593, is probable enough. Mr. Collier "feels morally certain that it was in being anterior to Shakespeare's quitting Stratford;"[41] and it may have been: but I cannot agree with him in thinking that the scenery

[39] Mr. Collier observes (*Life of Shakespeare*, p. cxxxi.): "We have some doubts of the authenticity of the 'Groatsworth of Wit' as a work by Greene. Chettle was a needy dramatist, and possibly wrote it in order to avail himself of the high popularity of Greene, then just dead." On which remark I must here repeat what I have said elsewhere (*Account of Marlowe*, &c. p. xxxi.): "I cannot think these doubts well founded. The only important part of the tract, the Address to the play-wrights, has an earnestness which is scarcely consistent with forgery; and Chettle, though an indigent, appears to have been a respectable man. Besides, the *Groatsworth of Wit*, from beginning to end, closely resembles in style the other prose-works of Greene."

[40] He was born Oct. 6th, 1573.

[41] *Life of Shakespeare*, p. cxv.: he thinks that *Lucrece* too might have been written at Stratford, p. cxvii.: to which place Mr. Armitage Brown also refers the composition of both, *Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems*, &c. p. 18.

of the poem is any evidence that such was the case:—"it seems," he says, "to have been written in the open air of a fine country like Warwickshire, with all the freshness of the recent impression of natural objects." Mr. Collier might as well argue that, because *As you like it* has so much of pastoral life, it was written at a distance from the metropolis: and I have yet to learn that the fancy of Shakespeare could not luxuriate in rural images even amid the fogs of Southwark and the Blackfriars.—Such was the popularity of *Venus and Adonis* that it had reached a fifth edition in 1602: the editions of the *Lucrece* appear to have followed each other less rapidly; yet both are mentioned together with equal praise by several contemporary writers,[42] —for instance, by Barnfield in a copy of verses entitled *A Remembrance of some English Poets*;[43]

> "And Shakespeare, thou, whose hony-flowing vaine
> (Pleasing the world) thy praises doth obtaine,
> Whose *Venus*, and whose *Lucrece* (sweete and chaste),
> Thy name in fames immortall booke haue plac't;
> Liue euer you, at least in fame liue euer:
> Well may the bodye dye, but fame dies neuer."

Whether the dedication of the *Venus and Adonis* first introduced Shakespeare to the amiable and accomplished Southampton, or whether their acquaintance originated in the fondness of the latter for theatrical

[42] A passage of Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, &c., 1598, which contains a notice of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, will be subsequently cited.

[43] Among *Poems in diuers humors*,—appended to his *Encomion of Lady Pecunia*, *&c.*, 1598.

exhibitions,[44]—it appears that before long they were on terms as friendly and familiar as the usages of society would allow at a period when the profession of a player was reckoned far from reputable. "There is," says Rowe,[45] "one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakespear's, that if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William Davenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted; that my Lord Southampton, at one time, gave him a thousand pounds to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to." The general truth of this need hardly be questioned: Southampton was the liberal encourager of poets; and in the case of one whom he so esteemed and admired, we can easily believe that his generosity would exceed its wonted limits: but since the sum above mentioned was equivalent to nearly five thousand pounds in our own day, there is no rashness in affirming that tradition has magnified the gift.[46]

[44] Throughout life Southampton retained his love for the drama. Rowland Whyte tells Sir Robert Sidney, in a letter dated Oct. 11th, 1599: "My Lord Southampton and Lord Rutland came [come] not to the court: the one doth but very seldom: they pass away the tyme in London *merely in going to plaies euery day.*" *Sidney Papers*, ii. 132. At that date Southampton "came not to court," in consequence of the disgrace of his friend Essex, who was then in confinement at the Lord Keeper's house for having returned from Ireland without the permission of the queen.

[45] *Life of Shakespeare.*

[46] During 1594 the building of the Globe Theatre on the Bankside was in progress (Richard Burbadge, as chief of the Lord Chamberlain's Players, having signed a bond for its construction, Dec. 22d, 1593, to a

However uncertain we may be about any allusion to Shakespeare in the passage of Spenser's *Teares of the Muses* already considered,[47] we can scarcely doubt that he is alluded to in the following lines of the same poet's *Colin Clout's come home again*, composed during 1594;[48]

> "And there, though last not least, is Ætion;
> A gentler shepheard may no where be found;
> Whose Muse, full of high thoughts' invention,
> Doth, like himselfe, heroically sound."

Malone observes, "It may be conjectured that before this poem was written, Shakespeare had produced on the stage one or more of his historical plays, probably *King Richard the Second* and [*King Richard the*] *Third*,"[49]—which tragedies might, with propriety, be said to "sound heroically" like the surname of their author, *Shake-spear*.

The Lord Chamberlain's Servants,—of whom Shakespeare was one,—were in the habit of performing at the Globe on the Bankside (first opened either late in 1594 or early in 1595) and at the Blackfriars (built in 1576): during summer they acted at the Globe; and during winter at the Blackfriars, which, though

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carpenter named Peter Street); and Mr. Collier conjectures that Lord Southampton "presented Shakespeare with 1000*l*., to enable him to make good the money he was to produce, as his proportion, for the completion of the Globe." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. cxlvii.

[47] P. xxxvi.

[48] See Malone's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 226.

[49] *Ibid.* p. 274.

smaller than the Globe, was more effectually sheltered from the weather.[50] About the beginning of 1596 the company had resolved on repairing and enlarging their winter house: and the fact that Shakespeare in that year was an "*owner*," as well as a "player," of the Blackfriars, is ascertained by the following document.[1] It is an address from the Lord Chamberlain's Servants to the Privy Council, praying that they might be permitted to carry on the repairs of, and to continue their performances in, the Blackfriars; and it was drawn up in consequence of the violent opposition which the project had met with from the inhabitants of the Liberty, who, in a petition to the Privy Council, had even gone the length of entreating that dramatic performances in that quarter might be entirely prohibited. In the enumeration of the principal actors at the commencement of their address, the name of Shakespeare is the fifth; and from its position we may form a conjecture as to the rank which he at that time held in the company:—

"To the right honorable the Lords of her Majesties most honorable Privie Counsell.

"The humble petition of Thomas Pope, Richard Burbadge, John Hemings, Augustine Phillips, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, William Slye, Nicholas

[50] It appears that, before the erection of the Globe, they did not perform at the Blackfriars throughout the whole year,—that they occasionally played at the Curtain in Shoreditch, and at the Newington Butts Theatre.

[1] In the State-Paper Office.

Tooley, and others, servauntes to the Right Honorable the Lord Chamberlaine to her Majestie,—Sheweth most humbly, that your petitioners are owners and players of the private house, or theater, in the precinct and libertie of the Blackfriers, which hath beene for manie yeares used and occupied for the playing of tragedies, commodies, histories, enterludes, and playes. That the same, by reason of having beene soe long built, hath falne into great decaye, and that besides the reparation thereof, it has beene founde necessarie to make the same more convenient for the entertainement of auditories comming thereto. That to this end your petitioners have all and eche of them putt downe sommes of money, according to their shares in the saide theater, and which they have justly and honestlie gained by the exercise of their qualitie of stage-players; but that certaine persons (some of them of honour), inhabitantes of the precinct and libertie of the Blackfriers, have, as your petitioners are enfourmed, besought your honorable lordships not to permitt the saide private house anie longer to remaine open, but hereafter to be shutt upp and closed, to the manifest and great injurie of your petitioners, who have no other meanes whereby to maintaine their wives and families, but by the exersise of their qualitie as they have heretofore done. Furthermore, that in the summer season your petitioners are able to playe at their newe built house on the Bankside callde the Globe, but that in the winter they are compelled to come to the Blackfriers;

and if your honorable lordships give consent unto that which is prayde against your petitioners, they will not onely, while the winter endureth, loose the meanes whereby they noue support themselves and their families, but be unable to practise themselves in anie playes or enterludes, when calde upon to performe for the recreation and solace of her Ma[tie] and her honorable court, as they have beene hertofore accustomed. The humble prayer of your petitioners therefore is, that your honorable lordships will graunt permission to finishe the reparations and alterations they have begunne; and as your petitioners have hitherto beene well ordred in their behaviour, and just in their dealinges, that your honorable lordships will not inhibit them from acting at their above namde private house in the precinct and libertie of the Blackfriers, and your petitioners, as in dutie most bounden, will ever praye for the encreasing honour and happiness of your honorable lordships."

What the success of this petition was we learn by a short letter to Henslowe, dated May 3d, 1596, from an underling of the Master of the Revels, among the manuscripts at Dulwich College, which announces the decision of the Privy Council,—"that the Lord Chamberlen's servauntes shall not be distourbed at the Blackefryars, according with their petition in that behalfe, but leave shall be given unto theym to make good the decaye of the saide House, butt not to make the same larger then in former tyme hath bene."

[illegible] before July [illegible] that he was then resi- [illegible] by a paper extant at Dul- [illegible] hits as having joined [illegible] of the ward (not all of [illegible]) in a complaint against some [illegible]

[illegible] of Southwark as have complained, this [illegible]

[illegible] the paper [illegible]

[illegible] the hande [illegible]

[illegible] and soe well ended."

[illegible] remarked, on the strength [illegible] other document which is [illegible] post appears to have [illegible] *bear-garden*, in 1596,"[2]

[illegible] formerly belonged to Edward [illegible] lived in Southwark, near the [illegible] *the Authenticity of certain* [illegible] given above was first [illegible] the one to which Malone [illegible] but since he borrowed it [illegible]

Mr. Halliwell supposes, with great probability, that the Bear-garden was the nuisance which drew forth the above protest:—and, no doubt, the uproar occasioned by that scene of barbarous sport must have been alike fatal to the studies of Shakespeare and to the music of "Wilson the piper."

Though his occupation obliged him to reside almost constantly in London, it is evident that Shakespeare never ceased to turn his thoughts towards his birth-place, as the spot where he hoped to spend the evening of his days in honourable retirement. We are told—and why should we discredit the tradition?—that he was in the habit of annually visiting Stratford,[3] from which it would seem that his family never removed: and we may conclude that he was present, on August 11th, 1596, at the burial of his only son Hamnet, who died in his twelfth year.[4]—As play-house proprietor, actor, and dramatist, Shakespeare was now in the receipt of a considerable income; and he proceeded to lay out a portion of his well-earned gains on the purchase of a property at Stratford. Early in 1597 he

[3] "He was wont to goe to his native countrey once a yeare." Aubry's *Mss.*, *Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*

[4] On the back of the panel of a jury called on the occasion of a suit between a Margaret Younge and a Jane Perat, Nov. 1596, are some memoranda beginning—

"Mr. Shaxpere, one boke.
Mr. Barber, a coverlet," &c. &c.

The "Mr. Shaxpere" was in all probability the poet, not his father; for a "boke" would have been a useless acquisition to the latter—who could not write his name. (See p. iv.)

bought, for sixty pounds, from William Underhill, one of the best houses in that town, called New Place, said to have been originally built by Sir Hugh Clopton in the reign of Henry the Seventh: it was situated in Chapel-street ward,[5] close to the Chapel of the Holy Trinity; and consisted of one messuage, two barns, and two gardens, with their appurtenances. The following note of the fine levied on the occasion, is in the Chapter House, Westminster:

"Inter Willielmum Shakespeare quer. et Willielmum Underhill generosum deforc. de uno mesuagio, duobus horreis, et duobus gardinis, cum pertinentiis, in Stratford super Avon, unde placitum convencionis sum. fuit inter eos, &c. scilicet quod prædictus Willielmus Underhill recogn. prædicta tenementa cum pertinentiis esse jus ipsius Willielmi Shakespeare ut illa quæ idem Willielmus habet de dono prædicti Willielmi Underhill, et ill. remisit et quietclam. de se et hæred. suis prædicto Willielmo Shakespeare et hæred. suis in perpetuum; et præterea idem Willielmus Underhill concessit pro se et hæred. suis quod ipsi warant. prædicto Willielmo Shakespeare et hæred. suis prædicta tenementa cum pertinentiis in perpetuum. Et pro hac, &c. idem Willielmus Shakespeare dedit præ-

[5] "A noate of corne and malte" in Stratford, taken during a dearth of grain, and dated Feb. 4th, 1597-8, mentions, among the dwellers in Chapel Street Ward,—"Wm. Shackespere [the holder of] X. quarters."

The Chamberlains' accounts for the same year show that he (not his father, surely) sold a load of stone to the Corporation of Stratford,—

"Pd. to Mr. Shaxpere for on lod of ston . . . x*d.*"

dicto Willielmo Underhill sexaginta libras sterlingorum. [Pasch. 39 Eliz.]."

Of Shakespeare's prosperity we have further evidence in letters written by several of his townsmen.—On Jan. 24th, 1597-8, Abraham Sturley, writing from Stratford to a friend in London (who, though not mentioned by name, is undoubtedly Richard Quiney) commences his long epistle thus:

"Most lovinge and belovedd in the Lord, in plaine Englishe we remember u in the Lord, and ourselves unto u. I would write nothinge unto u nowe, but come home. I prai God send u comfortabli home. This is one speciall remembrance ffrom ur ffathers motion. It semeth bi him that our countriman, Mr. Shakspere, is willinge to disburse some monei upon some od yarde land or other att Shottri or neare about us; he thinketh it a veri fitt patterne to move him to deale in the matter of our tithes.[6] Bi the instruccions u can geve him theareof, and by the frendes he can make therefore, we thinke it a faire marke for him to shoote att, and not unpossible to hitt. It obtained would advance him in deede, and would do us much good. Hoc movere, et quantum in te est permovere, ne necligas, hoc enim et sibi et nobis maximi erit momenti. Hic labor, hoc opus esset eximiæ et gloriæ et laudis sibi."

A letter endorsed "To my lovynge sonne Rycharde

[6] A moiety of a lease of the tithes, great and small, of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe,—which, as will be afterwards seen, Shakespeare purchased in 1605.

[illegible] deliver these in
[illegible], but probably writ-
[illegible] to be from the pen of
[illegible] not very intelligible allu-
[illegible] with Shakespeare:
[illegible] willyng, receve from youre wyfe
[illegible] assurance of K.s., and she wold
[illegible] grocerye, yff yt be resonable;
[illegible] by a woman who I wyllyd to
[illegible] Layne by report hath receved a great
[illegible] Mr. Smyth of Wotton, but wylle not
[illegible] and desyd to lend your wyff any,
[illegible] he had receved v.li. which was
[illegible] hym to lent that to your wyff,
[illegible] to mayk provyssyon to paye
[illegible] I wrot to yow concern-
[illegible] goythe greatlye to de-
[illegible] and deo somewhat therein,
[illegible] Parsons wylle not paye the
[illegible] to hym yff yow maye have
[illegible] warye as yow may selle pre-
[illegible] bargen with Wm. Sh - - -
[illegible] your money home that
[illegible] knite stockynes be sold;
[illegible] at Aynsham. Edward
[illegible] man, were both at
[illegible] as I harde, bestow 20li.
[illegible] yow maye deo

Great interest is attached to the following letter as being addressed to the dramatist himself, and the only one remaining of the many letters which he must have received. The writer, Richard Quiney,—father of the Thomas Quiney who afterwards became the husband of Shakespeare's youngest daughter,—was then in London on the business of the Stratford Corporation;[7] and it is plain that when he requests the loan of thirty pounds,—no trifling sum in those days,—he does not anticipate a refusal:

"Loveinge contreyman, I am bolde of yow, as of a ffrende, craveinge yowr helpe with xxx.*li.* uppon Mr. Bushells and my securytee, or Mr. Myttons with me. Mr. Rosswell is nott come to London as yeate, and I have especiall cawse. Yow shall ffrende me muche in helpeing me out of all the debettes I owe in London, I thanck God, and muche quiet my mynde, which wolde nott be indebeted. I am nowe towardes the Cowrte, in hope of answer for the dispatche of my buysenes. Yow shall nether loose creddytt nor monney by me, the Lorde wyllinge; and nowe butt perswade yowrselfe soe, as I hope, and yow shall nott need to feare butt with all heartie thanckefullnes I wyll holde my tyme, and content yowr ffreende, and yf we bargaine farther, yow shalbe the paie-master yowrselfe. My tyme biddes me hasten to an ende, and soe I committ thys [to] yowr care and hope of yowr helpe. I feare I shall nott be backe thys night ffrom the Cowrte. Haste. The Lorde

[7] See note, p. lvii.

[illegible] from the Bell in [illegible]

[illegible] is all kyndones,

[illegible] Eye. Quyney.

[illegible] and con-

[illegible] Mr. Wm. Shackespere

[illegible]

[illegible] in the beginning of a letter dated [illegible] by Abraham Sturley at Strat-[illegible] brother, Mr. Richard Quinei, [illegible] lans att London:"

[illegible] of suites and wellfare, be mul-[illegible] labours in God our Father bi [illegible]

[illegible] 25, of Octobr came to mi handes [illegible] night per Grenwai, which im-[illegible] by Sr. Ed. Gr. [Edward Greville's] [illegible] enli u should followe on for [illegible] also ur travell and hinder-[illegible] longe travell and thaffaires [illegible] countriman Mr. Wm. Shak. [illegible] I will like of, as I shall [illegible] howe; and I prai let not [illegible] to ani indifferent con-[illegible] might be had for 30 or [illegible] Oh howe can u

[illegible] were soliciting the Lord [illegible] imposed in the [illegible] accompanied by two [illegible] p. 229.

make dowbt of monei, who will not beare xxx.tie or xl.*s.* towardes sutch a match!"

At the Carlton Ride Record Office is preserved a subsidy roll, dated October 1st, 1598, which shows that our poet was at that period assessed on property in the parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate:

"*Affid.* William Shakespeare, v*li.*—xiij*s.* iiij*d.*"[9]

Ben Jonson himself records that his *Every Man in his Humour* was originally played in 1598 by the Lord Chamberlain's Servants; and in a list of the "principal comedians" which is subjoined to it (but does not enable us to appropriate the characters to the actors respectively), the name of Shakespeare stands first.[10]—That a sincere friendship existed between Shakespeare and Jonson will never again be doubted after the excellent memoir of the latter by Gifford;[11]

[9] Mr. Halliwell thinks that "the memorandum *affid.* attached to his name may possibly exhibit him as one of the parties who did not live in the district, and were consequently compelled to produce certificates or affidavits of non-residence. If the poet ever did reside in that part of London, it must only have been for a very short period." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 153, folio ed.

[10] He probably acted Old Knowell.

[11] It is, however, right to mention that Octavius Gilchrist's *Examination of the Charges maintained by Messrs. Malone, Chalmers, and others, of Ben Jonson's enmity &c. towards Shakespeare*, was published a few years before Gifford's edition of Jonson's *Works*.

As Jonson had no claim to the epithet which he as well as others have applied to our poet,—"gentle,"—it may be presumed that the fault was his, if any thing ever occurred to ruffle for a time the friendship between him and Shakespeare: and I am hardly disposed to agree with Gifford (*Memoirs of Ben Jonson*, p. lx.) that in the following passage the word "purge" alludes merely to the effects of Shakespeare's overpowering genius:

"*Kemp.* Few of the vniuersity pen plaies well; they smell too much

and, indeed, it is surprising that the alleged enmity of Jonson towards Shakespeare should not have had an earlier refutation, especially as Jonson's writings exhibit the most unequivocal testimony of his affectionate admiration of Shakespeare. A more glowing eulogy than the verses *To the memory of* MY BELOVED, *the author, Mr. William Shakespeare*, was never penned; and one of the latest of Jonson's labours contains these words concerning him, "*I loved the man*, and do honour his memory, *on this side idolatry*, as much as any."[12]

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of that writer Ovid, and that writer Metamorphosis, and talke too much of Proserpina and Juppiter. Why, heres our fellow Shakespeare puts them all downe; I, and Ben Jonson too. O, that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow: he brought vp Horace giuing the poets a pill; but our fellow Shakespeare hath giuen him a purge that made him beray his credit." *The Returne from Pernassus, &c. Publiquely acted by the Students in Saint Johns Colledge in Cambridge*, 1606, Sig. G 2. (Though not printed till 1606, it was acted before the death of Queen Elizabeth.)

[12] The entire notice of Shakespeare in the *Discoveries* is too interesting to be omitted. "I remember, the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand! Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour; for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power: would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, 'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause,' and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned." *Discoveries,—Works*, ix. 175, ed. Gifford. (Again,

According to Rowe,[13] Shakespeare's "acquaintance with Ben Johnson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good nature: Mr. Johnson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned

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in *The Induction* to *The Staple of News*, Jonson makes *Prologue* say, "Cry you mercy, *you never did wrong but with just cause.*" *Works*, v. 162,—where Gifford observes; "The attacks on Jonson for this quotation, which are multiplied beyond credibility, are founded on two charges, first, that he has falsified the passage, and secondly, that he was actuated by malignity in adverting to it at all. I cannot believe that the passage is 'quoted (as Steevens says) unfaithfully.' It is sufficient to look at it in the printed copy, to be convinced that it never came, in this form, from the pen of Shakespeare. One of the conspirators, Metellus Cimber by name, kneels at the feet of Cæsar, with this short address,

'Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart.'

And what is Cæsar's reply?

'Know Cæsar *doth not wrong*, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.' [*Julius Cæsar*, act iii. sc. 1.]

How satisfied, and of what? Here is no congruity, and the poetry is as mean as the sense. In Jonson it stands thus:

'*Met.* Cæsar, *thou dost me wrong.*
Cæs. Cæsar *did never wrong* but with just cause.'

Here is, at least, a reference to something. The fact seems to be, that this verse, which closely borders upon absurdity without being absolutely absurd, escaped the poet in the heat of composition," &c. Gifford subsequently expresses his conviction that the passage, as printed in the folio of 1623, is the "botchery" of the players.—Let me add (for it may escape the reader) that Gifford supposes Shakespeare to have written thus;

"If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Met. Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.
Cæs. Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause.
Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own," &c.)

[13] *Life of Shakespeare.*

it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company, when Shakespeare luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Johnson and his writings to the publick." This anecdote,[14]—like many other traditionary stories,—is perhaps in some respects erroneous; but there seems to be nothing which forbids our believing it to be based on truth.—Private dwellings in those days did not furnish the accommodations and comforts which they now afford; and conviviality was confined almost entirely to taverns and ordinaries. At the Mermaid Tavern, Sir Walter Raleigh had instituted[15] a club, which included among its members Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Donne, and others eminent for genius and learning. That Shakespeare also belonged to it we can hardly question; and there most

[14] Gifford treated it as "an arrant fable," on the strength of a notice in Henslowe's *Diary*, of "the comodey of Umers" having been originally acted by the Lord Admiral's Men in 1597,—which comedy Gifford supposed to have been Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour:* but Jonson (as before mentioned) expressly states that his play was first acted by the Lord Chamberlain's Servants in 1598; and therefore Mr. Collier (*Life of Shakespeare*, p. clxvi. sqq.) concludes that Henslowe's notice must refer to some other piece.

[15] About 1603, if Gifford be right (*Memoirs of Jonson*, p. lxv.).—The Mermaid Tavern is generally said to have been in Friday-street: but, as Mr. P. Cunningham observes (*Handbook of London*), "Ben Jonson has settled its locality" by a passage in his lines *On the famous voyage;*

> "At Bread-street's Mermaid having din'd, and merry,
> Propos'd to go to Holborn in a wherry."
>
> *Works*, viii. 242, ed. Gifford.

probably it was that he and Jonson delighted the company with those brilliant and good-natured repartees, of which Fuller, from the accounts still current in his own time, has preserved a memorial. "Many," he says, "were the wit-combates betwixt him and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great gallion and an English man-of-war: Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning, solid but slow in his performances; Shakespeare with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."[16]

[16] *Worthies*, p. 126, Aaa, ed. fol.—After reading the above passage of Fuller, how are we disappointed to find that no better than the following have been handed down to us as specimens of Shakespeare's and Jonson's "wit"!

"Shakespeare was god-father to one of Ben Johnsons children, and after the christning, being in a deepe study, Johnson came to cheere him up, and askt him why he was so melancholy. No, faith, Ben, sayes he, not I; but I have beene considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my god-child, and I have resolv'd at last. I prythe what? sayes he. I faith, Ben, Ile e'en give him a dowzen good Lattin spoones, and thou shalt translate them." From *Merry Passages* and *Jeasts* (collected by Sir Nicholas L'estrange), *Ms. Harl.* 6395.

"Verses by Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, occasioned by the motto to the Globe Theatre,—*Totus mundus agit histrionem.*

Jonson.

If but stage-actors all the world displays,
Where shall we find spectators of their plays?

Shakespeare.

Little or much of what we see we do;
We are all both actors and spectators too."

From *Poetical Characteristicks*,—a Ms. formerly in the Harleian collection.

[illegible] Meres, entitled *Palladis* [illegible] *being the Second Part of Wits* [illegible] is a remarkable passage concern- [illegible] and the productions by which at that [illegible] his fame:

[illegible] of Euphorbus was thought to live in [illegible] the sweete wittie soule of Ovid lives in [illegible] hony-tongued Shakespeare; witnes his [illegible] his *Lucrece*, his sugred *Sonnets* [illegible] friends, &c.

[illegible] and Seneca are accounted the best [illegible] tragedy among the Latines, so Shake- [illegible] the English is the most excellent in both [illegible]; for comedy, witnes his *Gentlemen* [illegible], his *Love Labors Lost*, his *Love* [illegible] his *Midsummers Night Dreame*, and [illegible] *Venice*; for tragedy, his *Richard the* 2., [illegible] *Henry the* 4., *King John*, *Titus Andro-* [illegible] *and Juliet*.

[illegible] and Mr. Wm. Shakespeare being merrye att a [illegible] begune this for his epitaph,

[illegible] lier Ben Johnson,
[illegible] was once one,
[illegible] to make upp, who presently wrightes,
[illegible] liv'de, was a sloe thinge,
[illegible] dead, is no-thinge."

Ms. Ashmol. Oxon. 38, p. 181.—

[illegible] concerning Shakespeare and Jonson, [illegible] is undoubtedly a forgery: [illegible] his *Works*, sec. ed. 1829.

"As Epius Stolo said that the Muses would speake with Plautus tongue, if they would speak Latin, so I say that the Muses would speak with Shakespeares fine filed phrase, if they would speake English."

Of the various pieces thus mentioned by Meres in 1598, a portion only were then in print: the others afterwards found their way to the press at unequal intervals, some remaining in manuscript till the publication of the folio in 1623. To take them in the order of his enumeration. *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* first appeared (as already stated), the former in 1593, the latter in 1594; the *Sonnets* in 1609; *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *The Comedy of Errors* in 1623; *Love's Labour's lost* in 1598; *Love's Labour's won* (supposing that title to be, as it most probably is, only another name for *All's well that ends well*) in 1623; *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* and *The Merchant of Venice* in 1600; *King Richard the Second* and *King Richard the Third* in 1597; *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth* in 1598; *The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth* in 1600; *King John* in 1623; *Titus Andronicus* (if not in 1594[17]) in 1600; *Romeo and Juliet* (with a most imperfect text) in 1597.

Among the *Epigrams* of Weever, published in 1599, but written earlier, are the following wretched lines in

[17] "This play," says Langbaine, "was first printed 4° Lond. 1594." *Account of Eng. Dramatic Poets*, p. 464: and, though no such edition is at present known, Langbaine's statement is probably correct; for *Titus Andronicus* was entered in the Stationers' Registers, Feb. 6th, 1593.

[illegible] author's poetry both narrative and [illegible]

[illegible] *Ad Gulielmum Shakespeare.*

[illegible] Shakespeare, when I saw thine issue,
[illegible] Apollo got them, and none other;
[illegible] painted features clothed in tissue,
[illegible] heaven-born goddesse said to be their mother:
[illegible] Adonis with his amber tresses,
[illegible] fire-hot Venus charming him to love her;
[illegible] Lucretia, virgine-like her dresses,
[illegible] lust-stung Tarquine seeking still to prove her;
[illegible] more whose names I know not;
[illegible] tongues and power-attractive beauty
[illegible] saints, although that saints they shew not,
[illegible] vowes to them subjective dutie.
[illegible] love, thy children, Shakespeare, let them:
[illegible] Muse; more nymphish brood beget them."

[illegible] same year appeared a small poetical [illegible] *The Passionate Pilgrim*, the title-page [illegible] whole to Shakespeare,[18] though it con-

[illegible] did not authorise the publication of *The Pas-* [illegible]—No second edition of it is known.—To the [illegible] publisher, W. Jaggard, added two pieces from [illegible]; which proceeding was thus noticed by [illegible] to his *Apology for Actors*, also printed in 1612: [illegible] necessarily insert a manifest injury done me in [illegible] by taking the two epistles of Paris to [illegible], and printing them in a leafe volume under [illegible] may put the world in opinion I might steale [illegible] to doe himselfe right, hath since published [illegible], as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy [illegible] hath publisht them, so the author, I know, [illegible] that (altogether unknowne to him) pre- [illegible]." Heywood having thus claimed [illegible] title-page of the third edition of *The* [illegible] was the name of Shakespeare, and [illegible] author's name.

tains some things which we know he did not write, and some others which their poverty of thought and expression forbids our believing to be his. As to those portions of it which had been printed the year before among the poems of Barnfield, a recent inquiry[19] would seem to show that they may nevertheless be from Shakespeare's pen.—In 1599 was also published the second edition of his *Romeo and Juliet*, "newly corrected, augmented, and amended."

Of the marriage of Shakespeare's sister Joan to William Hart, a hatter at Stratford, the register has no mention: but their first child William was baptized August 28th, 1600,—buried March 29th, 1639.[20]—Their other children were—Mary, baptized June 5th, 1603,—buried Dec. 17th, 1607; Thomas, baptized July 24th, 1605; Michael, baptized Sept. 23d, 1608.—In 1600,[21]

[19] By Mr. Collier: see his papers in *The Athenæum* for May 17th, 1856, and in *Notes and Queries*, second series, vol. ii. 8. After a minute examination of the two editions of Barnfield's volume, 1598 and 1605, he states that in the second edition, 1605, Barnfield omitted the pieces which had been printed in 1599 as Shakespeare's. The pieces in question are the Sonnet, "If music and sweet poetry agree," &c. and the Ode, "As it fell upon a day," &c.: and they form part of the fourth division ("*Poems in diuers humors*") of Barnfield's work, which was originally entitled *The Encomion of Lady Pecunia; or the Praise of Money*, &c.

[20] See p. lxxxii.

[21] *The first part of the true and honorable history of the life of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham*, was printed in 1600, with "*Written by William Shakespeare*" on the title-page. Copies, however, exist, which are without any author's name; and we may conclude that the original title-page had been cancelled. That Shakespeare was not concerned in the composition of this play is certain: it was, as we learn from Henslowe's *Diary*, the joint production of Munday, Drayton, Wilson, and Hathway.

The London Prodigall, 1605, and *A Yorkshire Tragedie*, 1608, both

[illegible] already mentioned,[22] our author's [illegible] and his *King Henry the Fifth* [illegible] of the original) found their way to [illegible]

[illegible] Shakespeare, the father of the dramatist, about [illegible] has been said in the commencement of [illegible] was buried at Stratford, Sept. 8th, 1601.[23] [illegible] conjecture be right,—and it can hardly be [illegible] that he was "born in or before the year [illegible] had somewhat passed the age of threescore [illegible]

[illegible] date assigned by the commentators to

[illegible] name on the title-page; *The Lamentable Tragedie* [illegible] *fourth, overseene and corrected, By W. S.*, 1595; *The* [illegible] *of Thomas Lord Cromwell, by W. S.*, 1602; *The* [illegible] *Widdow of Watling-streete, by W. S.*, 1607; are all [illegible] *John Oldcastle*) reprinted in the folio ed. of Shake- [illegible] 1664, though from internal evidence it is clear [illegible] a single line to any of them.—With respect [illegible] *written by the memorable worthies of their time,* [illegible] *Mr. William Shakspeare, Gent.*, 1634, I think that [illegible] see *Some Account of the Lives and Writings of* [illegible] p. lxxx., where I have given my reasons for [illegible] this play are by Shakespeare,—an opinion to [illegible] spite of all the arguments to the contrary put [illegible] the publication of that memoir.—*The Birth* [illegible] *Shakespear and William Rowley*, 1662, is a [illegible]

[illegible] John Shakespeare hitherto met with occurs in [illegible] at Stratford, containing notes respecting [illegible] by Edward Grevil against several burgesses [illegible] in a list that appears amongst memo- [illegible] of the witnesses intended to be [illegible] Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 73,

the production of Shakespeare's *Twelfth-Night* was 1607, till the discovery of the following curious entry in the *Diary* of John Manningham, a member of the Middle Temple (*Ms. Harl.* 5353):

"1601 [-2]. Febr. 2. At our feast wee had a play called *Twelve Night or What you Will*, much like the Commedy of Errors or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called Inganni. A good practise in it to make the steward beleeve his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a lettre as from his lady in generall termes, telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparraile, &c., and then when he came to practise, making him beleeve they tooke him to be mad, &c."

In 1602 Shakespeare made an important addition to his property by purchasing, for three hundred and twenty pounds, a hundred and seven acres of arable land[25] in the parish of Old Stratford: the indenture, "Betweene William Combe, of Warrwicke, in the countie of Warrwick, esquier, and John Combe, of Olde Stretford, in the countie aforesaid, gentleman, on the one partie, and William Shakespere, of Stretford-uppon Avon, in the countie aforesaide, gentleman, on thother partye," is dated 1st of May; and, Shakespeare not

[25] In a fine levied on this property in Trinity Term 1611, "twenty acres of pasture land" are described in addition to the hundred and seven acres mentioned in the indenture; "so that Shakespeare," observes Mr. Halliwell, "may then have added to his former purchase; and in a deed, which bears date in 1652, this land is also stated to be of the same extent." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 165, folio ed.

being then at Stratford, the conveyance was executed by his brother Gilbert.

[During this year, according to the Ellesmere papers (see note, p. xxxiv.), *Othello* was acted before Queen Elizabeth at Harefield Place, the seat of the Lord Keeper Egerton :

" 6 August, 1602. Rewardes to the vaulters, players, and dauncers (Of this x.li to Burbidges players for Othello) lxiiij.li xviij.s x.d"]

On the 28th of the following September, a "cotagium cum pertinentiis," in Walker's Street, alias Dead Lane, Stratford, near New Place, was surrendered to Shakespeare by Walter Getley,—the former, it appears, being at that time absent from Stratford : and during Michaelmas-Term of the same year our poet bought, for sixty pounds, from Hercules Underhill, a messuage, with two barns, two gardens, and two orchards, described, not very precisely, in the original fine as situated "in Stretford super Avon."

Queen Elizabeth died on the 24th of March 1602-3. She was fond of theatrical performances ; and we have the testimony of Ben Jonson that she justly appreciated the dramatist who was the brightest ornament of her reign ;

> " Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were
> To see thee in our waters yet appear,
> And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
> *That so did take Eliza* and our James !"[26]

[26] *To the Memory of my beloved, the author, Mr. William Shakespeare, &c.*

To the same effect is a passage in Chettle's *Englandes Mourning Garment*, 1603, where, under the name of Melicert, Shakespeare is admonished for having failed to celebrate in an elegy the lately deceased queen;

> "Nor doth the silver-tongèd Melicert
> Drop from his honied Muse one sable teare
> To mourne her death *that gracèd his desert,*
> *And to his laies opend her royall eare.*
> Shepheard, remember our Elizabeth,
> And sing her Rape done by that Tarquin, Death."

Indeed, she could hardly have been insensible to the most enchanting compliment ever paid by genius to royal vanity,—the allusion to the Virgin Queen in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream;* forming, as it does, so striking a contrast to the gross and vulgar flattery with which other contemporary poets strove to soothe her ear;

> "That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),
> Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
> Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
> At a fair vestal thronèd by the west,
> And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
> As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
> But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
> Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
> And the imperial votaress passèd on,
> In maiden meditation, fancy-free." Act ii. sc. 1.—

We are told that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was written by the command of her majesty, who had been so pleased with Falstaff in the Two Parts of *King Henry the Fourth*, that she desired to see him in the character

of a lover: and the anecdote may possibly be true, though it cannot be traced farther back than the beginning of the last century.[27]

In King James the drama found a kind and liberal patron. On May 17th, 1603, but a few days after his arrival in London, the following warrant[28] under the Privy Seal was issued:

"BY THE KING.

"Right trusty and welbeloved Counsellor, we greete you well, and will and commaund you, that under our privie seale in your custody for the time being, you cause our letters to be derected to the keeper of our greate seale of England, commaunding him under our said greate seale, he cause our letters to be made patents in forme following. James, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, Fraunce, and Irland, defendor of the faith, &c. To all justices, maiors, sheriffs, constables, headboroughes, and other our officers and

[27] Dennis in The Epistle Dedicatory to an alteration of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, entitled *The Comical Gallant*, 1702, writes as follows; "I knew very well that it had pleased one of the greatest queens that ever was in the world. . . . . This comedy was written at her command and by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days; and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleased at the representation." It is supposed that Dennis had this story from Dryden, and Dryden from Davenant.—Rowe, in his *Life of Shakespeare*, 1709, says; "She [Elizabeth] was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff in the Two Parts of *Henry the Fourth*, that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to shew him in love. This is said to be the occasion of his writing *The Merry Wives of Windsor*."

[28] In the Chapter House.—The patent under the Great Seal bears date May 19th.

loving subjects greeting. Know ye, that we of our speciall grace, certaine knowledge, and meere motion, have licenced and authorized, and by these presentes doe licence and authorize, these our servants, Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillippes, John Hemmings, Henrie Condell, William Sly, Robert Armyn, Richard Cowlye, and the rest of their associats, freely to use and exercise the arte and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, histories, enterludes, moralls, pastorals, stage-plaies, and such other like, as thei have already studied, or hereafter shall use or studie, as well for the recreation of our loving subjects, as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall thinke good to see them, during our pleasure; and the said comedies, trajedies, histories, enterludes, moralls, pastoralls, stage-plaies, and such like, to shew and exercise publiquely to their best commoditie, when the infection of the plague shall decrease, as well within theire now usuall howse called the Globe, within our county of Surrey, as also within anie towne halls, or mout halls, or other convenient places within the liberties and freedome of any other citie, universitie, towne, or borough whatsoever within our said realmes and dominions: willing and commaunding you, and every of you, as you tender our pleasure, not only to permit and suffer them heerin, without any your letts, hinderances, or molestations, during our said pleasure, but also to be ayding or assisting to them yf any wrong be to them offered; and to allowe them such former

courtesies, as hathe bene given to men of their place and qualitie; and also what further favour you shall shew to these our servants for our sake, we shall take kindly at your hands. And these our letters shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge in this behalfe. Given under our signet at our mannor of Greenewiche, the seavententh day of May in the first yeere of our raigne of England, France, and Ireland, and of Scotland the six and thirtieth."

Our poet and his above-named associates were then at the head of the Lord Chamberlain's company, performing at the Globe in summer, and at the Blackfriars in winter,[29] though the former theatre only is noticed in the instrument. By virtue of it, they now ceased to be the Lord Chamberlain's Servants, and were henceforth designated as the King's Players.—It should be observed that the name of Shakespeare, which stands fifth in the actors' petition to the Privy Council in 1596,[30] is placed second in the warrant; such importance had he acquired in the interval.—Laurence Fletcher, the leading member of the association, had performed before King James in Scotland with the company of English actors who were there from Oct. 1599 to Dec. 1601; and he is ascertained to have been at the head of that company by the fact of his having received the freedom of the city of Aberdeen on Oct. 22d, 1601, as "comedian to his Majesty." Perhaps the favour in which he at that time stood with James was not without its influence

[29] See p. xlvii. [30] See p. xlviii.

in determining the position occupied by his name in the warrant.—Mr. Collier's[31] conjecture that Laurence Fletcher was an elder brother of John Fletcher the dramatist, is very questionable.[32]—We have no evidence that Shakespeare ever visited Scotland, either along with Laurence Fletcher, or ten years earlier as one of an English company, styled "her Majesty's players," who are known to have performed at Edinburgh in 1589.[33]

[About this period, according to a letter from Daniel

[31] *Life of Shakespeare*, p. cci.

[32] When Bishop Fletcher made his Will, Oct. 26th, 1593, he had nine children living, none of them "come to the age of one and twentye yeares:" but at the period of his decease, June 15th, 1596, as we learn from a document drawn up by his brother, they were eight in number, and "divers of them very young." The names of four of them are not known: the others were Nathaniel, Theophilus, Elizabeth, John (the dramatist), and Maria. Only two of them are mentioned by name in the Bishop's Will,—the two eldest sons then alive, it would seem,—Nathaniel and John (Theophilus, whose birth occurred between theirs, was probably dead): to these two he leaves "all his bookes, to be devyded betwene them equallie," and he gives moreover to Nathaniel "all his wearinge linen."

In Henslowe's *Diary* (p. 78, ed. Shakespeare Soc.), under a note of money lent to various persons "sence the 14 of Octobr. 1596," are two notices of "Fleacher;" and on the first one Mr. Collier remarks (*ubi supra*); "This has been supposed by Malone to mean John Fletcher the poet, but there was also Laurence Fletcher an actor, whose name stands first in the patent granted by King James on the 17th May, 1603, and a few years afterwards we hear of Laz. Fletcher." Assuredly, the dramatist is not meant: now that the date of his birth has been discovered (see my *Account of the Lives and Writings of Beaumont and Fletcher*, p. xviii.), we know that in October 1596 he was under seventeen years of age.

Laurence Fletcher was buried at St. Saviour's, Southwark, Sept. 12th, 1608: see Collier's *Memoirs of the principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare*,—Introd. p. x.

[33] "It may here be observed that a notice which first appeared in Mr.

the poet to Sir Thomas Egerton, among the Ellesmere Manuscripts (see note, p. xxxiv.), Shakespeare was a candidate for the office of Master of the Queen's Revels, —to which Daniel was himself appointed Jan. 30th, 1603-4 :

"But a little time is past since I was called upon to thanke your Honor for my brothers advancement, and now I thanke you for myne owne : which double kindnes will alwaies receive double gratefulnes at both our handes. I cannot but knowe that I am lesse deserving

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Collier's interesting *Memoirs of Edward Alleyn*, 1841, p. 63, apparently showing that Shakespeare was in London in the month of October, 1603, conveys an inaccurate reading of the original manuscript preserved at Dulwich College, and cannot, therefore, be received as evidence. The following,—

'Aboute a weeke agoe ther . . . . e a youthe who said he was Mr. Frauncis Chalo . . . s man . . . ld have borrow.d x.s to have bought things for . . . . s Mr . . . . . t hym cominge without . . . . . token . . . . . d I would have . . . . . .
. . I bene sur . . . . . .
and inquire after the fellow, and said he had lent hym a horse. I feere me he gulled hym, thoughe he gulled not us. The youthe was a prety youthe, and hansom in appayrell : we know not what became of hym. Mr. Bromffield commendes hym : he was heare yesterdaye. Nicke and Jeames be well, and commend them : so dothe Mr. Cooke and his weife in the kyndest sorte, and so once more in the hartiest manner farwell,'— is all that now remains of a postscript to a letter from Mrs. Alleyn to her husband, the celebrated actor, dated October 20th, 1603." Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 168, folio ed.—Mr. Collier gives the above extract thus ;

"Aboute a weeke a goe there *came* a youthe who said he was Mr Frauncis Chalo*ner who would* have borrowed *x*ll to have bought things for * * * *and said he was known unto you, and* Mr *Shakespeare of the globe, who came* * * * *said he knewe hym not, onely he herde of hym that he was a roge* * * * *so he was glade we did not lend him the monney* * * *Richard Johnes* [*went*] *to seeke* and inquire after the fellow," &c.

then some that sued by other of the nobility unto her Majestie for this roome : if M. Draiton, my good friend, had bene chosen, I should not have murmured, for sure I ame he wold have filled it most excellentlie : but it seemeth to myne humble judgement that one [Shakespeare] who is the authour of playes now daylie presented on the public stages of London, and the possessor of no small gaines, and moreover him selfe an actor in the Kings Companie of Comedians, could not with reason pretend to be Mr. of the Queenes Majesties Revells, for as much as he wold sometimes be asked to approve and allow of his owne writings. Therefore he, and more of like quality, cannot justlie be disappointed because, through your Honors gracious interposition, the chance was haply myne."]

The exact date at which Shakespeare ceased to be an actor is uncertain. He was still on the stage in 1603, when he played a character in the *Sejanus*[34] of

[34] On its first representation, this tragedy was unfavourably received; but having been subsequently remodelled by the author, it kept possession of the stage till long after the Restoration. In an address "To the Readers" prefixed to the quarto of 1605 (when it was originally printed), Jonson says; "Lastly, I would inform you, that this book, in all numbers, is not the same with that which was acted on the public stage; wherein a second pen had good share: in place of which, I have rather chosen to put weaker, and, no doubt, less pleasing, of mine own, than to defraud so happy a genius of his right by my loathed usurpation." Gifford thinks that by "a second pen" is meant Fletcher,—not Shakespeare, as had been generally believed: "Shakespeare," he says, "seems to be almost the last eminent writer to whom our author would look for assistance on the present occasion: *Sejanus* is entirely founded on the Greek and Latin historians, who are carefully quoted in the margin of the first copy, and the author values himself on the closeness with which he has followed his originals. Shakespeare, as Jonson well knew, de-

Jonson,—in whose *Every Man in his Humour*, as already noticed, he had been one of the original performers; but from Jonson's arrangement of the actors' names we can no more determine what character he represented in *Sejanus* than what was his particular part in the earlier production of his friend. Among the papers at Dulwich College is the copy of a letter from the Council to the Lord Mayor of London, &c., dated April 9th, 1604, to which is appended a list of the King's Players, who are thus enumerated: "Burbadge, Shakespeare, Fletcher, Phillips, Condle, Hemminges, Armyn, Slye, Cowley, Hostler, Day:" perhaps, however, at that date Shakespeare, though still connected with the company, had ceased to perform; if not, there can be little doubt that he withdrew from the stage shortly after.—In his CXIth *Sonnet* he evidently expresses his real sentiments, when he says,

> "O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
> The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
> That did not better for my life provide
> Than public means which public manners breeds.
> Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
> And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
> To what it works in, like the dyer's hand," &c.

He had, therefore, conceived a distaste for the player's

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rived all his knowledge of Roman story from translations, and this was scarcely sufficiently accurate or extensive to induce our author to solicit his aid in the production of his meditated tragedy, which he certainly intended to be 'a palmarian work' as to its fidelity." Jonson's *Works*, iii. 8.

profession, regarding himself as degraded by it; and he must have felt any thing but regret at bidding farewell to the stage.

His contemporary Chettle (in a tract already quoted)[35] terms him "exclent in the qualitie he professes;" and though the passage which contains these words was intended to be apologetical to Shakespeare, yet Chettle would hardly have ventured to use so strong an epithet as "*excellent*," unless our author's histrionic powers had been of a superior order. Another contemporary, John Davies of Hereford, thus alludes to Shakespeare and Burbadge in his *Microcosmos*, 1603;

"If Pride ascende the stage (O base ascent!),
Al men may see her, for nought comes thereon
But to be seene, and where Vice should be shent,
Yea, made most odious to ev'ry one
In blazing her by demonstration,
Then Pride, that is more then most vicious,
Should there endure open damnation;
And so shee doth, for shee's most odious
In men most base, that are ambitious.

Players, I love yee and your qualitie,
As ye are men that pass-time not abus'd;
And some [W. S. R. B.] I love for painting, poesie,
And say fell Fortune cannot be excus'd,
That hath for better vses you refus'd;
Wit, courage, good shape, good partes, and all good,
As long as al these goods are no worse vs'd;
And though the stage doth staine pure gentle bloud,
Yet generous yee are in minde and moode."[36]

The same persevering rhymer, in his *Humours Heau'n*

[35] See p. xliii. [36] P. 215.

on Earth, &c., 1605, speaking of the followers of Fortune, again pays a compliment to Shakespeare and his fellow-actor ;

"Some followed her by acting all mens parts:
Those on a stage she rais'd (in scorne) to fall,
And made them mirrors, by their acting arts,
Wherin men saw their faults, thogh ne'r so small:
Yet some [W. S. R. B.] she guerdond not to their desarts;
But othersome were but ill-action all,
Who, while they acted ill, ill staid behinde,
By custome of their maners, in their minde."[37].

In a later, and somewhat more readable work, by Davies, *The Scourge of Folly*, &c., n. d., are these puzzling verses ;

"*To our English Terence, Mr. Will. Shakespeare.*

Some say, good Will, which I in sport do sing,
Had'st thou not plaid some kingly parts in sport,
Thou hadst bin a companion for a king,
And beene a king among the meaner sort.
Some others raile; but raile as they thinke fit,
Thou hast no rayling, but a raigning wit:
And honesty thou sow'st, which they do reape,
So to increase their stocke, which they do keepe."[38]

Are we, then, to understand that, in consequence of having personated certain royal characters, Shakespeare had drawn upon himself the displeasure of King James? I more than doubt if such be Davies's meaning;[39] for it is utterly improbable that Shakespeare

[37] P. 208. [38] P. 76.

[39] Mr. Lloyd, in his *Life of Shakespeare* (prefixed to Singer's ed. of the dramatist, 1856), "has no doubt" that this allusion of Davies is explained by Daniel's letter to Sir Thomas Egerton (p. lxxv. of the present

would ever have taken part in, or even given his sanction to, any performance with which the king could have had reason to be offended.[40]—We now come to the traditions concerning Shakespeare in his capacity of player. According to Aubrey, "he did act exceed-

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memoir): "Davies," says Mr. Lloyd, "refers, as it appears to me, to a current opinion that it was,—not, as Daniel would have it, authorship,—but objections connected with his [Shakespeare's] actorship, that had disqualified him for a post of honour which would have placed him constantly near the royal person, and invested him in certain minor matters with the royal authority." p. lxxxiv. A most unsuccessful attempt, I think, to illustrate Davies. And how comes Mr. Lloyd to quote Daniel's letter as a document free from all suspicion? *He evidently is not aware that it forms one of the Ellesmere papers,—those papers concerning which he has written thus;* "If we could rely upon a document recently produced," &c., p. xlv.; "If we may trust the genuineness of an interlined memorandum in the Ellesmere papers," &c., p. lxxxi.; "This is also the date of another of the papers from the Ellesmere collection, of such vexatiously equivocal authenticity," p. lxxxviii.; "The year 1609 furnishes another document in the same uneasy category of suspicion that has troubled us before," &c., *ibid.*

[40] A letter from John Chamberlaine to Sir R. Winwood, dated Dec. 18th, 1604, informs us that the King's Company had very recently given great offence to the court by producing a play on the subject of the Gowry Conspiracy: "The Tragedy of Gowry, with all the action and actors, hath been twice represented by the King's Players, with exceeding concourse of all sorts of people. But whether the matter or manner be not well handled, or that it be thought unfit that princes should be played on the stage in their life-time, I hear that some great councellors are much displeased with it, and so 'tis thought shall be forbidden." Winwood's *Memorials*, &c., ii. 41. But most probably before the above date Shakespeare had ceased to act.—In 1606 James was very indecently caricatured upon the stage: on April 5th of that year, the French ambassador wrote home from London that the King's Players "had brought forward their own king and all his favourites in a very strange fashion. They made him curse and swear because he had been robbed of a bird, and beat a gentleman because he had called off the hounds from the scent. They represent him as drunk at least once a-day, &c." F. Von Raumer's *History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, illustrated by original documents*,—English transl., ii. 219.

ingly well."[41] Wright, on the other hand, had "heard" that he "was a much better poet than player:"[42] and Rowe informs us, that soon after his admission into the company, he became distinguished, "if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer,"—adding presently, "I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*."[43] But what Wright and Rowe had "heard" goes for nothing when weighed against the express declaration of his contemporary Chettle, that Shakespeare was "excellent in the quality he professed;" and perhaps it was only a natural consequence of his vast reputation as a dramatist, that his abilities as an actor should be almost forgotten.—If we may trust a story which has been handed down to us with variations, he used to perform the part of Adam in his own *As you like it*.[44]

[41] *Mss. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*

[42] *Historia Histrionica*, 1699,—Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. i. cxlvii. ed. 1825.

[43] *Life of Shakespeare.*

[44] "One of Shakspeare's younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of King Charles II., would in his younger days come to London to visit his brother Will, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramatick entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued, it seems, so long after his brother's death as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity at this time of the most noted actors [exciting them] to learn something from him of his brother, &c., they justly held him in the highest veneration: and it may be well believed, as there was besides a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor amongst them, this opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circum-

In 1604 an action was brought by Shakespeare in the Court of Record at Stratford against Philip Rogers to recover a debt of 1*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.* At different times between March and the end of May in that year, Shakespeare had sold to Rogers as much malt as amounted to the value of 1*l.* 19*s.* 10*d.*; and he had also, on June 25th, lent him two shillings: of all this debt Rogers

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stance, more especially in his dramatick character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and possibly his memory so weakened with infirmities (which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects), that he could give them but little light into their enquiries; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother Will in that station was, the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song." *Oldys's Mss.* In the preceding account "one of Shakespeare's younger brothers" has been thought to mean Gilbert (of whose burial there is no entry in the register): most probably, however, Gilbert was dead in 1616, since he is not noticed in the poet's will:—and at that date the other brothers of Shakespeare are known to have been dead. By "a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor amongst them," is evidently meant the distinguished tragedian Charles Hart: but of his relationship to the Harts of Stratford no proof exists; and perhaps he has been confounded by Oldys's informant with William Hart, the eldest son of Shakespeare's sister Joan, who is supposed to have been the actor of that name mentioned in two warrants of the time of Charles the Second, and who was buried at Stratford, March 29th, 1639.—"A traditional story was current some years ago about Stratford,—that a very old man of that place,—of weak intellects, but yet related to Shakespeare,—being ask'd by some of his neighbours, what he remember'd about him; answered,—that he saw him once brought on the stage upon another man's back; which answer was apply'd by the hearers to his having seen him perform in this scene [*As you like it*, act ii. sc. 7] the part of Adam," &c. Capell's *Notes*, &c. vol. i. part i. p. 60.

had paid only six shillings; hence the action.—Pity that, for want of better materials, the poet's biographers should have to enter on such insignificant details!

The quarto of *Hamlet*, 1603, which had so grossly misrepresented the author's text, was superseded by a more correct edition in 1604,—"enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie."

It has been shown that as early as Jan. 1597-8,[45] there was talk at Stratford of Shakespeare's "dealing in the matter of our tithes:" but the business came to no issue till 1605, when he purchased a moiety of a lease,—granted in 1544 for ninety-two years,—of the tithes, great and small, of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe. The indenture executed between "Raphe Husbande of Ippesly in the countye of Warwick esquier on thone parte, and William Shakespeare, of Stratford uppon Avon in the saied countie of Warwick, gentleman, on thother parte," is dated July 24th; and for this purchase, the greatest he is known to have made, Shakespeare paid down four hundred and forty pounds.

Our author's *King Henry the Eighth* would seem to have been produced not long after the accession of James, who is elaborately complimented towards the conclusion of the play;[46] and his *Macbeth*, which

[45] See p. liv.

[46] "Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when
The bird of wonder dies," &c.

also contains a flattering allusion[47] to the reigning monarch, was probably brought upon the stage in 1606.—The tradition that King James, on some occasion, wrote with his own hand "an amicable letter"[48] to Shakespeare, is not to be dismissed as altogether unworthy of credit. Mr. Collier cannot believe "that James I. should have so far condescended:"[49] but it is certain that the condescension of that monarch was frequently extreme,—his familiarity most unkinglike; and perhaps the tradition concerning the letter is indirectly supported by the following entries in the *Accounts of the Revels*, which prove how highly the dramas of Shakespeare were relished at the court of James:

"*The Plaiers.* *The Poets which mayd the plaies.*

By the kings Matie plaiers. Hallamas Day being the first of Nouembar, A play in the Ban-

[47] Act iv. sc. I,—

"and some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry."

[48] "That most learned prince, and great patron of learning, King James the First, was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakespeare; which letter, though now lost, remained long in the hands of Sir William D'Avenant, as a credible person, now living, can testify." Advertisement to Lintot's edition of *Shakespeare's Poems*, 1710.—Oldys, in a Ms. note on his copy of Fuller's *Worthies*, states that the Duke of Buckingham [Sheffield] told Lintot that he had seen the letter in the possession of Sir William Davenant.

The late Mr. Boswell (Malone's *Shakespeare*, ii. 481, ed. 1821) printed, from a vol. of Ms. Poems in his possession, four lines entitled "*Shakespeare upon the King:*" but an earlier copy of them in the Ashmolean Museum, Ms. No. 38 (see Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 160, folio ed.) gives the name of their real author,—"Mr. Robert Barker, his Majestis printer."

[49] *Life of Shakespeare*, p. ccxiv.

	ketinge house att Whithall called The Moor of Venis. [Nov. 1st, 1604.]	
By his Matie plaiers.	The Sunday ffollowinge, A Play of the Merry Wiues of Winsor. [Nov. 4th, 1604.]	
By his Matie plaiers.	On St. Stiuens Night in the Hall A Play called Mesur for Mesur. [Dec. 26th, 1604.]	Shaxberd.
By his Matie plaiers.	On Inosents Night The Plaie of Errors. [Dec. 28th, 1604.]	Shaxberd.
By his Matie plaiers.	Betwin Newers Day and Twelfe day A Play of Loues Labours Lost. [1605.]	
By his Matie plaiers.	On the 7 of January was played the play of Henry the fift. [1605.]	
By his Matie plaiers.	On Shrousunday A play of the Marchant of Venis. [March 24th, 1605.]	Shaxberd.
By his Matie players.	On Shroutusday A Play cauled The Martchant of Venis againe commaunded by the Kings Matie. [March 26th, 1605.]	Shaxberd.
	[King Lear was entered in the Stationers' Registers, as it had been "played before the King's Majestie at Whitehall" on Dec. 26th, 1606.]	

By the Kings players. Hallomas nyght was presented att Whithall before ye Kinges Matie a play called the Tempest. [Nov. 1st, 1611.]

The Kings players. The 5th of Nouember; A play called ye winters nightes Tayle. [1611.]"[50]

We find, too, in the *Accounts* of Lord Harrington, Treasurer of the Chamber to James the First:

"Paid to John Heminges uppon the councells warr^t, dated at Whitehall, xx° die Maii, 1613, for presentinge before the Princes Hignes [Charles], the La. Elizabeth, and the Prince Pallatyne Elector, fowerteene severall playes, viz. . . . . Much Adoe abowte Nothinge[1] . . . the Tempest . . . . the Winter's Tale, Sr John Falstafe [The Merry Wives of Windsor], the Moore of Venice . . . . . Cæsar's Tragedye [most probably Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar] . . . . . all which playes weare played within the tyme of this accompte, viz. p^d the some of iiij. (xx). xiij.*li.* vj.*s.* viij.*d.*"[2]

And a considerably later entry in the *Accounts of the Treas. of the Chamber* runs thus: "To John Heminges, &c., upon a warrant dated 20 April, 1618, for presenting two severall Playes before his Ma^ty, on Easter Monday Twelfte night the play soe called, and on Easter

[50] Cunningham's *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court*, &c. (printed for the Shakespeare Soc.), pp. 203, 204, 205, 210.

[1] A subsequent entry in the same volume mentions *Much ado about Nothing* under the title of *Benedick and Beatrix.*

[2] Rawlinson's *Coll.* A. 239. Bodl. Lib.

Tuesday the Winter's Tale, xx^{li}."[3]—If the documents just cited had reached us in a completer state, it is likely that they would have furnished other notices of our author's dramas.

On June 5th, 1607, Shakespeare's eldest daughter Susanna was married to John Hall, a medical practitioner settled at Stratford, and in good repute throughout Warwickshire and the neighbouring counties:—of whom and his wife there will be further mention.—On Dec. 31st of the same year Shakespeare's brother Edmund was interred at St. Saviour's, Southwark, the burial register declaring him to have been "a player,"—belonging doubtless to the Globe and Blackfriars company; and, as the fact of his having been on the stage is ascertained from no other source, it is clear that he never was distinguished in his profession.

The birth of Elizabeth Hall (the only child of her parents), who was baptized Feb. 21st, 1607-8, made our poet a grandfather.—On the 9th of the following September his mother, Mary Shakespeare,—at the age, we may presume, of something more than seventy,—was laid in the grave at Stratford seven years and a day after the burial of her husband. Mr. Collier[4] supposes that they had both formed part of the household at New Place: but John Shakespeare most probably died in his freehold tenement in Henley Street, which he certainly occupied as late as January 1596-7;[5] and there too

[3] Cunningham's *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court*, &c., Introd. p. xlv.

[4] *Life of Shakespeare*, p. ccxv. [5] See latter part of note, p. xii.

most probably his wife had continued to reside till her decease.—On the 16th of the next month Shakespeare was sponsor for a boy named William Walker,[6] whom he remembers in his will by a legacy of "xx.*s.* in gold."

[In this year (1608), an attempt (not the first) was made by the Corporation of London to expell the players from the liberty of the Blackfriars: and the following letter (or rather, copy of a letter), which relates to that proceeding, and is signed with the initials of Lord Southampton, was discovered among the Ellesmere manuscripts (see note, p. xxxiv.):

"My verie honored Lord. The manie good offices I have received at your Lordships handes, which ought to make me backward in asking further favors, onely imbouldeneth me to require more in the same kinde. Your Lordship wilbe warned howe hereafter you graunt any sute, seeing it draweth on more and greater demaunds. This which now presseth is to request your Lordship, in all you can, to be good to the poore players of the Blacke ffryers, who call themselves by authoritie the Servantes of his Majestie, and aske for the protecciion of their most gracious Maister and Soveraigne in this the tyme of theire troble. They are threatened by the Lord Maior and Aldermen of London, never friendly to their calling, with the distruccion of their meanes of livelihood, by the pulling downe of their plaiehouse, which is a private theatre, and hath never given oca-

[6] His father, Henry Walker, was chosen an alderman, January 3d, 1605-6.

sion of anger by anie disorders. These bearers are two of the chiefe of the companie: one of them by name Richard Burbidge, who humblie sueth for your Lordships kinde helpe, for that he is a man famous as our English Roscius, one who fitteth the action to the word and the worde to the action most admirably. By the exercise of his qualitie, industry, and good behaviour, he hath become possessed of the Blacke ffryers playhouse, which hath bene imployed for playes sithence it was builded by his ffather now nere 50 yeres agone. The other is a man no whitt lesse deserving favor, and my especial friende, till of late an actor of good account in the cumpanie, now a sharer in the same, and writer of some of our best English playes, which, as your Lordship knoweth, were most singulerly liked of Quene Elizabeth, when the cumpanie was called uppon to performe before her Majestie at Court at Christmas and Shrovetide. His most gracious Majestie King James alsoe, since his coming to the crowne, hath extended his royall favour to the companie in divers waies and at sundrie tymes. This other hath to name William Shakespeare; and they are both of one countie, and indeede allmost of one towne: both are right famous in their qualities, though it longeth not of your Lo. gravitie and wisedome to resort unto the places where they are wont to delight the publique eare. Their trust and sute nowe is, not to bee molested in their waye of life whereby they maintaine themselves and their wives and families (being both maried and of good reputacion) as well as

the widowes and orphanes of some of their dead fellows.

Your Lo. most bounden at com.

Copia vera. H. S."

Another document among the Ellesmere papers minutely describes the interest which the different proprietors had in the Blackfriars Theatre: it was drawn up, we are told, when the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, having failed in their attempts against the players, were negotiating with them for the purchase of the theatre:

"*For avoiding of the playhouse in the precinct of the Blacke Friers.*

"Imp., Richard Burbidge oweth the fee, and is alsoe a sharer therein. His interest he rateth at the grosse summe of 1000*li.* for the fee, and for his foure shares the summe of 933*li.* 6*s.* 8*d.* . . . . 1933*li.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

"Item, Laz. Fletcher owith three shares which he rateth at 700*li.*, that is, at 7 yeares purchase for each share, or 33*li.* 6*s.* 8*d.* one yeare with an other . 700*li.*

"Item, W. Shakespeare asketh for the wardrobe and properties of the same playhouse 500*li.*, and for his 4 shares the same as his fellowes Burbidge and Fletcher, viz. 933*li.* 6*s.* 8*d.* . . . . . 1433*li.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

"Item, Heminges and Condell, eche 2 shares 933*li.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

"Item, Joseph Taylor, 1 share and an halfe 350*li.*

"Item, Lowing also one share and an halfe 350*li.*

"Item, Foure more playeres with one halfe share to eche of them . . . . . 466*li.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

Summa totalis, 6166. 13. 4.

"Moreover, the hired men of the companie demaund

some recompense for their great losse, and the widowes and orphanes of playeres, who are paide by the sharers at divers rates and proportions, so as in the whole it will coste the Lo. Mayor and the citizens at the least 7000*li.*"]

Three editions of *King Lear*, all printed for the same bookseller, in 1608, attest the high celebrity which Shakespeare had now acquired as a dramatist.

We learn from the records of Stratford that in August 1608 he brought an action against John Addenbroke for the recovery of a debt,—that, after a delay of several months, a verdict was given in his favour for 6*l.*, and 1*l.* 4*s.* costs; and that, the defendant having been returned as "non inventus," Shakespeare proceeded against Thomas Horneby, who had become bail for Addenbroke. The latest date recorded in this action is June 7th, 1609.

At Dulwich College is preserved "A brief noat taken out of the poores booke, contayning the names of all thenhabitantes of this Liberty [the Clink in Southwark], which are rated and assessed to a weekely paiement towardes the relief of the poore. As it standes now encreased, this 6th day of Aprill, 1609," &c.; and in one division of the note occurs—

"Mr. Shakespeare . . . . . vj^{d}:"

but whether he was so rated on account of a dwelling-house, or for his property in the Globe Theatre, is uncertain.

The sonnet, first introduced into our literature by

Lord Surrey, was much cultivated during the reigns of Elizabeth and James; and it seems occasionally to have employed the pen of Shakespeare several years before 1598, when "his sugred *Sonnets* among his private friends" were mentioned by Meres in a passage of the *Palladis Tamia*, &c. which has been already quoted.[7] At length, in 1609, a volume containing one hundred and fifty-four *Sonnets*, the undoubted productions of Shakespeare, was given to the public by a bookseller who evidently had not obtained them from the author himself.—The greater portion of these *Sonnets* is addressed to a youth; and the kind of impassioned friendship which some of them profess can only surprise a reader unacquainted with the manners of the time: it was then not uncommon for one man to write verses to another in a strain of such tender affection as fully warrants our terming them amatory; and even in the epistolary correspondence between two grave and elderly gentlemen friendship used frequently to borrow the language of love.—Who was the youth in question, conjecture has long been labouring to discover.[8] According to the bookseller's Dedication,[9] "the only begetter" of the *Sonnets* was

[7] See p. lxiii.

[8] There being no bounds to the folly of a critic, George Chalmers maintained that Queen Elizabeth was typified by the poet's masculine friend!

[9] "*To the only begetter of these ensuing Sonnets, Mr. W. H., all happiness, and that eternity promised by our ever-living poet, wisheth the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth, T. T*[*horpe*]." In a note on this Dedication Boswell says: "The *begetter* is merely the person who *gets* or

"Mr. W. H." Tyrwhitt, comparing these initials with a line of the xxth *Sonnet*, which stands thus in the quarto,

"A man in hew all *Hews* in his controwling,"

imagined that the mysterious personage was a W. Hughes: and, more recently, Boaden exerted great ingenuity to show that "W. H." meant William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke,[10]—a supposition which is almost at once refuted by the extreme improbability that the bookseller would have presumed to address the Earl as "Mr. W. H."[11]—For my own part, repeated peru-

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procures a thing, with the common prefix *be* added to it. So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*: 'I have some cousin-germans at court shall *beget* you the reversion of the master of the kings revels.' W. H. was probably one of the friends to whom Shakespeare's 'sugred sonnets,' as they are termed by Meres, had been communicated, and who furnished the printer with his copy." But Boswell's interpretation of "*begetter*" is quite at variance with the rest of the Dedication: and yet, if we understand the word in the sense of *causer, object who occasioned their being written*,—how could Mr. W. H. be termed the "*only* begetter" of sonnets, some of which are unquestionably addressed to a woman?

[10] That this nobleman was one of Shakespeare's patrons we learn from the first folio of his plays, 1623, which is dedicated to "*William Earl of Pembroke* and Philip Earl of Montgomery," who "had been pleased to think these trifles something heretofore, and had prosecuted both them and their author living with much favour."

[11] *Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems. Being his Sonnets clearly developed: with his character drawn chiefly from his works. By Charles Armitage Brown*, appeared in 1838. Mr. Brown adopts Boaden's hypothesis, that Mr. W. H. is the Earl of Pembroke; and he thinks that the *Sonnets* ought to be divided into Six Poems, each Poem consisting of a certain number of Stanzas (Sonnets):

"FIRST POEM. Stanzas 1 to 26. *To his friend, persuading him to marry.*

SECOND POEM. Stanzas 27 to 55. *To his friend, who had robbed the poet of his mistress, forgiving him.*

sals of the *Sonnets* have well nigh convinced me, that most of them were composed in an assumed character, on different subjects, and at different times, for the amusement, if not at the suggestion, of the author's

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THIRD POEM. Stanzas 56 to 77. *To his friend, complaining of his coldness, and warning him of life's decay.*

FOURTH POEM. Stanzas 78 to 101. *To his friend, complaining that he prefers another poet's praises, and reproving him for faults that may injure his character.*

FIFTH POEM. Stanzas 102 to 126. *To his friend, excusing himself for having been some time silent, and disclaiming the charge of inconstancy.*

SIXTH POEM. Stanzas 127 to 152. *To his mistress, on her infidelity.* (The two sonnets which close the collection he, of course, considers as quite foreign to all that precedes.)

From this examination of the *Sonnets* Shakespeare unfortunately does not come out spotless; for it ascertains that he had a mistress in London, while he had a wife at Stratford. "May no persons," says Mr. Brown, "be inclined, on this account, to condemn him with a bitterness equal to their own virtue! For myself, I confess I have not the heart to blame him at all,—purely because he so keenly reproaches himself for his own sin and folly." p. 98. Let us hope that, if a copy of the *Sonnets* reached Stratford, it was not read to Mrs. Shakespeare by some busy acquaintance:—that she herself *could* read, is not clear.

A writer in *The Westminster Review* for July 1857 is also a convert to Boaden's notion that Mr. W. H. is the Earl of Pembroke. "Does not the dedication," he says, "bear on the face of it a wish to conceal the person indicated, whoever he was,—plain commoner or peer of the realm? Why give only the initials, unless concealment was aimed at? The publisher had no other method than the one he adopted. Mr. W. H. was vague enough for the world generally, but not too vague for those who knew the Earl. Had the dedication ran [run] 'To the Earl of P., the only begetter,' &c., there would have been no secrecy, and the publisher might as well have given the title at full, for the choice is so limited among noblemen whose initial letter is P., whereas the letters W. H. told just sufficient, and no more. The publisher was like the watchman in the 'Agamemnon:'—

Μαθοῦσιν αὐδῶ, κοὐ μαθοῦσι λήθομαι;

and the reason is obvious: the sonnets related purely to private and personal matters, and were, in the first place, never meant to meet any one's eye but to whom [*sic*] they were addressed." p. 123. All this is merely

intimate associates (hence described by Meres as "his sugred *Sonnets among his private friends*"): and though I would not deny that one or two of them reflect his genuine feelings,[12] I contend that allusions scattered through the whole series are not to be hastily referred to the personal circumstances of Shakespeare.—In the general excellence of these *Sonnets*,—in their depth of thought, their tenderness, their picturesqueness, their grace, their harmony,—we forget their occasional conceits and quibbles:[13] and, indeed, no English sonnets are worthy, in all respects, of being ranked with Shakespeare's, if we except the few by Milton,—so severe and so majestic.—A poem of considerable beauty, called *A Lover's Complaint*, and evidently written by our author in his earlier days, is appended to the original edition of his *Sonnets*.

Troilus and Cressida and *Pericles* were also printed in 1609. The title-pages of both attribute them wholly to Shakespeare; but that some parts of the former, and the greater portion of the latter play, are from another and a very inferior hand is unquestionable.—Of the

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specious: the writer forgets that in those days noblemen were invariably treated by their inferiors with the most profound respect. The Earl would hardly have forgiven the strange familiarity of such a dedication, however "vague it might be for the world generally:" and if the *Sonnets* "were never meant to meet any one's eye but his own," he had good reason to be offended with the publisher.

[12] e. g. *Sonnet* cxi. cited in p. lxxvii.

[13] What Robert Gould, in *The Play House, A Satire* (*Works*, ii. 245, ed. 1709), says of our author's dramas, applies also to his poems;

"And Shakespeare play'd with words, to please a quibbling age."

dramas produced by Shakespeare subsequently to this date none were committed to the press during his life. "*Timon of Athens*," observes Mr. Collier, "*Coriolanus, Antony and Cleopatra, Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale,* and *The Tempest*, seem to belong to a late period of our poet's theatrical career, and some of them were doubtless written between 1609 and the period, whatever that period might be, when he entirely relinquished dramatic composition."[14]

[Among the Ellesmere papers (see note, p. xxxiv.) is the draft of a warrant, dated January 4th, 1609-10, empowering Daborne, Shakespeare, Field, and Kirkham, to provide and train up in the art of acting a company of juvenile performers to be called "The Children of the Queen's Revels:" but from the word "Stayed" at the conclusion of the draft, we are to gather that the warrant was not carried into effect:

"Right trusty and welbeloved, &c. James, &c. To all mayors, sherriffs, justices of the peace, &c. Whereas the Queene, our dearest wife, hath for her pleasure and recreation appointed her servaunts Robert Daiborne, &c. to provide and bring upp a convenient nomber of children who shall be called the Children of her Maiestics Revells, knowe ye that we have appointed and authorized, and by these presents doe appoint and authorize, the said Robert Daiborne, William Shakespeare, Nathaniel Field, and Edward Kirkham, from time to time

[14] *Life of Shakespeare*, p. ccxxxii.

to provide and bring upp a convenient nomber of children, and them to instruct and exercise in the quality of playing tragedies, comedies, &c., by the name of the Children of the Revells to the Queene, within the Black-fryers in our citie of London, or elswhere within our realme of England. Wherefore we will and commaund you and everie of you, to permitt her said servaunts to keepe a convenient nomber of children by the name of the Children of the Revells to the Queene, and them to exercise in the qualitie of playing, according to her royall pleasure: provided alwaies that no playes, &c., shall be by them presented, but such playes, &c., as have received the approbation and allowance of our Maister of the Revells for the tyme being. And these our lettres shall be your sufficient warrant in this behalfe. In witnesse whereof, &c.

4° die Janij 1609.

Proud Povertie.	Engl. tragedie.
Widow's Mite.	False Friends.
Antonio.	Hate and Love.
Kinsmen.	Taming of S.
Triumph of Truth.	K. Edw. 2.
Touchstone.	Mirror of Life.
Grisel.	

Stayed."]

Of our author's brother Gilbert, who, as before seen,[15] resided at Stratford, no particulars are known later than March 5th, 1609-10, when he signed his

[15] See p. lxix.

name as witness to a deed still extant.—The "*Gilbertus Shackspeare adolescens*," whose burial is entered in the Stratford register under Feb. 3d, 1611-12, was perhaps his son.

In a list of donations "colected towardes the charge of prosecutyng the bill in Parliament for the better repayre of the highe waies, and amendinge divers defectes in the statutes already made," dated Wednesday, Sept. 11th, 1611, the name of "Mr. William Shackspere" occurs. "This Ms.," observes Mr. Halliwell,[16] "evidently relates to Stratford, but no sum is affixed to Shakespeare's name; and from its being placed in the margin, it would appear that he was not then in that town, and that the insertion was an afterthought."

The draft of a bill to be filed before Lord Ellesmere by "Richard Lane of Awston in the cownty of Warwicke esquire, Thomas Greene of Stratford uppon Avon in the said county of Warwicke esquire, and William Shackspeare of Stratford uppon Avon aforesaid in the said county of Warwicke gentleman,"—without date, but apparently drawn up in 1612,—exhibits Shakespeare as engaged in a law-suit arising out of his share in the tithes which he had bought in 1605.[17] Certain of the lessees, it seems, having refused to contribute their proportions towards a reserved rent of 27*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, which they were bound to pay under peril of forfeiture,—"Richard Lane and

[16] *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 202, folio ed.
[17] See p. lxxxiii.

William Shackspeare and some fewe others" had been "wholly, and against all equity and good conscience, usually dryven to pay the same for preservacion of their estates;" and at last, finding the said lessees intractable, they submitted the case to the Court of Chancery. What was the issue of this suit is not known.—The amount of Shakespeare's income from the tithes is thus specified in the draft: "Your oratour William Shackspeare hath an estate and interest of and in the moyty or one half of all tythes of corne and grayne aryseinge within the townes, villages, and ffieldes of Old Stratford, Byshopton and Welcombe, being of and in the said parishe of Stratford, and of and in the moity or half of all tythes of wool and lamb, and of all small and privy tythes, oblacions, and alterages arisynge or increasyng in or within the wholl parishe of Stratford uppon Avon aforesayd, for and duringe all the residue of the said terme, beinge of the yearely value of threescore powndes."

Richard Shakespeare, brother to the dramatist, was buried at Stratford, Feb^{ry}. 4th, 1612-13. His history is a blank.

In the next month Shakespeare purchased a house with a piece of ground attached to it, not far from the Blackfriars Theatre, and "abutting upon a streete leading downe to Pudle Wharffe on the east part, right against the Kinges Majesties Wardrobe." The indenture of conveyance, dated the 10th of March, is "Betweene Henry Walker citizein and minstrell of London

on thone partie, and William Shakespeare of Stratford upon Avon in the countie of Warwick gentleman, William Johnson citizein and vintener of London, John Jackson and John Hemmyng of London gentlemen, on thother partie," the consideration money being 140*l.*: but 80*l.* only having been then paid down, Shakespeare on the day following mortgaged the premises to the vendor Henry Walker for the residue of the sum; and subsequently, when he had paid off the whole of the purchase-money, he leased them for a term of years to John Robinson, who is mentioned in his Will as the tenant in possession. The object of Shakespeare in this purchase may have been, as Mr. Collier conjectures, to accommodate in some way his friend and fellow actor John Heminge and the two other persons named with him in the deed.

It is probable that, after Shakespeare had bought New Place in 1597, his visits to Stratford became more frequent; and to the time when he finally took up his residence with his family at New Place it would seem that we may assign an earlier date than that of the conveyance just described, which he certainly executed in London, whither, when business called him, he still occasionally went.—We have seen that he first quitted Stratford, if not as a fugitive, at least as an adventurer with "the world all before him:" and we now behold him established there for the remainder of his life, with an income which enabled him to support the character of a gentleman, and (though only about

one half of his immortal labours was as yet known to the public through the medium of the press) with a fame superior to that of any contemporary poet.—Ward, who was appointed to the vicarage of Stratford in 1662, had "heard" that Shakespeare "in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for itt had an allowance so large, that hee spent att the rate of 1,000*l.* a-year."[18] But, as Mr. Collier remarks, "it is utterly incredible that subsequent to his retirement to Stratford he supplied the stage with two plays every year:"[19] indeed, I suspect that before 1613 he had entirely abandoned

[18] *Diary* (printed in 1839), p. 183.—In a tract, entitled *Ratseis Ghost, or the Second Part of his Madde Prankes and Robberies, Printed by V. S.*, 4to, n. d., is a passage, the concluding portion of which seems plainly to allude to Shakespeare:—the hero of the tract, Gamaliel Ratsey, a highwayman, is addressing one of a set of strolling players, whom he had paid 40*s.* for acting before him, and had afterwards robbed of the money:—"And for you, sirrah (says he to the chiefest of them), thou hast a good presence upon a stage; methinks thou darkenest thy merit by playing in the country: get thee to London, for if one man [i. e. Burbadge] were dead, they will have much need of such as thou art. There would be none, in my opinion, fitter than thyself to play his parts; my conceit is such of thee, that I durst all the money in my purse on thy head to play Hamlet with him for a wager. There thou shalt learne to be frugal (for players were never so thrifty as they are now about London), and to feed upon all men; to let none feed upon thee; to make thy hand a stranger to thy pocket, thy heart slow to perform thy tongue's promise; and when thou feelest thy purse well lined, buy thee some place of lordship in the country, that, growing weary of playing, thy money may there bring thee to dignity and reputation: then thou needest care for no man; no, not for them that before made thee proud with speaking their words on the stage. Sir, I thank you (quoth the player) for this good council: I promise you I will make use of it; for I have heard, indeed, of some that have gone to London very meanly, and have come in time to be exceeding wealthy."

[19] *Life of Shakespeare*, p. ccxxiv.

dramatic composition. And of Shakespeare's wealth Ward had evidently received a very exaggerated account; for it represents him as living at the rate of about five thousand pounds per annum according to the present value of money.

"The latter part of his life," says Rowe, "was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion, and, in that, to his wish; and is said to have spent some years before his death at his native Stratford. His pleasurable wit and good nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship, of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongst them it is a story almost still remembered in that country, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury. It happened that in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakespear in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to outlive him; and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately. Upon which, Shakespear gave him these four verses:

'Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav'd;
'Tis a hundred to ten, his soul is not sav'd:
If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?
Oh, ho, quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.'

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the

man so severely, that he never forgave it."[20] Though this story is probably not altogether a fabrication, it cannot be true as related above. John Combe appears

[20] *Life of Shakespeare.*—A different version of the epitaph is given by Aubrey, who says that Shakespeare made it "at the tavern at Stratford" when Combe "was to be buryed." *Mss. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.* Another occurs in Brathwaite's *Remains*, 1618. Indeed, the verses are found, with sundry variations, in our old miscellanies.—According to *Ms. Lansd.* 213, three officers, "a captaine, a lieutennant, and an ancient, all three of the military company in Norwich," while on a tour in 1634, saw at Stratford Shakespeare's monument, "and one of an old gentleman, a batchelor, Mr. Combe, upon whose name the sayd poet did merrily fann up some witty and facetious verses, which time would nott give us leave to sacke up."—Nay, more,—there is extant another epitaph, also attributed to Shakespeare, on *Thomas* Combe!

The lines wrongly entitled *Shakespeare upon the King* have been already mentioned: see note [48], p. lxxxiv.

An epitaph (or rather a double epitaph), said to have been composed by our author, is preserved in a collection of Epitaphs at the end of Dugdale's *Visitation of Salop*, a Ms. in the Heralds' College:—Dugdale, describing a monument in Tong Church, erected to the memory of Sir Thomas Stanley, Knight, informs us that "these following verses were made by William Shakespeare, the late famous tragedian:

Written upon the east end of this tombe.

Aske who lyes here, but do not weepe;
He is not dead, he doth but sleepe.
This stony register is for his bones,
His fame is more perpetuall than these stones;
And his own goodness, with himself being gone,
Shall live when earthly monument is none.

Written upon the west end thereof.

Not monumentall stone preserves our fame,
Nor skye-aspiring piramids our name.
The memory of him for whom this stands
Shall outlive marble and defacers' hands:
When all to time's consumption shall be given,
Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand in heaven."

A Ms. of the time of Charles the First also gives the above epitaph as the

to have been a highly respectable inhabitant of Stratford, and at the time of his decease[21] he undoubtedly

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production of Shakespeare: see Mr. Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 162, folio ed.

A Ms. vol. of poems, by Herrick and others, among Rawlinson's Collections in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, contains the following

"EPITAPH.

When God was pleas'd, the world unwilling yet,
Elias James to nature payd his debt,
And here reposeth: as he liv'd, he dyde;
The saying in him strongly verefide,—
Such life, such death: then, the known truth to tell,
He liv'd a godly life, and dyde as well.

WM. SHAKESPEARE."

In a Ms. volume of songs and poems collected by a Richard Jackson (which was formerly in the possession of Thorpe the bookseller) the song "From the rich Lavinian shore," &c., is called "*Shakespeare's rime which he made at the Mytre in Fleete Streete.*"—Mr. Collier, in his *Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* iii. 276, committed a trifling mistake in printing, as Shakespeare's, four lines concerning the wine at the Mitre, which he found attributed to our author in the same Ms. volume: they are merely four verses of Ben Jonson's CIST Epigram, a little altered.

A story of Shakespeare and some of his companions having accepted the challenge of the Bidford topers and sippers to drink with them, &c. was communicated to Malone by a native of Stratford, *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 500, sqq., and is related with some variations in Ireland's *Picturesque Views*, p. 229, sqq. Shakespeare, we are told, composed these lines on the occasion;

"Piping Pebworth, Dancing Marston,
Haunted Hillborough, and Hungry Grafton,
With Dadging Exhall, Papist Wixford,
Beggarly Broom, and Drunken Bidford."

To have done with such trash:—As Shakespeare was one day leaning over a mercer's door in his native town, a drunken blacksmith with a carbuncled face accosted him thus;

"Now, Mr. Shakespeare, tell me, if you can,
The difference between a youth and a young man:"

The poet immediately answered;

"Thou son of fire, with thy face like a maple,
The same difference as between a scalded and a coddled apple."

[21] July 10th, 1614.—"His principal residence was at the college [Stratford College,—very near New Place], which he purchased, about

was on the best terms with Shakespeare, to whom he left a legacy of five pounds in token of esteem: we find, too, that Shakespeare bequeathed his sword to Thomas Combe, the nephew of John. If, therefore, we are to believe the tradition that Shakespeare in the hour of mirth extemporized some verses on his friend, we must also believe that they were void of offence against friendship.

The absence of any allusion to theatres in Shakespeare's will, and his known prudence as a man of business, afford good grounds for assuming that, before he finally retired to Stratford, he had parted with the whole of his theatrical property, not choosing to rely on others for its management; and that consequently he sustained no loss by the destruction of the Globe Theatre, which was burnt down on the 29th of June 1613.[22] It must have been, however, with deep con-

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the year 1596, of the Crown," &c. Wheler's *Guide to Stratford-upon-Avon*, p. 114; and his monument (executed, we are told, by Gerard Johnson,—Dugdale's *Life, Diary*, &c., p. 99, quoted *infra*), for the erection of which he had provided in his will, is yet to be seen in Stratford Church.—"In justice to this gentleman [John Combe] it should be remembered, that in the language of Shakespeare's age an *usurer* did not mean one who took exorbitant, but any, interest or usance for money; which many then considered as criminal. The opprobrious term by which such a person was distinguished, 'Ten in the hundred,' proves this; for *ten* per cent was the ordinary interest of money." Malone's *Life of Shakespeare* (note), p. 499.

[22] The thatch caught fire from the wadding of the small cannon shot off during the performance of a piece, which Howes (Contin. of Stowe's *Annales*) and Thomas Lorkin (*Letter, Ms. Harl.* 7002) state to have been *Henry the Eighth*, while Sir Henry Wotton (*Reliq. Wotton.*, p. 425, ed. 1685) says it was "a new play, called *All is true*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the 8th," &c.

cern that he heard of a catastrophe by which his old associates suffered so severely: nor is it unlikely that he subsequently lent some assistance towards the rebuilding of the Globe, when, as we are told, the sovereign himself set the example of contributing money for that purpose.[23]—Of a very disastrous fire which broke out in Stratford on the 9th of July in the following year no more need be said than that it does not seem to have extended to the locality where Shakespeare dwelt.

A project, at this time afoot, for enclosing certain common lands near Stratford, threatened to affect the interests of Shakespeare, both as regarded the property which he had bought from the Combes in 1602, and the tithes which he had purchased three years later. In a paper dated Sept. 5th, 1614, which sets forth the claims of the "Auncient ffreeholders in the ffields of old Stratford and Welcombe,"—viz. "Mr. Shakspeare," "Thomas Parker," "Mr. Lane," "Sir Frauncys Smyth," "Mace," "Arthur Cawdrey," and "Mr. Wright, vicar of Bishopton,"—the dramatist is mentioned thus:

"Mr. Shakspeare 4 yard land, noe common nor grownd beyond Gospell-bushe, nor grownd in Sandfield, nor none in Slow-hill-field beyond Bishopton, nor none in the enclosures beyond Bishopton."

[23] According to some Ms. Notes in a copy of Stowe's *Annales*, 1631, (formerly in the possession of Mr. Pickering the bookseller): "The Globe play house, on the Bank side in Southwarke, was burnt downe to the ground in the yeare 1612 [1613]. And new built up againe in the yeare 1613 [1614], at the great charge of King James and many noble men and others."

And that he did not fail to take measures to save himself as far as possible from loss in the event of the enclosures being made, we have remarkable documentary evidence:

"*Coppy of the articles with Mr. Shakspeare.*

"Vicesimo octavo die Octobris, anno Domini 1614. Articles of agreement indented [and] made betwene William Shackespeare of Stretford in the County of Warwicke gent. on the one partye, and William Replingham of Greete Harborowe in the Countie of Warwick gent. on the other partie, the daye and yeare abovesaid.

"*Inter alia.* Item, the said William Replingham for him, his heires, executours, and assignes, doth covenaunte and agree to and with the said William Shackespeare, his heires and assignes, That he the said William Replingham, his heires or assignes, shall, uppon reasonable request, satisfie, content, and make recompence unto him the said William Shackespeare or his assignes, for all such losse, detriment, and hinderance as he the said William Shackespeare, his heires and assignes, and one Thomas Greene gent. shall or maye be thought in the viewe and judgement of foure indifferent persons, to be indifferentlie elected by the said William and William and their heires, and in default of the said William Replingham, by the said William Shackespeare or his heires onely, to survey and judge the same to sustayne or incurre for or in respecte of the increasinge

of the yearlie value of the tythes they the said William Shackespeare and Thomas doe joyntlie or severallie hold and enjoy in the said fieldes or anie of them, by reason of anie inclosure or decaye of tyllage there ment and intended by the said William Replingham; and that the said William Replingham and his heires shall procure such sufficient securitie unto the said William Shackespeare and his heires for the performance of theis covenauntes, as shal bee devised by learned counsell. In witnes whereof the parties abovsaid to theis presentes interchangeablie their handes and seales have put, the daye and yeare first above wrytten.

"Sealed and delivered in the presence of us, Tho. Lucas, Jo. Rogers, Anthonie Nasshe, Mich. Olney."

To the scheme of enclosure,—among the chief promoters of which was William Combe,—the Corporation of Stratford were strongly opposed (contending that it would increase the distress of the poorer classes, already suffering from the fire which, as mentioned above, had broken out in July); and their clerk, Thomas Greene, a lawyer and some relation to Shakespeare,[24] was in London on this business, when he made the following memorandum:

"1614. Jovis, 17 No. My cosen Shakspear comyng yesterdy to town, I went to see him how he did. He

[24] The relationship between the Greenes and the Shakespeares has not yet been traced. (In the Stratford burial-register is the entry, "1589 [-90], March 6. Thomas Greene, alias Shakspere.") The word "*cousin*," which Greene applies to Shakespeare, was formerly equivalent to *kinsman*.—This matter of the enclosures concerned Greene personally; for we have seen that he, as well as Shakespeare, was a tithe-holder.

told me that they assured him they ment to inclose no further than to Gospell Bush, and so upp straight (leavyng out part of the Dyngles to the ffield) to the gate in Clopton hedg, and take in Salisburyes peece; and that they mean in Aprill to survey the land, and then to gyve satisfaccion, and not before; and he and Mr. Hall say they think ther will be nothyng done at all."

About a fortnight after the above date, Greene, having left Shakespeare in London, returned to Stratford; where he continued his notes:

"23 Dec. A hall. Lettres wrytten, one to Mr. Manyring, another to Mr. Shakspear, with almost all the company's hands to eyther. I also wrytte myself to my cosen Shakspear the coppyes of all our acts, and then also a not of the inconvenyences wold happen by the inclosure."

The letter to Arthur Mainwaring (Lord Ellesmere's domestic auditor) is still preserved: but the more interesting one has perished. A memorandum by Greene of a later date records the continued uneasiness of Shakespeare about the proposed encroachments:

"1 Sept. [1615]. Mr. Shakspeare told Mr. J. Greene that he was not able to beare the enclosing of Welcombe."

Our poet did not live to see the termination of this contest: it was not till 1618 that an order of the Privy Council forbade all further attempts at enclosure.

Shakespeare, as shown by the first of Greene's notes, was in London in the middle of November 1614, having

probably gone thither on the business just detailed; and, as far as we know, it was his last visit to the metropolis.—A curious illustration of his domestic life at Stratford during the same year is furnished by an article in the Chamberlains' Accounts:

"Item, for on quart of sack, and on quart of clarrett winne, geven to a precher at the New Place, xx.*d.*"

As the Corporation had issued a strict prohibition against the performance of plays in Stratford,[25] we cannot doubt that the divine thus refreshed at their expense was a puritan: with such preachers Shakespeare could have had little sympathy; and perhaps he lent his house on the occasion in compliance with the wishes of some of his family or neighbours, whom he was too liberal-minded to oppose.—In connection with the entry above quoted, Mr. Halliwell has a remark which I must be allowed to say I think quite erroneous: "His [Shakespeare's] own departure was

[25] On Dec. 17th, 1602, they "ordered that there shalbe no pleys or enterlewedes playd in the chamber, the guildhalle, nor in any parte of the howsse or courte, ffrom hensforward, upon payne that whosoever of the baylief, aldermen, and burgesses of this boroughe shall gyve leave or licence thereunto, shall forfeyt for everie offence x.*s.*" This order having been slighted, another was made on Feb. 7th, 1612: "The inconvenience of plaies beinge verie seriouslie considered of, with the unlawfullnes, and howe contrarie the sufferance of them is againste the orders hearetofore made, and againste the examples of other well-governed cities and burrowes, the companie heare are contented and theie conclude that the penaltie of x.*s.* imposed in Mr. Bakers yeare for breakinge the order, shall from henceforth be x.*li.* upon the breakers of that order, and this to holde untill the nexte commen councell, and from thenceforth for ever, excepted, that be then finalli revokd and made voide." What a change had come over the spirit of the Corporation since Shakespeare's early days! see p. xxiv.

probably soothed by the presence of the religious friends of the Halls: but there is, unfortunately, a testimony in the epitaph on his daughter which implies that his life had not been one of piety:

> Witty above her sexe, but that's not all,
> Wise to salvation was good Mistriss Hall.
> *Something of Shakespeare was in that*, but this
> *Wholy* of Him with whom she's now in blisse."[27]

Assuredly the writer of the epitaph had no intention of imputing a want of "piety" to Shakespeare: his meaning clearly is—that the wit (*i. e.* the mental power) which raised Mrs. Hall above the level of her sex was partly derived from her father (talent being sometimes hereditary), but that by divine grace alone she had attained the wisdom which leads to salvation. —Here, too, may be noticed the tradition preserved by the Rev. Richard Davies, that Shakespeare died a papist;[28]—which is contradicted by the general tenor of his writings as well as by the whole history of his life. Nor is it improbable that this tradition originated with the puritan party at Stratford; for Shakespeare,—who could hardly have avoided all discussion on the controverted religious topics of the day,—may have incidentally let fall expressions unfavourable to puritanism, which were afterwards misrepresented as papistical.

To the same year (1614) belongs the publication

[27] *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 226, folio ed.

[28] "He dyed a papist" are the concluding words of Davies's additions to the article on Shakespeare in Fulman's Ms. Collections: see note, p. xxii.

of a poem entitled *The Ghost of Richard the Third*, written by *C. B.* (*Christopher Brooke*, I believe), in which Richard is made to utter the following lines,—perhaps the happiest encomium that Shakespeare had yet received as a dramatist;

> "To him that impt my fame with Clio's quill,
> Whose magick rais'd me from oblivion's den,
> That writ my storie on the Muses' hill,
> And with my actions dignifi'd his pen;
> He that from Helicon sends many a rill
> Whose nectared veines are drunke by thirstie men;
> Crown'd be his stile with fame, his head with bayes,
> And none detract, but gratulate his praise."[29]

On February 10th, 1615-16, Shakespeare's younger daughter Judith was married to Thomas Quiney,—four years her junior,[30]—vintner and wine-merchant at Stratford; son of the Richard Quiney who in 1598 applied to Shakespeare for the loan of 30*l.*,[31] and who died May 31st, 1602, while bailiff of Stratford.—A deed is still extant which shows that Judith, when required to sign her name, had to make her mark instead; and yet we have proof that her sister Susanna wrote a tolerable hand;—so unequally had the poet's daughters shared in the benefits of education.

On the 25th of the following month Shakespeare executed his will,—"*Vicesimo quinto die Martii;*" the date having originally stood "*Vicesimo quinto die* Januarii," and the instrument having doubtless been pre-

[29] P. 27, Shakespeare Soc. ed.
[30] He was baptized Feb. 26th, 1588-9.
[31] See p. lvi.

pared in that month, as it contains manifest references to the approaching marriage of his daughter Judith. It declares the testator to be "in perfect health and memory;" which, if not a mere legal formula, might have been the case when it was first drawn up: but his three signatures on the three sheets of paper over which the will extends, are more or less tremulous, and indicate that he was then in a state of great debility.

Shakespeare died at New Place on the 23d of April, 1616.

Of the nature of the malady which removed this mighty spirit from the earth we find no mention except the following entry in a miscellany already quoted,—the *Diary* of the Rev. John Ward:

"Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson, had a merie meeting, and itt seems drank too hard, for Shakespear died of a feavour there contracted."[32]

That such a symposium was held is likely enough:—Drayton, a native of Warwickshire, and frequently in the neighbourhood of Stratford, may fairly be presumed to have partaken at times of Shakespeare's hospitality; and Jonson, who, about two years after, wandered on foot into Scotland and back again, would think little of a journey to Stratford for the sake of visiting so dear a friend:—nevertheless we should hardly be justified in determining the cause of Shakespeare's death on the authority of a tradition which was not written down till

[32] P. 183.—See p. ci. of this memoir.

nearly half a century after the event.[33]—His son-in-law, Dr. Hall, who certainly must have attended him during his last illness, left notes of various medical cases;[34] but it is to be regretted that they are all of later date than 1616.

On April 25th[35] the body of Shakespeare was buried on the north side of the chancel of Stratford Church. A flat stone over his grave bears this inscription:

> "Good frend, for Jesvs sake forbeare
> To digg the dvst encloased heare:
> Blese [Blest] be ye man ye spares thes stones,
> And cvrst be he ye moves my bones."[36]

A monument to his memory, said to be from the chisel of Gerard Johnson,[37] was subsequently erected

[33] According to Mr. Halliwell, "The account is to be estimated at something considerably beyond the value of a tradition; and, making allowance for a vulgar exaggeration that the fever was contracted from the effects of a convivial meeting, Ward's testimony may reasonably be accepted." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 224, folio ed.

[34] Written in Latin.—In 1657 was published *Select Observations on English Bodies: Or, Cures both Empericall and Historicall, performed upon very eminent Persons in desperate Diseases. First written in Latine by Mr. John Hall Physician, living at Stratford upon Avon in Warwick-shire, where he was very famous, as also in the Counties adjacent, as appeares by these Observations drawn out of severall hundreds of his as choycest. Now put into English for common benefit by James Cooke Practitioner in Physick and Chirurgery.*" 12°.—For a particular account of Hall's memoranda see Mr. Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, pp. 254, sqq.

[35] The burial-register has "1616. April 25, Will' Shakspere, Gent."

[36] According to Dowdall, (see note [26], p. xvi.), this epitaph was "made by himselfe a little before his death."

[37] "Shakspeares and John Combes Monum^ts, at Stratford sup' Avon, made by one Gerard Johnson." Dugdale's *Life, Diary*, &c., p. 99.—Mr. Halliwell suggests that the monument may have been executed by one of that sculptor's sons, because "the elder Gerard having been an English resident twenty-six years in 1593, it is most probable he had at least relinquished the practice of his profession in 1616." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 229, folio ed.

against the north wall of the chancel, at what time is not known, but earlier than 1623, as it is mentioned in the verses by Leonard Digges, prefixed to the folio of Shakespeare's dramatic works published in that year. It represents[38] him seated under an arch, his right hand holding a pen,[39] his left resting on a sheet of paper placed on the cushion before him. Below the bust are the following lines:

"Ivdicio Pylivm, genio Socratem,[40] arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, popvlvs mæret [mœret], Olympvs habet."

"Stay, passenger, why goest thov by so fast?
Read, if thov canst, whom enviovs Death hath plast
Within this monvment, Shakspeare; with whome
Quick natvre dide; whose name doth deck ỳ tombe
Far more then cost; sieh [sith] all ỳ he hath writt
Leaves living art bvt page to serve his witt.
Obiit Año Do' 1616,
Ætatis 53, die 23 Ap."

[38] The bust is as large as life, and was originally coloured in imitation of nature: the eyes were light hazel; the hair and beard auburn; the doublet was scarlet; the loose gown, without sleeves, black; the plain band round the neck and the wrist-bands were white: the upper part of the cushion in front of the bust was green, the under half crimson; the cord running along the cushion and the tassels were gilt. These colours were renewed in 1749; but Malone caused the whole to be covered over with one or more coats of white paint in 1793.

[39] "The pen which was once held in the right hand was long since detached by some visitor; it was formed of lead . . . . A real pen was afterwards placed in the fingers, which were originally perforated for that purpose; but this also is now removed. The first finger of the right hand has been broken through, between the base of the nail and the first joint; this reprehensible act was that of a visitor who had actually removed it, but it was recovered, and replaced. The fracture extends into the second finger; and this is all the damage which the effigy has received during the last two centuries." Account by Mr. Fairholt,—Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 235, folio ed.

[40] As the first syllable of "Socratem" is here made short (doubtless

Aubrey had heard that Shakespeare "was a handsome well shap't man;"[41] and no other account of his personal appearance has been handed down.—The bust at Stratford, and the engraving by Martin Droeshout on the title-page of the first folio, may be considered as the best-authenticated likenesses of the poet.[42] The former exhibits him in the act of composition, and enjoying, as it were, the richness of his own conceptions; the latter presents him somewhat younger and thinner, and with a deeply thoughtful air: but a general resemblance may be traced between them. The fidelity of the bust seems to be sufficiently vouched by the mere fact that the monument in Stratford Church was raised at the charge of his family, in the laudable anxiety that the features of their illustrious relative should be known to posterity: and the truthfulness of the engraving is attested by Ben Jonson in the verses which accompany it, and which we are almost bound to accept as the sincere expression of his opinion:

> "This figure, that thou here seest put,
> It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;

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from the writer's imperfect knowledge of quantity), Steevens would read "Sophoclem."

[41] *Mss. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*

[42] Whoever wishes for information about the other likenesses of Shakespeare will find enough and more than enough in two works easily accessible,—*An Inquiry into the Authenticity of various Pictures and Prints, which, from the decease of the Poet to our own times, have been offered to the Public as Portraits of Shakespeare*, &c. by James Boaden, 1824; and *An Inquiry into the History, Authenticity, and Characteristics of the Shakespeare Portraits*, &c. by Abraham Wivell, 1827.

Wherein the grauer had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life.
O, could he but haue drawne his wit
As well in brasse as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpasse
All that was euer writ in brasse:
But since he cannot, reader, looke
Not on his picture, but his booke."

His contemporaries, when speaking of Shakespeare, celebrate his integrity, candour, sweetness of temper, and ready wit. We have seen that Chettle, as early as 1592, noticed "his uprightness of dealing which argues his honesty;[43] and that Jonson, after his death, pronounced him to have been "indeed honest, and of an open and free nature:[44] the latter, too, in the Verses to his Memory (as in the lines just given) applies to him the epithet "gentle." The traditional account of his social sprightliness, preserved by Fuller, has been already quoted.[45] He was, says Aubrey, "very good company, and of a very readie and pleasant smooth witt."[46] What Rowe had learned concerning his moral character and disposition accords with these testimonies.[47]

[43] See p. xliii.
[44] See p. lix. note [12].
[45] See p. lxii.
[46] *Mss. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*
[47] Two "scandalous stories" have been related of Shakespeare.—"Sir William Davenant, knight, poet-laureate, was borne about the end of February in . . . street in the city of Oxford, at the Crowne Taverne: baptized 3. of March, A.D. 1605-6. His father was John Davenant, a vintner there, a very grave and discreet citizen: his mother was a very beautifull woman, and of a very good witt, and of conversation extremely agreable. . . . . Mr. William Shakespeare was wont to goe into Warwickshire once a yeare, and did commonly in his journey lye at

How the poet bequeathed his property may be read in the copy of his Will appended to the present memoir.

His wife, his eldest daughter Susanna married to Dr. Hall, his other daughter Judith married to Thomas Quiney, and his grand-daughter Elizabeth Hall,

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this house in Oxon, where he was exceedingly respected. I have heard Parson Robert say that Mr. W. Shakspeare has given him a hundred kisses. Now Sir Wm. would sometimes, when he was pleasant over a glasse of wine with his most intimate friends, e. g. Sam Butler (author of Hudibras), &c., say that it seemed to him that he writt with the very spirit that Shakespeare [did], and was contented enough to be thought his son: he would tell them the story as above. Now, by the way, his mother had a very light report. In those days she was called a trader." Aubrey's *Mss. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.* "If tradition may be trusted, Shakspeare often baited at the Crown Inn or Tavern in Oxford, in his journey to and from London. The landlady was a woman of great beauty and sprightly wit; and her husband, Mr. John Davenant (afterwards mayor of that city), a grave melancholy man; who, as well as his wife, used much to delight in Shakspeare's pleasant company. Their son, young Will. Davenant (afterwards Sir William), was then a little school-boy in the town, of about seven or eight years old, and so fond also of Shakspeare, that whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from school to see him. One day an old townsman, observing the boy running homeward almost out of breath, asked him whither he was posting in that heat and hurry. He answered, to see his god-father Shakspeare. There's a good boy, said the other; but have a care that you don't take God's name in vain. This story Mr. Pope told me at the Earl of Oxford's table, upon occasion of some discourse which arose about Shakspeare's monument then newly erected in Westminster Abbey; and he quoted Mr. Betterton the player for his authority. I answered that I thought such a story might have enriched the variety of those choice fruits of observations he has presented us in his preface to the edition he had published of our poet's works. He replied, there might be in the garden of mankind such plants as would seem to pride themselves more in a regular production of their own native fruits than in having the repute of bearing a richer kind by grafting; and this was the reason he omitted it." Oldys's *Ms. Collections for a Life of Shakspeare.* Mr. Halliwell observes; "the anecdote related by Oldys is a common one in early jest-books, and has been attributed [applied] to several individuals.

were the members of Shakespeare's family who survived him:—together with his sister Joan, the widow of William Hart (who was buried April 17th, 1616), and their children.[48]—According to one authority,[49] "his wife and daughters did earnestly desire to be layd in the same grave with him:" the wish was not exactly fulfilled; but two of them at least,—his wife and his eldest daughter,—rest beside him in Stratford Church.

On the brass plate which covers his wife's remains[50] we read:

Taylor, the water-poet, thus relates it in his *Workes*, ed. 1630, ii. 184,—'A boy, whose mother was noted to be one not overloden with honesty, went to seeke his godfather, and enquiring for him, quoth one to him, who is thy godfather? The boy repli'd, his name is goodman Digland the gardiner. Oh, said the man, if he be thy godfather, he is at the next alehouse, but I feare thou takest God's name in vaine.'" *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 184, ed. folio.—"March 13, 1601. Upon a tyme when Burbidge played Rich. 3, there was a citizen greue soe farr in liking with him, that before shee went from the play, shee appointed him to come that night unto hir by the name of Ri. the 3. Shakespeare, overhearing their conclusion, went before, was intertained, and at his game ere Burbidge came. Then, message being brought that Rich. the 3d. was at the dore, Shakespeare caused returne to be made, that William the Conquerour was before Rich. the 3. Shakespeares name Willm.—Mr. Tooly [Touse?]." Manningham's *Diary*, *Ms. Harl.* 5353.—The first of these stories would certainly seem to have originated in the vanity of Davenant, who was willing to be thought the son of Shakespeare even at the expense of his mother's reputation. The second reads like an invention, suggested by the names Richard and William.

[48] See pp. lxvi., lxxxvii., cxii.—Of his three brothers—two, viz. Richard and Edmund, we know were dead; see pp. lxxxvii., xcix.: and it is most probable that Gilbert was also dead, since he is not mentioned in Shakespeare's will.

[49] Dowdall: see note [26], p. xvi.

[50] In the register, under August 1623, her burial is entered thus,—

"8 { Mrs. Shakspeare.
{ Anna uxor Richardi James,"—

Mrs. Shakespeare and Mrs. James having been buried on the same day.

"Heere lyeth interred the body of Anne, wife of William Shakespeare, who departed this life the 6th day of Avgv̄. 1623, being of the age of 67 yeares.

Ubera tu, mater, tu lac vitamque dedisti:
Væ mihi, pro tanto munere saxa dabo.
Quam mallem amoveat lapidem bonus angelus ore,
Exeat Christi[1] corpus imago tua.
Sed nil vota valent: venias cito, Christe, resurget,
Clausa licet tumulo, mater et astra petet."

The inscription on Mrs. Hall's[2] tombstone is as follows:

"Heere lyeth ye body of Svsanna, wife of John Hall gent.; ye daughter of William Shakespeare, gent.: shee deceased ye 11th of Jvly, Ao 1649, aged 66.

Witty[3] above her sexe, but that's not all,
Wise to salvation was good Mistris Hall:
Something of Shakespeare was in that; but this
Wholy of him with whome she's now in blisse.

[1] This line is usually printed "Exeat *ut* Christi," &c.,—which, it would seem, the poet (so to call him) must have written: but Mr. Halliwell obligingly informs me that the "ut" is omitted in the brass plate.

[2] We learn from the register that "Mrs. Susanna Hall widow" was buried July 16th, 1649.—The inscription on her husband's tombstone, which is next her own, runs thus:—

"Heere lyeth ye body of John Hall, gent.: hee marr. Svsanna ye daughter and coheire of Will. Shakespeare, gent. Hee deceased Novr 25. Ao 1635, aged 60.

Hallius hic situs est, medica celeberrimus arte,
Expectans regni gaudia læta Dei.
Dignus erat meritis qui Nestora vinceret annis,
In terris omnes sed rapit æqua dies.
Ne tumulo quid desit, adest fidissima conjux,
Et vitæ comitem nunc quoque mortis habet."

[3] These verses were removed to make room for an inscription to the memory of Richard Watts who died in 1707; but,—having been preserved by Dugdale (*Ant. of Warwick.* p. 686, ed. 1730,—they were some years ago restored at the expense of my friend the Rev. William Harness.

Then, passenger, hast ne're a tear
To weepe with her that wept with all?
That wept, yet set herselfe to chere
Them up with comforts cordiall.
Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
When thou hast ne're a teare to shed."

Judith (who at the time of her father's death had been married little more than two months) bore three children to her husband Thomas Quiney; viz. Shakespeare, baptized Nov. 23d, 1616, and buried May 8th, 1617; Richard, baptized Feb. 9th, 1617-8, and buried Feb. 26th, 1638-9; and Thomas, baptized Jan. 23d, 1619-20, and buried Jan. 28th, 1638-9. Judith lived to see the Restoration, and was buried at Stratford, Feb. 9th, 1661-2.—No entry of her husband's burial is found in the Stratford register.

The poet's grand-daughter, Elizabeth Hall, was twice married; first, April 22d, 1626, to Thomas Nash, who died in 1647,[4] without issue; secondly, June 5th, 1649, to John, afterwards Sir John, Barnard of Abington in Northamptonshire, by whom she had no offspring. She was buried at Abington, Feb. 17th, 1669-70.—On the death of Lady Barnard the lineal descent from Shake-

[4] He is laid with the Shakespeares in the chancel of Stratford Church:

"Heere resteth ye body of Thomas Nashe, esq. He mar. Elizabeth, the davg. and heire of John Halle, gent. He died Aprill 4. A. 1647, aged 53.

Fata manent omnes: hunc non virtute carentem,
Ut neque divitiis, abstulit atra dies;
Abstulit, at referet lux ultima: siste, viator;
Si peritura paras, per male parta peris."

speare was at an end:—and the honour of being his representatives is now claimed by the Harts, the descendants[5] of his sister Joan, who was buried at Stratford Nov. 4th, 1646.

New Place, the abode of the poet's later years,—which is said to have been originally built by Sir Hugh Clopton in the reign of Henry the Seventh, and which was then known by the name of *The Great House*,—came, on Shakespeare's death, to Mrs. Hall, and, on her decease, to her only child, Elizabeth Nash, afterwards Lady Barnard. In this mansion, while it belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Nash, Queen Henrietta Maria held her court for about three weeks, during the civil war, in 1643. As directed in Lady Barnard's will, New Place was sold after the death of herself and her husband. Subsequently we find it again in the possession of the Clopton family: and in 1742, Garrick, Macklin, and Delane (the actor) were entertained by Sir Hugh Clopton, in the garden of New Place, under what was called Shakespeare's mulberry-tree. The constant tradition of Stratford declared that this celebrated tree was planted by the poet's hand;—probably about 1609, as during that year an immense number of young mul-

[5] One of these descendants (according to her own account), a Mary Hornby, whose maiden name was Hart, used to obtain a subsistence by conducting strangers over the house in which Shakespeare is supposed to have been born. In 1820, after favouring me with some remarks on his dramas, she said, "I *writes* plays, sir." She then told me that she had published by subscription a tragedy called *The Battle of Waterloo*, and showed me the Ms. of another which she had composed, *The Broken Vow*, founded on a circumstance that happened to one of her relations.

berry-trees was imported from France, and sent into different counties of England, by order of King James, with a view to the encouragement of the silk manufacture. Sir Hugh Clopton modernized the house by internal and external alterations. His son-in-law, Henry Talbot, Esq., sold New Place to the Rev. Francis Gastrell, vicar of Frodsham in Cheshire. This wealthy and unamiable clergyman, conceiving a dislike to the mulberry-tree, because it subjected him to the importunities of travellers, whose veneration for Shakespeare induced them to visit it, caused it to be cut down and cleft into pieces for fire-wood, in 1756: the greater part of it, however, was bought by a watchmaker of Stratford, who converted every fragment into small boxes, goblets, toothpick-cases, tobacco-stoppers, &c., for which he found eager purchasers. Mr. Gastrell having quarrelled with the magistrates about parochial assessments, razed the mansion to the ground in 1759, and quitted Stratford amidst the rage and execrations of the inhabitants.

Any attempt at a critical analysis of the plays of Shakespeare, after the many volumes they have called forth, is superfluous here; and luckily so,—for I would not willingly engage in the task. A few words more, therefore, must bring this slight memoir to a close.—In several publications are to be found essays on the old English theatre, the writers of which seem desirous of conveying to their readers the idea, that Shakespeare

had dramatic contemporaries nearly equal to himself; and for criticism of such a tendency two distinguished men are perhaps answerable,—Lamb and Hazlitt, who have, on the whole, exaggerated the general merits of the dramatists of Elizabeth and James's days. "Shakespeare," says Hazlitt, "towered above his fellows, 'in shape and gesture proudly eminent,' but he was one of a race of giants, the tallest, the strongest, the most graceful and beautiful of them; *but it was a common and a noble brood.*"[6] A falser remark, I conceive, has seldom been made by critic. Shakespeare is not only immeasurably superior to the dramatists of his time in creative power, in insight into the human heart, and in profound thought; but he is moreover utterly unlike them in almost every respect,—unlike them in his method of developing character, in his diction, in his versification: nor should it be forgotten that some of those scenes[7] which have been most admired in the works of his contemporaries were intended to affect the audience at the expense of nature and probability, and therefore stand in marked contrast to all that we possess as unquestionably from the pen of Shakespeare.

[6] *Lectures on the Dram. Lit. of the age of Elizabeth*, p. 12, ed. 1840.

[7] Take for instance the scene of the Revels in Ford's *Broken Heart*, where Calantha continues dancing, in spite of the dreadful tidings brought to her in quick succession,—a scene of sheer extravagance, yet praised by Lamb with a fervour which ends in blasphemy. ("The expression of this transcendent scene almost bears me in imagination to Calvary and the Cross," &c. *Spec. of English Dram. Poets*, p. 264, ed. 1808.)—*The Broken Heart* was not brought out till after the death of Shakespeare: but Ford is certainly to be considered as one of his dramatic contemporaries, since he was writing for the stage as early as 1613 (see Gifford's Introd. to Ford's *Works*, p. xiii.).

SHAKESPEARE'S WILL,[1]

IN THE PREROGATIVE OFFICE, LONDON.

Vicesimo quinto die [Januarii] *Martii*, anno regni domini nostri Jacobi, nunc regis Angliæ, &c. decimo quarto, et Scotiæ xlix°, annoque Domini 1616.

T. Wmi Shackspeare.

In the name of God, amen! I William Shackspeare, of Stratford upon Avon in the countie of Warr., gent., in perfect health and memorie, God be praysed, doe make and ordayne this my last will and testament in manner and forme followeing, that ys to saye, ffirst, I comend my soule into the handes of God my Creator, hoping and assuredlie beleeving, through thonelie me-

[1] "The will is written in the clerical hand of that age on three small [moderately sized] sheets, fastened [together] at top like a lawyer's brief. Shakspeare's name is signed at the bottom of the first and second sheet, and his final signature, '*By me William Shakspeare*,' is in [about] the middle of the third sheet. The name, however, at the bottom of the first sheet is not in the usual place, but in the margin at the left hand. . . . . I suspect he signed his name at the end of the will first, and so went backwards, which will account for that in the first page being worse written than the rest, the hand growing gradually weaker." *Ms. Notes* by Malone in the Bodleian Library.—Mr. Halliwell's method of marking the erasures and interlineations of the original is now adopted: —the words which have been erased are put between square brackets; those which have been interlined are printed in italics.

rites of Jesus Christe my Saviour, to be made partaker of lyfe everlastinge, and my bodye to the earth whereof yt ys made. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto my [sonne and] daughter Judyth one hundred and fyftie poundes of lawfull English money, to be paied unto her in manner and forme foloweing, that ys to saye, one hundred poundes *in discharge of her marriage porcion* within one yeare after my deceas, with consideracion after the rate of twoe shillinges in the pound for soe long tyme as the same shalbe unpaied unto her after my deceas, and the fyftie poundes residewe thereof upon her surrendring *of*, or gyving of such sufficient securitie as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or graunte all her estate and right that shall discend or come unto her after my deceas, or *that shee* nowe hath, of, in, or to, one copiehold tenemente, with thappurtenaunces, lyeing and being in Stratford upon Avon aforesaied in the saied countye of Warr., being parcell or holden of the mannour of Rowington, unto my daughter Susanna Hall and her heires for ever. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto my saied daughter Judith one hundred and fyftie poundes more, if shee or anie issue of her bodie be lyvinge att thend of three yeares next ensueing the daie of the date of this my will, during which tyme my executours are to paie her consideracion from my deceas according to the rate aforesaied; and if she dye within the saied tearme without issue of her bodye, then my will ys, and I doe gyve and bequeath one hundred poundes thereof to my neece

Elizabeth Hall, and the fiftie poundes to be sett fourth by my executours during the lief of my sister Johane Harte, and the use and proffitt thereof cominge shalbe payed to my saied sister Jone, and after her deceas the saied l.li. shall remaine amongst the children of my saied sister, equallie to be devided amongst them; but if my saied daughter Judith be lyving att thend of the saied three yeares, or anie yssue of her bodye, then my will ys and soe I devise and bequeath the saied hundred and fyftie poundes to be sett out *by my executours and overseers* for the best benefitt of her and her issue, and *the stock* not *to be* paied unto her soe long as she shalbe marryed and covert baron [by my executours and overseers]; but my will ys, that she shall have the consideracion yearelie paied unto her during her lief, and, after her deceas, the saied stocke and consideracion to bee paied to her children, if she have anie, and if not, to her executours or assignes, she lyving the saied terme after my deceas, Provided that yf suche husbond as she shall att thend of the saied three yeares be marryed unto, or att anie after (*sic*), doe sufficientlie assure unto her and thissue of her bodie landes awnswereable to the porcion by this my will gyven unto her, and to be adjudged soe by my executours and overseers, then my will ys, that the saied cl.li. shalbe paied to such husbond as shall make such assurance, to his owne use. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto my saied sister Jone xx.li. and all my wearing apparrell, to be paied and delivered within one yeare after my deceas; and I doe

will and devise unto her *the house* with thappurtenaunces in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her naturall lief, under the yearlie rent of xij.$^{d.}$ Item, I gyve and bequeath unto her three sonnes, William Harte, - - - Hart, and Michaell Harte, fyve poundes a peece, to be paied within one yeare after my deceas [to be sett out for her within one yeare after my deceas by my executours, with thadvise and direccions of my overseers, for her best profitt, untill her mariage, and then the same with the increase thereof to be paied unto her]. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto [her] *the saied Elizabeth Hall* all my plate, *except my brod silver and gilt bole,* that I now have att the date of this my will. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto the poore of Stratford aforesaied tenn poundes; to Mr. Thomas Combe my sword; to Thomas Russell esquier fyve poundes; and to Frauncis Collins, of the borough of Warr. in the countie of Warr. gentleman, thirteene poundes, sixe shillinges, and eight pence, to be paied within one yeare after my deceas. Item, I gyve and bequeath to [Mr. Richard Tyler thelder] *Hamlett Sadler* xxvj.$^{s.}$ viij.$^{d.}$ to buy him a ringe; *to William Raynoldes, gent. xxvj.$^{s.}$ viij.$^{d.}$ to buy him a ringe;* to my godson William Walker xx.$^{s.}$ in gold; to Anthonye Nashe gent. xxvj.$^{s.}$ viij.$^{d.}$; and to Mr. John Nashe xxvj.$^{s.}$ *viij.$^{d.}$* [in gold]; *and to my fellowes John Hemynges, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell, xxvj.$^{s.}$ viij.$^{d.}$ a peece to buy them ringes.* Item, I gyve, will, bequeath, and devise, unto my daughter Susanna Hall,

for better enabling of her to performe this my will, and towardes the performans thereof, all that capitall messuage or tenemente with thappurtenaunces, *in Stratford aforesaid*, called the New Place, wherein I nowe dwell, and two messuages or tenementes with thappurtenaunces, scituat, lyeing, and being in Henley streete, within the borough of Stratford aforesaied; and all my barnes, stables, orchardes, gardens, landes, tenementes, and hereditamentes whatsoever, scituat, lyeing, and being, or to be had, receyved, perceyved, or taken, within the townes, hamletes, villages, fieldes, and groundes, of Stratford upon Avon, Oldstratford, Bushopton, and Welcombe, or in anie of them in the said countie of Warr. And alsoe all that messuage or tenemente with thappurtenaunces, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, scituat, lyeng, and being, in the Blackfriers in London, nere the Wardrobe; and all other my landes, tenementes, and hereditamentes whatsoever, To have and to hold all and singuler the saied premisses, with theire appurtenaunces, unto the saied Susanna Hall, for and during the terme of her naturall lief, and after her deceas, to the first sonne of her bodie lawfullie yssueing, and to the heires males of the bodie of the saied first sonne lawfullie yssueinge; and for defalt of such issue, to the second sonne of her bodie lawfullie issueinge, and to the heires males of the bodie of the saied second sonne lawfullie yssueinge; and for defalt of such heires, to the third sonne of the bodie of the saied Susanna lawfullie yssueing, and of the heires males of the bodie

of the saied third sonne lawfullie yssueing; and for defalt of such issue, the same soe to be and remaine to the ffourth [sonne], ffyfth, sixte, and seaventh sonnes of her bodie lawfullie issueing, one after another, and to the heires males of the bodies of the saied fourth, fifth, sixte, and seaventh sonnes lawfullie yssueing, in such manner as yt ys before lymitted to be and remaine to the first, second, and third sonns of her bodie, and to theire heires males; and for defalt of such issue, the saied premisses to be and remaine to my sayed neece Hall, and the heires males of her bodie lawfullie yssueing; and for defalt of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heires males of her bodie lawfullie issueinge; and for defalt of such issue, to the right heires of me the saied William Shackspeare for ever. *Item,*[2] *I gyve unto my wief my second best bed with the furniture.* Item, I gyve and bequeath to my saied daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bole. All the rest of my goodes, chattel, leases, plate, jewels, and household stuffe whatsoever, after my dettes and legasies paied, and my funerall expences dischardged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my sonne in lawe, John Hall gent., and my daughter Susanna, his wief, whom I ordaine and make executours of this my last will and testament. And I doe intreat and appoint *the saied* Thomas Russell esquier and Frauncis Collins gent. to be overseers hereof, and doe revoke all former wills, and publishe this to be my last will and testament. In witness

[2] On this interlineated item see p. xxi.

whereof I have hereunto put my [seale] *hand*, the daie and yeare first abovewritten.

By me WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Witnes to the publyshing hereof,

FRA: COLLYNS,
JULYUS SHAWE,
JOHN ROBINSON,
HAMNET SADLER,
ROBERT WHATTCOTT.

Probatum coram magistro Willielmo Byrde, legum doctore comiss. &c. xxij^{do}. die mensis Junii, anno Domini 1616, juramento Johannis Hall, unius executorum, &c. cui &c. de bene &c. jurat. reservat. potestate &c. Susannæ Hall, alteri executorum &c. cum venerit petitur. &c. (Inv. ex.).

QUARTO EDITIONS OF PLAYS BY SHAKESPEARE.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

The Tragedie of King Richard the second. As it hath beene publikely acted by the right Honourable the Lorde Chanberlaine his Seruants. London Printed by Valentine Simmes for Androw Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules church yard at the signe of the Angel. 1597.

The Tragedie of King Richard the second. As it hath beene publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. By William Shake-speare. London Printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules churchyard at the signe of the Angel. 1598.

The Tragedie of King Richard the Second: with new additions of the Parliament Sceane, and the deposing of King Richard. As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges Maiesties seruantes, at the Globe. By William Shake-speare. At London, Printed by W. W. for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules churchyard, at the signe of the Foxe. 1608.

The Tragedie of King Richard the Second: with new additions of the Parliament Sceane, and the deposing of King Richard. As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges Maiesties seruants, at the Globe. By William Shake-speare. At London, Printed for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Foxe. 1615.

A quarto dated 1634.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

The Tragedy of King Richard the third. Containing, His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittiefull murther of his innocent nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death. As it hath beene lately Acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. At London, Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell. 1597.

The Tragedie of King Richard the third. Conteining his treacherous

Plots against his brother Clarence: the pitiful murther of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death. As it hath beene lately Acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. By William Shake-speare. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598.

The Tragedie of King Richard the third. Conteining his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittifull murther of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death. As it hath bene lately Acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Newly augmented, By William Shakespeare. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1602.

The Tragedie of King Richard the third. Conteining his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittifull murther of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death. As it hath bin lately Acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Newly augmented, By William Shake-speare. London, Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by Matthew Lawe, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Foxe, near S. Austins gate. 1605.

Other quartos dated 1613 (*which date, we are told, in some copies looks like* 1612, *the last figure being blurred*), 1622 [?], 1624, 1629, 1634.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

An excellent conceited Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet. As it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publiquely, by the right Honourable the L. of Hunsdon his Seruants. London, Printed by Iohn Danter. 1597.

The most excellent and lamentable Tragedie, of Romeo and Iuliet. Newly corrected, augmented, and amended: As it hath bene sundry times publiquely acted, by the right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to be sold at his shop neare the Exchange. 1599.

The most excellent and Lamentable Tragedie, of Romeo and Juliet. As it hath beene sundrie times publiquely Acted, by the Kings Maiesties Seruants at the Globe. Newly corrected, augmented and amended: London Printed for John Smethwick, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstanes Church-yard, in Fleetestreete vnder the Dyall. 1609.

Another quarto printed for Smethwick, without date, the title-page of which agrees in other respects with that of 1609, *contains some important various readings.*

A quarto dated 1637.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

A pleasant Conceited Comedie called, Loues labors lost. As it was presented before her Highnes this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented By W. Shakespere. Imprinted at London by W. W. for Cutbert Burby. 1598.

A quarto dated 1631.

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

The History of Henrie the Fovrth; With the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaffe. At London, Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598.

The History of Henrie the Fovrth; With the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaffe. Newly corrected by W. Shake-speare. At London, Printed by S. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell. 1599.

The History of Henrie the Fourth, With the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King, and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaffe. Newly corrected by W. Shake-speare. London Printed by Valentine Simmes, for Mathew Law, and are to be solde at his shop in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Fox. 1604.

The History of Henry the fourth, With the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King, and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceites of Sir John Falstaffe. Newly corrected by W. Shake-speare. London, Printed for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Churchyard, neere unto S. Augustines gate, at the signe of the Foxe. 1608.

Other quartos dated 1613, 1622, 1632, 1639.

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

The Second part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death, and coronation of Henrie the fift. With the humours of Sir John Falstaffe, and swaggering Pistoll. As it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. London Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and William Aspley. 1600.

Most copies of this quarto want the whole of the first scene of the third act. In the few copies which contain it, the defect has been remedied by making Sig. E consist of more than the usual number of leaves.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

The Cronicle History of Henry the fift, With his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Togither with Auntient Pistoll. And hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Tho. Millington, and Iohn Busby. And are to be sold at his house in Carter Lane, next the Powle head. 1600.

The Chronicle History of Henry the fift, With his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with Auntient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Thomas Pauier, and are to be sold at his shop in Cornhill, at the signe of the Cat and Parrets, neare the Exchange. 1602.

The Chronicle History of Henry the fift, with his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with ancient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. Printed for T. P. 1608.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

The most excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreame crueltie of Shylocke the Iewe towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a iust pound of his flesh: and the obtayning of Portia by the choyse of three chests. As it hath beene diuers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. At London, Printed by I. R., for Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Greene Dragon. 1600.

The excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylocke the Iew towards the saide Merchant, in cutting a iust pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of Portia, by the choyse of three caskets. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed by J. Roberts. 1600.

Quartos dated 1637 *and* 1652.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

A Midsommer nights dreame. As it hath beene sundry times publickely acted, by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London, for Thomas Fisher, and are to be soulde at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart, in Fleetestreete. 1600.

A Midsommer night's dreame. As it hath beene sundry times publikely acted, by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. Printed by James Roberts. 1600.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Much adoe about Nothing. As it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. London Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and William Aspley. 1600.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times beene playde by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the Lorde Chamberlaine theyr Seruants. At London, Printed by I. R. for Edward White, and are to bee solde at his shoppe, at the little North doore of Paules, at the signe of the Gun. 1600.

The most lamentable Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times beene plaide by the Kings Maiesties Seruants. London, Printed for Eedward White, and are to be solde at his shoppe, nere the little North dore of Pauls, at the signe of the Gun. 1611.

According to Langbaine (Account of Engl. Dram. Poets, p. 464), "this play was printed 4° Lond. 1594." *No such edition is now known: but Langbaine's statement would seem to be correct, as* Titus Andronicus *was entered in the Stationers' Registers Feb. 6th,* 1593.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

A most pleasaunt and excellent conceited Comedie, of Syr John Falstaffe, and the merrie Wiues of Windsor. Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors, of Syr Hugh the Welch Knight, Iustice Shallow, and his wise Cousin M. Slender. With the swaggering vaine of Auncient Pistoll, and Corporall Nym. By William Shakespeare As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable my Lord Chamberlaines seruants. Both before her Maiestie, and else-where. London Printed by T. C. for Arthur Johnson, and are to be sold at his shop in Powles Church-yard, at the signe of the Flower de Leuse and the Crowne. 1602.

A Most pleasant and excellent conceited Comedy, of Sir John Falstaffe, and the merry Wiues of Windsor. With the swaggering vaine of Ancient Pistoll, and Corporall Nym. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed for Arthur Johnson. 1619.

A quarto dated 1630.

HAMLET.

The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke By William

Shake-speare. As it hath beene diuerse times acted by his Highnesse seruants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Vniuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where. At London printed for N. L. and John Trundell. 1603.

The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. At London, Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in Fleetstreet. 1604.

A quarto dated 1605, *the title-page of which agrees with that of the quarto of* 1604.

The Tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppy. At London, Printed for John Smethwicke and are to be sold at his shoppe in Saint Dunstons Church yeard in Fleetstreet. Vnder the Diall. 1611.

The Tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke. New Imprinted and inlarged, according to the true and perfect Copy lastly Printed. By William Shakespeare. London, Printed by W. S. for John Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstans Church-yard in Fleetstreet: Vnder the Diall. *n. d.*

A quarto dated 1637.

KING LEAR.

M. William Shak-speare: His True Chronicle Historie of the life and death of King Lear and his three Daughters. With the vnfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heire to the Earle of Gloster, and his sullen and assumed humour of Tom of Bedlam. As it was played before the Kings Maiestie at Whitehall vpon S. Stephens night in Christmas Hollidayes. By his Maiesties seruants playing vsually at the Gloabe on the Bancke-side. London, Printed for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Church-yard, at the signe of the Pide Bull neere St. Austin's Gate. 1608.

M. William Shake-speare, His True Chronicle History of the Life and death of King Lear, and his three Daughters. With the vnfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heire to the Earle of Glocester, and his sullen and assumed humour of Tom of Bedlam. As it was plaid before the Kings Maiesty at White-Hall, uppon S. Stephens night, in Christmas Hollidaies. By his Maiesties Seruants, playing vsually at the Globe on the Banck-side. Printed for Nathaniel Butter. 1608.

A third quarto dated 1608, *the title-page of which agrees with that of the second quarto.*

A quarto dated 1655.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

The Famous Historie of Troylus and Cresseid. Excellently expressing the beginning of their loues, with the conceited wooing of Pandarus Prince of Licia. Written by William Shakespeare. London Imprinted by G. Eld for R. Bonian and H. Walley, and are to be sold at the spred Eagle in Paules Church-yeard, ouer against the great North doore. 1609.

The Historie of Troylus and Cresseida. As it was acted by the Kings Maiesties seruants at the Globe. Written by William Shakespeare. London Imprinted by G. Eld for R. Bonian and H. Walley, and are to be sold at the spred Eagle in Paules Church-yeard, ouer against the great North doore. 1609.

See infra, under Account of the plays of Shakespeare.

PERICLES.

The late, And much admired Play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole Historie, aduentures, and fortunes of the said Prince: As also, The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents, in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter Mariana. As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted by his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on the Banck-side. By William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in Pater-noster row, &c. 1609.

The late, And much admired Play, called, Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole History, aduentures, and fortunes of the saide Prince. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed for T. P. 1619.

Quartos dated 1630 *and* 1635.

OTHELLO.

The Tragœdy of Othello, The Moore of Venice. As it hath beene diuerse times acted at the Globe, and at the Black-Friers, by his Maiesties Seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. London, Printed by N. O. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Eagle and Child, in Brittans Bursse. 1622.

A quarto dated 1630, *the title-page of which differs from the above only in the imprint*—London, Printed by A. M. for Richard Hawkins, and are to be sold at his shoppe in Chancery-Lane, neere Sergeants-Inne,—*contains some important various readings.*

A quarto dated 1655.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

A Wittie and Pleasant Comedie called The Taming of the Shrew. As it was acted By his Maiesties Seruants at the Blacke Friers and the Globe. Written by Will. Shakespeare. London, Printed by W. S. for John Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstones Church-yard vnder the Diall. 1631.

FOLIO EDITIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS.

Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies. Published according to the True Originall Copies. London Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623. *The colophon is* Printed at the Charges of W. Jaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley, 1623.

Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Published according to the true Originall Copies. The second Impression. London, Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Robert Allot, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Blacke Beare in Pauls Church-yard. 1632. *The colophon is* Printed at London by Thomas Cotes, for John Smethwick, William Aspley, Richard Hawkins, Richard Meighen, and Robert Allot, 1632.

Mr. William Shakespear's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Published according to the true Original Copies. The third Impression. And unto this Impression is added seven Playes, never before Printed in Folio. viz. Pericles Prince of Tyre. The London Prodigall. The History of Thomas Ld. Cromwell. Sir John Oldcastle Lord Cobham. The Puritan Widow. A York-shire Tragedy. The Tragedy of Locrine. London, Printed for P. C. 1664.

The fourth folio, containing the seven plays first added in the third folio, was Printed for H. Herringman, E. Brewster, and R. Bentley, at the Anchor in the New Exchange, the Crane in St. Pauls Church-Yard, and in Russel-Street Covent-Garden. 1685.

EDITIONS, IN VARIOUS SIZES, OF POEMS BY SHAKESPEARE.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Venvs and Adonis.

Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flauus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

London Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound in Paules Church-yard, 1593, *4to.*

The title-page of the edition dated 1594, *4to, is the same as the above.*

The edition dated 1596, *8vo, was* Imprinted at London by R. F. for Iohn Harison.

The edition dated 1600, *8vo, has* London. Printed by I. H. for Iohn Harison.

There are many later London editions dated 1602, 1616, *&c.: and there is an edition printed at Edinburgh in* 1627.

LUCRECE.

Lvcrece. London. Printed by Richard Field, for Iohn Harrison, and are to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound in Paules Churchyard. 1594, *4to.*

Lvcrece At London, Printed by P. S. for John Harrison. 1598, *8vo.*

Lvcrece London. Printed by I. H for Harrison. 1600, *8vo.*

Lvcrece. At London, Printed be N. O. for Iohn Harison. 1607, *8vo.*

There are later editions dated 1616, 1624, &c.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

The Passionate Pilgrime By W. Shakespeare. At London Printed for W. Iaggard, and are to be sold by W. Leake, at the Greyhound in Paules Churchyard. 1599, *16mo.*

The Passionate Pilgrime. Or Certaine Amorous Sonnets, betweene Venus and Adonis, newly corrected and augmented. By W. Shakespere. The third Edition. Where-vnto is newly added two Loue-Epistles, the first from Paris to Hellen, and Hellen's answere backe againe to Paris. Printed by W. Iaggard. 1612, *16mo. This title-page having been cancelled, a new one, without any author's name, was substituted; see the memoir of Shakespeare,* p. lxv.

SONNETS.

Shake-speares Sonnets. Neuer before Imprinted. At London By G. Eld for T. T. and are to be solde by William Aspley. 1609, *4to. Some copies have* At London By G. Eld for T. T. and are to be solde by Iohn Wright, dwelling at Christ Church gate. 1609. *To this collection is appended* A Louers complaint. By William Shake-speare.

DEDICATION PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1623.

To the most noble and incomparable pair of brethren,
William Earl of Pembroke, &c., Lord Chamberlain to the King's most excellent majesty,
and
Philip Earl of Montgomery, &c., Gentleman of his majesty's bedchamber;
Both Knights of the most noble order of the Garter, and our singular good lords.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

Whilst we study to be thankful in our particular for the many favours we have received from your L.L., we are fallen upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can be, fear and rashness,—rashness in the enterprise, and fear of the success. For when we value the places your H.H. sustain, we cannot but know their dignity greater than to descend to the reading of these trifles; and while we name them trifles, we have deprived ourselves of the defence of our dedication. But since your L.L. have been pleased to think these trifles something heretofore, and have prosecuted both them and their author living with so much favour, we hope that (they outliving him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be executor to his own writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference whether any book choose his patrons, or find them: this hath done both. For so much were your L.L. likings of the several parts when they were acted, as before they were published, the volume asked to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his orphans guardians; without ambition either of self-profit or fame; only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare, by humble offer of his plays to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed no

man to come near your L.L. but with a kind of religious address, it hath been the height of our care, who are the presenters, to make the present worthy of your H.H. by the perfection. But there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my lords. We cannot go beyond our own powers. Country hands reach forth milk, cream, fruits, or what they have; and many nations, we have heard, that had not gums and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened cake. It was no fault to approach their gods by what means they could: and the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious when they are dedicated to temples. In that name, therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H.H. these remains of your servant Shakespeare, that what delight is in them may be ever your L.L., the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed by a pair so careful to show their gratitude both to the living and the dead as is

Your Lordships' most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE,

HENRY CONDELL.

ADDRESS PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1623.

To the great variety of readers.

From the most able to him that can but spell: there you are numbered. We had rather you were weighed: especially when the fate of all books depends upon your capacities; and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well, it is now public; and you will stand for your privileges, we know,—to read and censure. Do so, but buy it first: that doth best commend a book, the stationer says. Then how odd soever your brains be or your wisdoms, make your license the same, and spare not. Judge your six-pen-'orth, your shillings-worth, your five-shillings-worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, buy. Censure will not drive a trade, or make the jack go. And though you be a magistrate of wit, and sit on the stage at Black-friars or the Cock-pit, to arraign plays daily, know, these

plays have had their trial already, and stood out all appeals, and do now come forth quitted rather by a decree of court than any purchased letters of commendation.

It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings. But, since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care and pain, to have collected and published them; and so to have published them as where (before) you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them, even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them; who, as he was a happy imitator of nature, was a most gentle expresser of it: his mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who only gather his works and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that read him: and there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will find enough both to draw and hold you; for his wit can no more lie hid than it could be lost. Read him, therefore; and again and again: and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his friends, whom if you need, can be your guides: if you need them not, you can lead yourselves and others. And such readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE,
HENRY CONDELL.

LIST OF ACTORS IN THE FOLIO OF 1623.

The Names of the principal Actors in all these Plays.

William Shakespeare.
Richard Burbadge.
John Hemmings.
Augustine Phillips.
Samuel Gilburne.
Robert Armin.
William Ostler.
Nathan Field.

William Kempt.
Thomas Poope.
George Bryan.
Henry Condell.
William Slye.
Richard Cowly.
John Lowine.
Samuell Crosse.
Alexander Cooke.
John Underwood.
Nicholas Tooley.
William Ecclestone.
Joseph Taylor.
Robert Benfield.
Robert Goughe.
Richard Robinson.
John Shancke.
John Rice.

COMMENDATORY VERSES PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1623.

To the memory of the deceased author, Master W. Shakespeare.

Shakespeare, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy works; thy works, by which out-live
Thy tomb thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still; this book,
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all ages; when posterity
Shall loathe what's new, think all is prodigy
That is not Shakespeare's, every line, each verse,
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy hearse.
Nor fire, nor cankering age,—as Naso said
Of his,—thy wit-fraught book shall once invade:
Nor shall I e'er believe or think thee dead,
Though miss'd, until our bankrout stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new strain to out-do
Passions of Juliet and her Romeo;
Or till I hear a scene more nobly take,
Than when thy half-sword parleying Romans spake:
Till these, till any of thy volume's rest,
Shall with more fire, more feeling be express'd,
Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou canst never die,
But, crown'd with laurel, live eternally.

L. Digges.

To the memory of Master W. Shakespeare.

We wonder'd, Shakespeare, that thou went'st so soon
From the world's stage to the grave's tiring-room:
We thought thee dead; but this thy printed worth
Tells thy spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An actor's art
Can die, and live to act a second part:
That's but an exit of mortality,
This a re-entrance to a plaudite. I. M.[1]

To the memory of my beloved, the author, Master William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us.

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much:
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage: but these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For seeliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin where it seem'd to raise:
These are as some infamous bawd or whore
Should praise a matron:—what could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them; and, indeed,
Above th' ill fortune of them or the need.
I, therefore, will begin. Soul of the age,
Th' applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
My Shakespeare, rise! I[2] will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie

[1] i. e., perhaps, John Marston.

[2] An allusion to the following lines by William Basse, which are found in Mss. with several variations: they appear to have been first printed in 1633 among the poems of Donne, to whom they were wrongly attributed;

"Renownèd Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learnèd Chaucer; and, rare Beaumont, lie

A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,—
I mean, with great but disproportion'd Muses;
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line:
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee I would not seek
For names; but call forth thundering Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread
And shake a stage; or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time;
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.

A little nearer Spenser; to make room
For Shakespeare in your three-fold four-fold tomb:
To lodge all four in one bed make a shift
Until doomsday; for hardly will a fifth,
Betwixt this day and that, by fate be slain,
For whom your curtains may be drawn again.
But if precedency in death doth bar
A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,
Under this carvèd marble of thine own,
Sleep, rare tragedian, Shakespeare, sleep alone:
Thy unmolested peace, unsharèd cave,
Possess as lord, not tenant, of thy grave;
That unto us and others it may be
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee."

Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines;
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As since she will vouchsafe no other wit:
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part:
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are,) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same,
(And himself with it,) that he thinks to frame;
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,—
For a good poet's made, as well as born:
And such wert thou. Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue; even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well-tornèd and true-filèd lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanc'd, and made a constellation there:
Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage
Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage;
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

BEN JONSON.

Upon the lines and life of the famous scenic poet, Master William Shakespeare.

Those hands which you so clapp'd, go now and wring,
You Britons brave; for done are Shakespeare's days;
His days are done that made the dainty plays,
Which made the Globe of heaven and earth to ring:
Dried is that vein, dried is the Thespian spring,
Turn'd all to tears, and Phœbus clouds his rays:
That corpse, that coffin, now bestick those bays,
Which crown'd him poet first, then poets' king.
If tragedies might any prologue have,
All those he made would scarce make one to this;
Where Fame, now that he gone is to the grave,
(Death's public tiring-house,) the Nuntius is:
For, though his line of life went soon about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND.

COMMENDATORY VERSES PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1632.[3]

Upon the effigies of my worthy friend, the author, Master William Shakespeare and his works.

Spectator, this life's shadow is:—to see
This truer image and a livelier he,
Turn reader. But observe his comic vein,
Laugh; and proceed next to a tragic strain,
Then weep: so,—when thou find'st two contraries,
Two different passions from thy rapt soul rise,—
Say (who alone effect such wonders could)
Rare Shakespeare to the life thou dost behold.

An epitaph[4] *on the admirable dramatic poet, W. Shakespeare.*

What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones
The labour of an age in pilèd stones,

[3] Which gives them in addition to those first printed in the folio of 1623.

[4] Is without the author's name in the folio of 1632. The reader need hardly be informed that it was written by Milton; whose own corrected text (in his *Poems*, 1645) is now adopted.

Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument:
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, so sepulchrèd, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

On worthy Master Shakespeare and his poems.

A mind reflecting ages past, whose clear
And equal surface can make things appear
Distant a thousand years, and represent
Them in their lively colours, just extent:
To outrun hasty Time, retrieve the Fates,
Roll back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of Death and Lethe, where confusèd lie
Great heaps of ruinous mortality:
In that deep dusky dungeon to discern
A royal ghost from churls; by art to learn
The physiognomy of shades, and give
Them sudden birth, wondering how oft they live;
What story coldly tells, what poets feign
At second hand, and picture without brain,
Senseless and soul-less shows: to give a stage
(Ample, and true with life) voice, action, age,
As Plato's year, and new scene of the world,
Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd:
To raise our ancient sovereigns from their hearse,
Make kings his subjects; by exchanging verse
Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age
Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage:

Yet so to temper passion, that our ears
Take pleasure in their pain, and eyes in tears
Both weep and smile; fearful at plots so sad,
Then laughing at our fear; abus'd, and glad
To be abus'd; affected with that truth
Which we perceive is false, pleas'd in that ruth
At which we start, and by elaborate play
Tortur'd and tickled; by a crab-like way
Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort
Disgorging up his ravin for our sport:—
While the plebeian imp, from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a world, and works upon
Mankind by secret engines; now to move
A chilling pity, then a rigorous love;
To strike up and stroke down, both joy and ire;
To steer th' affections; and by heavenly fire
Mould us anew, stol'n from ourselves:—
This, and much more which cannot be express'd
But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast,
Was Shakespeare's freehold; which his cunning brain
Improv'd by favour of the nine-fold train;
The buskin'd Muse, the comic queen, the grand
And louder tone of Clio, nimble hand
And nimbler foot of the melodious pair,
The silver-voicèd lady, the most fair
Calliope,[5] whose speaking silence daunts,
And she whose praise the heavenly body chants;
These jointly woo'd him, envying one another,
(Obey'd by all as spouse, but lov'd as brother,)
And wrought a curious robe, of sable grave,
Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,
And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,
The lowly russet, and the scarlet bright;
Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted spring;
Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each string
Of golden wire, each line of silk; there run
Italian works, whose thread the sisters spun;

[5] Capell printed "*Calliope*, she *whose*," &c., because the word "*whose*" does not refer to Calliope, but to a different Muse.

And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice
Birds of a foreign note and various voice;
Here hangs a mossy rock; there plays a fair
But chiding fountain, purled; not the air,
Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn,—
Not out of common tiffany or lawn,
But fine materials, which the Muses know,
And only know the countries where they grow.
Now, when they could no longer him enjoy
In mortal garments pent,—"Death may destroy,"
They say, "his body; but his verse shall live,
And more than nature takes our hands shall give:
In a less volume, but more strongly bound,
Shakespeare shall breathe and speak; with laurel crown'd
Which never fades; fed with ambrosian meat,
In a well-linèd vesture, rich and neat."
So with this robe they clothe him, bid him wear it;
For time shall never stain nor envy tear it.
The friendly admirer of his endowments,
I. M. S.[6]

[6] Malone conjectured that the author of this poem might have been Jasper Mayne; Boaden assigned it to Chapman; Mr. Collier has no doubt that it is by Milton; and Mr. Hunter and Mr. Singer agree in attributing it to the Rev. Richard James, fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, a learned antiquary, who was occasionally seized with fits of rhyming. But my opinion is, that its real author remains to be discovered. That Mayne could not have produced it, is proved by its vast superiority to his acknowledged writings. It is much more flowing, much less forced and quaint than any thing we have of Chapman; and why should Chapman conceal his name? Its style at once determines that it is not by Milton. As to James,—if this beautiful poem be his, it must have been written under a most unusual *afflatus;* for his *Iter Lancastrense*, and his various verses given in the Introduction to it (Chetham Society ed., 1845), are comparatively very poor.

ACCOUNT OF THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE.

(The order being that of the Folio of 1623 and of the present Edition.)

THE TEMPEST.

First printed in the folio of 1623.—The speech of Gonzalo, act ii. sc. 1, "I' the commonwealth I would by contraries," &c., manifestly copied from a passage in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essayes*, 1603, b. i. ch. xxx. p. 102, is decisive that *The Tempest* was written after the appearance of that translation, unless we adopt the hypothesis that Shakespeare had seen it in manuscript.—The earliest notice of *The Tempest* is found in the *Accounts of the Revels at Court*, which show that it was performed before King James, Nov. 1st, 1611 (see the memoir of Shakespeare, p. lxxxvi.); and though the said notice does not determine that it was then a recent production (the plays acted at Whitehall not being always new ones), there is good reason to believe that it had not been long upon the public stage, for it is certainly composed throughout in Shakespeare's latest style, and may perhaps be considered as the most elaborately finished of his dramas. (According to a learned and ingenious critic, *The Tempest*, having originally had a double title, is the piece which Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, &c., 1598, mentions, among other works by our author, under the name of *Love Labours Wonne* (see the memoir of Shakespeare, p. lxiii.): he also thinks that the scene of *The Tempest* lies in the island of Lampedusa,—an idea which first occurred to the late Mr. Thomas Rodd the bookseller: vide Hunter's *Disquisition on the scene, origin, date, &c. &c. of Shakespeare's Tempest*, 1839.)—Malone wrote a whole pamphlet (reprinted in his *Shakespeare* by Boswell, vol. xv.) to prove "that the leading circumstance of this play, from which its title is derived, was suggested to Shakespeare by a recent disaster, which doubtless engaged much of the conversation of his contemporaries,—the dreadful hurricane that dispersed the fleet of Sir George Somers and Sir Thomas Gates, in July 1609, on their passage with a large supply of provisions and men for the infant colony in Virginia; by which the Admiral ship, as it was called, having those commanders on board, was separated from the rest of the fleet, and wrecked on the island of Bermuda:" and he endeavours to show that Shakespeare was more particularly indebted to two tracts which that disaster called forth,—*A Discovery of the Bermudas*, &c., by Sil. Jourdan, 1610, and *A true Declaration of the estate of the*

Colonie in Virginia, &c. Published by advise and direction of the Counsel of Virginia, 1610; but the fact is, our author's obligations to them, if any, are very slight.—The tale on which *The Tempest* is founded,—for on some tale it was assuredly founded,—has hitherto eluded the grasp of the commentators. "I was informed by the late Mr. Collins of Chichester [the poet] that Shakespeare's *Tempest*, for which no origin is yet assigned, was formed on a romance called *Aurelio and Isabella*, printed in Italian, Spanish, French, and English, in 1588. But though this information has not proved true on examination, an useful conclusion may be drawn from it, that Shakespeare's story is somewhere to be found in an Italian novel, at least that the story preceded Shakespeare. Mr. Collins had searched this subject with no less fidelity than judgment and industry; but his memory failing in his last calamitous indisposition, he probably gave me the name of one novel for another." T. WARTON. "I have been told by a friend that he had some years ago actually perused an Italian novel which answered to Mr. Collins's description; but as it cannot be now recovered, I shall not venture to say any thing more upon that point." BOSWELL. Certain resemblances between incidents in *The Tempest* and those in an early German play *Die Schöne Sidea* by Jacob Ayrer, a notary of Nuremberg, may perhaps be accounted for by supposing that, as far as the incidents in question are concerned, both dramas had a common source.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

First printed in the folio of 1623.—It is mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, &c. 1598 (see the memoir of Shakespeare, p. lxiii.); and there can be no doubt that it was written at a considerably earlier period:—it is evidently one of the first of Shakespeare's original productions,—that is, of pieces that were not *rifacimenti* of older dramas.—"Some of the incidents in this play may be supposed to have been taken from *The Arcadia* [by Sir P. Sidney, entered in the Stationers' Registers 1588, and printed 1591], book i. chap. vi., where Pyrocles consents to head the Helots." STEEVENS. "Mrs. Lennox observes, and I think not improbably, that the story of Proteus and Julia might be taken from a similar one in the *Diana* of George of Montemayor. 'This pastoral romance,' says she, 'was translated from the Spanish in Shakespeare's time.' I have seen no earlier translation than that of Bartholomew Yong, who dates his Dedication in November 1598. . . . Indeed, Montemayor was translated two or three years before by one Thomas Wilson; but this work, I am persuaded, was never published *entirely*; perhaps some parts of it were, or the tale might have been translated by others. However, Mr. Steevens says, very truly, that this kind of love-adventure is frequent in the old novelists." FARMER. It appears from Yong's

Preface that his version, though not printed till 1598, had "lyen by him finished Horaces ten and sixe yeeres more." After all, however, the story of Felix and Felismena (the portion of the *Diana*, b. ii., which closely resembles the story of Proteus and Julia) may have become known to Shakespeare from a play entitled *The history of Felix and Philiomena shewed and enacted before her highnes by her Ma^ty^ servaunts on the sondaie next after neweyeares daie, at night at Grenewiche*, &c., 1584: see Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. iii. 408. ("*The Story of the Shepherdess Felismena*," from Yong's translation of the *Diana*, is reprinted in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. ii.)

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Was entered in the Stationers' Registers thus:

"18 Jan. 1601[-2]. John Bushby] An excellent and pleasant conceited commedie of Sir John Faulstof and the Merry wyves of Windesor.

"Arth. Johnson] By assignment from Jno. Busbye a B[ook], An excellent and pleasant conceited comedie of Sir John Faulstafe and the mery wyves of Windsor;" and accordingly it was published by Johnson in 1602, 4to. That edition, however, is comparatively little more than an outline of the play, which was first printed in its present full and perfect state in the folio of 1623. Hence a question arises whether the quarto of 1602 was merely piratical and composed chiefly from notes taken down in short-hand at the theatre, or whether it is to be considered as the author's first sketch of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, which he afterwards enlarged and improved. My own belief is, that the quarto of 1602 gives, —but with many imperfections and inaccuracies,—the play as originally performed "both before her Maiestie and elsewhere;" and that the folio of 1623 exhibits it as subsequently altered and amplified by Shakespeare (who, let us remember, unquestionably submitted the first draft of his *Romeo and Juliet* to a similar process).—Malone supposes that this comedy was written in 1601; Mr. Collier that it was "brought out in the commencement of the summer season of 1600" (*Introd. to the Merry Wives of Windsor*); and I am strongly inclined to think that it was produced somewhat earlier.—"It should be read," says Johnson, "between *King Henry IV.* and *King Henry V.*;" no, says Malone, "it ought rather to be read between *The First* and *The Second Part of King Henry IV.*:" in good truth, "it should be read between" none of them,—being, as a story, complete in all its parts.—For the "sources of the plot" of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, we are referred to the following tales; and it is possible that the English ones at least (which, with the exception of the tale in *Westward for Smelts*, &c., are taken from the Italian) may have afforded some hints to Shakespeare:—two tales in *Le Piacevoli Notti* of Straparola,—*Notte* ii. *Favola* 4, and *Notte* iv. *Favola* 4; a tale in

Il Pecorone of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino,—*Giornata* i. *Novella* 2; a tale, "*Two friends went to study at Bologna in Italy,*" &c., in *The Fortunate, the Deceived, and the Unfortunate Lovers*, 1632, of which, according to Steevens, there are several editions; "*The Tale of the two lovers of Pisa, and why they were whipt in Purgatory with nettles,*" in Tarlton's *Newes out of Purgatorie*, n.d., but entered in the Stationers' Registers 1590; and "*The Fishwife's Tale of Brainford,*" in *Westward for Smelts*, &c., of which no earlier edition than that of 1620 is at present known. (All these may be read in an Appendix to *The First Sketch of Shakespeare's Merry Wives of Windsor*, edited by Mr. Halliwell for the Shakespeare Society, 1842.)

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

First printed in the folio of 1623.—We know from the *Accounts of the Revels at Court*, that this play was performed at Whitehall on December 26th, 1604 (see the memoir of Shakespeare, p. lxxxv.): and, as Malone, following Tyrwhitt, observes, "from two passages in it, which seem intended as a courtly apology for the stately and ungracious demeanour of King James I. on his entry into England, it appears probable that it was written not long after his accession to the throne [in 1603];

> 'I'll privily away. I love the people,
> But do not like to stage me to their eyes,' &c.
>
> Act i. sc. 1.
>
> 'and even so
> The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
> Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
> Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
> Must needs appear offence.' Act ii. sc. 4."

Life of Shakespeare, p. 383. With respect to a later passage in Act ii. sc. 4,—

> "As these black masks
> Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
> Than beauty could, display'd,"—

it most certainly does not, as Tyrwhitt once thought, "afford ground for supposing that the play was written to be acted at court;" a notion which that acute critic afterwards repudiated, acknowledging that he had mistaken the meaning of "THESE black masks." (See vol. i. p. 339, note ([41]), of the present edition.) According to Mr. Collier, this play "was written either at the close of 1603, or in the beginning of 1604." *Introd. to Measure for Measure.*—Shakespeare derived the plot from a drama in Two Parts, *The right excellent and famous Historye of Promos and Cassandra*, &c., 1578, by George Whetstone, who has prefixed to it the following "Argument:" "In the cyttie of Julio (sometimes vnder the

dominion of Coruinus Kinge of Hungarie and Boemia) there was a law, that what man so euer committed adultery should lose his head, and the woman offender should weare some disguised apparel during her life, to make her infamouslye noted. This seuere lawe, by the fauour of some mercifull magistrate, became little regarded vntill the time of Lord Promos auctority; who, conuicting a yong gentleman named Andrugio of incontinency, condemned both him and his minion to the execution of this statute. Andrugio had a very vertuous and beawtiful gentlewoman to his sister, named Cassandra: Cassandra, to enlarge her brothers life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord Promos: Promos regarding her good behauiours, and fantasying her great beawtie, was much delighted with the sweete order of her talke; and, doying good that euill might come thereof, for a time he repryu'd her brother; but, wicked man, tourning his liking vnto vnlawfull lust, he set downe the spoile of her honour raunsome for her brothers life. Chaste Cassandra, abhorring both him and his sute, by no perswasion would yeald to this raunsome: but in fine, wonne with the importunitye of hir brother (pleading for life), vpon these conditions she agreede to Promos; first that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. Promos, as feareles in promisse as carelesse in performance, with sollemne vowe sygned her conditions: but worse then any infydel, his will satisfyed, he performed neither the one nor the other; for, to keepe his aucthoritye vnspotted with fauour, and to preuent Cassandraes clamors, he commaunded the gayler secretly to present Cassandra with her brothers head. The gayler, with the outcryes of Andrugio [*sic*], abhorryng Promos lewdenes, by the prouidence of God prouided thus for his safety. He presented Cassandra with a felons head newlie executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brothers, by the gayler who was set at libertie) was so agreeued at this trecherye, that, at the pointe to kyl her selfe, she spared that stroke to be auenged of Promos: and deuisyng a way, she concluded to make her fortunes knowne vnto the kinge. She (executinge this resolution) was so highly fauoured of the king, that forthwith he hasted to do justice on Promos: whose judgement was, to marrye Cassandra to repaire her crased honour; which donne, for his hainous offence he should lose his head. This maryage solempnised, Cassandra, tyed in the greatest bondes of affection to her husband, became an earnest suter for his life: the kinge (tendringe the generall benefit of the common weale before her special ease, although he fauoured her much) would not graunt her sute. Andrugio (disguised amonge the company) sorrowing the griefe of his sister, bewrayde his safetye, and craued pardon. The kinge, to renowne the vertues of Cassandra, pardoned both him and Promos. The circumstances of this rare historye in action lyuelye foloweth." In the same author's *Heptameron of Civil Discourses*, 1582, is also a prose narrative called "*The rare historie of Promos and Cassandra.*"—Whetstone borrowed

his materials (without acknowledgment) from the *Hecatommithi* of Cinthio,—*Parte Seconda, Deca* viii., *Novella* 5; "*Juriste è mandato da Massimiano Imperadore in Ispruchi, ove fà prendere un giovane violatore di una vergine, e condannalo a morte: la sorella cerca di liberarlo: Juriste da speranza alla donna di pigliarla per moglie, e di darle libero il fratello: ella con lui si giace, e la notte istessa Juriste fà tagliar al giovane la testa, e la manda alla sorella. Ella ne fà querela all' Imperadore, il quale fà sposare ad Juriste la donna; poscia lo fà dare ad essere ucciso: la donna lo libera, e con lui si vive amorevolissimamente.*" (Whetstone's drama is reprinted by Steevens among *Six Old Plays on which Shakespeare founded*, &c., 1779; and his prose tale by Mr. Collier in *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. ii.)

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

First printed in the folio of 1623.—It appears that this play was acted at Gray's Inn in December 1594; for the following notice in the *Gesta Grayorum*, &c. can hardly be referred to any other piece; "After such sports, a Comedy of Errors (like to Plautus his Menechmus) was played by the players: so that night was begun, and continued to the end, in nothing but confusion and errors; whereupon it was ever afterwards called *The Night of Errors*," p. 22, ed. 1688. The second notice of it is in Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, &c. 1598, where it is mentioned as Shakespeare's "*Errors*" (see the memoir of Shakespeare, p. lxiii.): and from the *Accounts of the Revels at Court*, &c. (see *id.* p. lxxxv.) we learn that it was performed before King James, December 28th, 1604, on which occasion we may be sure the passage about the "barrenness" of Scotland (act iii. sc. 2) was omitted.—*The Comedy of Errors* is evidently one of our author's earliest contributions to the stage. "The only note of time that occurs in this play is found in the following passage [act iii. sc. 2];

'*Ant. S.* Where *France?*

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her *hair.*'

I have no doubt that an equivoque [first pointed out by Theobald *ad* l.] was here intended, and that, beside the obvious sense, an allusion was intended to King Henry IV. the *heir* of France, concerning whose succession to the throne there was a civil war in that country, from August 1589, when his father was assassinated, for several years. Henry, after struggling long against the power and force of the League, extricated himself from all his difficulties by embracing the Roman Catholic religion at St. Denis, on Sunday the 25th of July 1593, and was crowned King of France in Feb. 1594; I therefore imagine this play was written before that period [written in 1592]. In 1591 Lord Essex was sent with 4000 troops to the French King's assistance, and his brother Wal-

ter was killed before Rouen in Normandy. From that time till Henry was peaceably settled on the throne, many bodies of troops were sent by Queen Elizabeth to his aid: so that his situation must then have been a matter of notoriety, and a subject of conversation in England. . . . . I formerly supposed that it [*The Comedy of Errors*] could not have been written till 1596, because the translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus [by W. W., i.e. William Warner], from which the plot appears to have been taken, was not published till 1595. But on a more attentive examination of that translation, I find that Shakespeare might have seen it before publication; for from the printer's advertisement to the reader, it appears that, for some time before, it had been handed about in Ms. among the translator's friends." Malone's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 321. In another place the same commentator remarks: "It has been said that Shakespeare has not taken a single name, line, or word, from the translated *Menæchmi* of Plautus; which may be literally true, but is not easily reconcilable to an observation made by Mr. Steevens, in which he seems to think that our author's description of the cheating mountebanks and pretended conjurers who infested Epidamnum [see the concluding speech of act i.] was taken from thence. The truth, however, is, that he had no occasion to consult Warner's translation of the *Menæchmi* for this or any other purpose; for it is extremely probable that he was furnished with the fable of the present comedy by a play on a similar subject, from which he might have derived the very description above alluded to; and there also he might have found the designations of *surreptus* and *erraticus*, of which some traces are exhibited in the original copy of this play. [In the folio of 1623, act i. sc. 2, we have "Enter Antipholis *Erotes*," i.e. Antipholus of Syracuse (again in act ii. sc. 2, "Enter Antipholis *Errotis*"), and in act ii. sc. 1, "Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholis *Sereptus*," i.e. Antipholus of Ephesus.] Of this piece no mention is made in any dramatic history that I have seen, nor in any of the fugitive pamphlets of ancient days; but the notice concerning it which I discovered not long after my former edition of these plays was published, furnishes us with decisive evidence on this subject; for the piece in question was acted before Queen Elizabeth in the year 1576-7, when our poet was in his thirteenth year. In the *Historical Account of the English Stage* [by Malone] may be found a list of the various performances exhibited before her Majesty during the Christmas festivities of the year above mentioned, among which is the following piece:

"'*The Historie of Error*, shewn at Hampton Court on New yeres daie at night [1576-7] enacted by the children of Pawles.' [See Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. iii. 387.]

As the dramas acted by the singing boys of St. Paul's Cathedral were generally founded on classical stories, it may be presumed that this ancient piece was in a good measure founded on the comedy of Plautus;

and doubtless thus the fable was transmitted to Shakespeare." *Prelim. Remarks on The Comedy of Errors.* The same piece was played at Windsor on Twelfth-Night 1582-3; "*A Historie of Ferrar* [read *A Historie of Error*], shewed before her Maties at Wyndesor, on Twelf daie at night, enacted by the Lord Chamberlaynes servaunts," &c.: see Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. iii. 406. (Warner's translation of the *Menæchmi* is reprinted by Steevens among *Six Old Plays on which Shakespeare founded*, &c., 1779.)

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Was entered in the Stationers' Registers as follows:

"23 Aug. 1600. And. Wise, Wm. Aspley] Two books, the one called Muche adoe about Nothinge, and the other The Second Parte of the History of King Henry the iiiith with the Humors of Sir John Fallstaff: wrytten by Mr. Shakespeare."

"There is," remarks Mr. Collier, "another memorandum in the same register, bearing date on the '4th August,' without the year, which runs in these terms:—'As you like yt, a book. Henry the ffith, a book. Every man in his humor, a book. The Comedie of Much adoe about nothinge, a book.' Opposite the titles of these plays are added the words, 'to be staied.' This last entry, there is little doubt, belongs to the year 1600, for such is the date immediately preceding it; and, as Malone observes [*Life of Shakespeare*, p. 367], the clerk seeing 1600 just above his pen, when he inserted the notice for staying the publication of 'Much Ado about Nothing' and the two other plays, did not think it necessary to repeat the figures. The caveat of the 4th August against the publication had most likely been withdrawn by the 23d of the same month. The object of the 'stay' was probably to prevent the publication of 'Henry V.,' 'Every Man in his Humour,' and 'Much Ado about Nothing,' by any other booksellers than Wise and Aspley." *Introd. to Much ado about Nothing.* This play was first printed in 1600, 4to, "as it hath been *sundrie times* publikely acted," &c.: hence perhaps we may conjecture, with Mr. Collier, that it was written in the autumn of 1599, rather than assign its composition, with Malone, to the beginning of 1600.—The earlier portion of the serious business of *Much ado about Nothing* has a great resemblance to part of the story of Ariodante and Ginevra in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, canto v.; where Polinesso, in order to revenge himself on the princess Genevra,—who has rejected his love-suit and has pledged her troth to Ariodante,—prevails on her attendant Dalinda to personate the princess and to appear at a balcony by moonlight, while,—in the sight of Ariodante, whom he has stationed to witness the supposed infidelity of Genevra,—he ascends to her apartment by a ladder of ropes. —The *tragecall and pleasante history Arrounde Jenevor* [*Ariodanto and*

Jeneura], *the doughter unto the kynge of skottes, by peter Beverley*, in verse, was entered in the Stationers' Registers in 1565-6, and subsequently printed n. d.: according to Warton (*Hist. of Engl. Poetry*, iii. 479, ed. 4to), there was an edition of it in 1600.—"*A History of Ariodante and Geneuora*" was "shewed before her Matie on Shrovetuesdaie at night [1582-3], enacted by Mr. Mulcasters children" (Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. iii. 406).—A few years later the same story was versified from Ariosto by George Turbervile. This rests on the authority of Sir John Harington, who, in the notes appended to the Fifth Book of his translation of the *Orlando*, says; "Sure the tale [of Ariodante and Genevra] is a prettie comicall matter, and hath beene written in English verse some few yeares past (learnedly and with good grace), though in verse of another kind, by M. George Turberuil." Both Ritson (*Bibl. Poet.* sub "*Turbervile*") and Mr. Collier (*Introd. to Much ado about Nothing*), think that Harington may have confounded *Turbervile* with Beverley: but he could hardly have mistaken "*M. George Turberuil*" for "Mr. Peter Beverley" (on the former of whom he wrote a very laudatory "Epitaph;" see his *Epigrams*, b. i. 42); and what renders it more probable that he did *not* make any mistake, is the fact that Turbervile was a great dabbler in Italian, and published *Tragical Tales* [*in verse*] *out of sundrie Italians*, &c., 1587.—In 1590 appeared the Second Book of *The Faerie Queene*, where (canto iv. st. 17 sqq.) Spenser has introduced, with some variations, the incidents of this tale: and in 1591 Sir John Harington put forth a complete translation of the *Orlando Furioso*. We have proof, therefore, that before the close of the sixteenth century the story of Ariodante and Genevra was familiar to the English public, and that, in some shape or other, it must have been known to Shakespeare when he composed *Much ado about Nothing*. That he was not without obligations to it seems certain: as Ariosto's Dalinda personates her mistress Genevra, so Shakespeare's Margaret assumes the garb of Hero;—and to that circumstance there is nothing parallel in the novel of Bandello, which, as Steevens remarks, "seems to have furnished Shakespeare with his fable, as it approaches nearer in all its particulars to the play before us, than any other performance known to be extant." Bandello,—*Parte Prima, Novella* 22, relates "*Come il S. Timbreo di Cardona, essendo col Re Piero d'Aragona in Messina, s'innamora di Fenicia Lionata, e i varii e fortunevoli accidenti che avvennero prima che per moglie la prendesse;*" and in the supposed death of Fenicia, her obsequies, and her subsequent marriage with Timbreo, we recognise very important incidents of the play: nor is it immaterial to notice that the names *Lionato de Lionati* and *Piero d'Aragona* have become in the play *Leonato* and *Pedro of Arragon*. There is a French version of Bandello's tale in the Third Vol. of Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*, &c.: but some English translation of it, which is no longer to be found, was in all probability what Shakespeare used. For the comic scenes of the play he would seem

to have relied entirely on his own invention. (Perhaps it is hardly worth mention, that towards the close of a very brief analysis of Bandello's novel in Skottowe's *Life of Shakespeare*, &c., i. 350, the circumstances of Timbreo's marriage are misrepresented (at least I have seen no edition of Bandello which so exhibits them): the passage, indeed, is all but a transcript from Dunlop's *Hist. of Fiction*, ii. 458, ed. 1816; and Dunlop's memory, I suppose, had deceived him.)

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Was unquestionably written by Shakespeare not long after he commenced his career as a dramatist; but its exact date is uncertain. The quarto of 1598 (the earliest edition known) professes to give the play, "*As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented.*"—Robert Tofte, in a poem called *Alba, or the Months Minde of a Melancholy Lover*, 1598, mentions it in terms which indicate that a considerable time had elapsed since he saw it acted;

> "Love's Labour Lost! I once did see a play
> Ycleped so, so called to my paine,
> Which I to heare to my small joy did stay,
> Giving attendance on my froward dame," &c.—

No novel, from which Shakespeare derived the incidents of this comedy has been discovered: but Mr. Hunter (*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, i. 256) has pointed out a passage in Monstrelet's *Chronicles*, which appears to show that the original tale had an admixture of historic truth: "Charles King of Navarre came to Paris to wait on the King. He negociated so successfully with the King and Privy Council, that he obtained a gift of the castle of Nemours, with some of its dependent castle-wicks, which territory was made a duchy. He instantly did homage for it, and at the same time surrendered to the King the castle of Cherburgh, the county of Evreux, and all other lordships he possessed within the kingdom of France, renouncing all claims or profits in them to the King and to his successors, on condition that with the duchy of Nemours *the King of France engaged to pay him two hundred thousand gold crowns of the coin of the King our lord.*" *Johnes's trans.*, vol. i. 108. Compare the speech of the King in act ii. sc. 1;

> "Madam, your father here doth intimate
> The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
> *Being but the one half of an entire sum*
> Disbursèd by my father in the wars."

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Is one of the works of Shakespeare enumerated by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, &c. 1598 (see the memoir of Shakespeare, p. lxiii.); and

was probably written two or three years before that date, but at what precise period we cannot determine. To suppose that the words of Titania, act ii. sc. i, "Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain," &c., allude to the state of the weather in England in 1594, is ridiculous; nor is it less so to suppose that any particular allusion is contained in the lines on the neglect of learning, act v. sc. 1,

> "The thrice-three Muses mourning for the death
> Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary,"—

though one commentator would make them refer to Spenser's poem *The Teares of the Muses*, 1591; another to Spenser's death (in which case, as Spenser did not die till Jan. 1598-9, the lines must have been an addition to the original text); and a third to the death of Robert Greene, in 1592. *A Midzummer-Night's Dream* was entered to Thomas Fisher in the Stationers' Registers, Oct. 8th, 1600, and published by him in quarto during that year. Another and less accurate quarto put forth by James Roberts has the same date.—"It is probable," says Steevens, "that the hint for this play was received from Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*;" but I can find little resemblance between the tale and the play, except that Theseus and Hippolyta are characters in both, and that Philostrate is Arcite's assumed name in the tale, while it is the name of the Master of the Revels in the play. With the Life of Theseus in North's *Plutarch* (translated from the French of Amiot) Shakespeare, it is plain, was acquainted. Oberon, Titania, and Puck or Robin Good-fellow, were already well-known personages in the fairy mythology when Shakespeare with such exquisite skill introduced them into *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. While composing the burlesque interlude of Pyramus and Thisbe,—a subject very popular in those days,—he seems to have had an eye to Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (see book iv. p. 43 (r), ed. 1603).

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Is another of the plays by Shakespeare mentioned in Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, &c., 1598 (see the memoir of Shakespeare, p. lxiii.). At that date it may have been some years on the stage; and Malone not improbably supposes it to be "*The Venesyon comodey*" which Henslowe (*Diary*, p. 40, ed. Shakespeare Soc.) records as having been originally acted August 25th, 1594. It was twice entered in the Stationers' Registers:

"22 July, 1598, James Robertes] A booke of the Marchaunt of Venyce, or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyse. Provided that yt bee not prynted by the said James Robertes, or anye other whatsoever, without lycence first had from the right honourable the Lord Chamberlen."

"28 Oct., 1600, Tho. Haies] The booke of the Merchant of Venyce;"—

and two 4to editions of it were published in 1600, the one by Roberts, the other by Heyes.—"It appears from a passage in Stephen Gosson's

School of Abuse, &c., 1579, that a play, comprehending the distinct plots of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, had been exhibited long before he commenced a writer, viz. '*The Jew* . . . . . showne at the Bull . . . representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers and bloody mindes of usurers.' . . . . It is therefore not improbable that Shakespeare new-wrote his piece on the model already mentioned [*The Jew*], and that the elder performance, being inferior, was permitted to drop silently into oblivion." STEEVENS.—" Upon the whole I am rather inclined to suspect that Shakespeare has followed some hitherto unknown novelist, who had saved him the trouble of working up the two stories into one." TYRWHITT.—The remote originals of the two stories which compose the plot of *The Merchant of Venice* are in the Latin *Gesta Romanorum* and in *Il Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino (the latter work written as early as 1378, though not printed till 1558:—the edition dated 1554 was in fact printed during the eighteenth century). Both stories occur in the *Gesta Romanorum;* that of the bond in chap. xlviii., that of the caskets in chap. xcix., *Ms. Harl.* 2270 (to which Ms. Tyrwhitt refers "as the completest of any which he had yet seen"). The incident of the bond, and some circumstances connected with it resembling those in the play, are found in *Il Pecorone, Giornata* iv., *Novella* 1,—in which novel too, be it observed, the heroine is "donna del *Belmonte*."—The ballad entitled *A new Song, shewing the crueltie of Gernutus, a Jewe, who, lending to a merchant an hundred crowns, would have a pound of his fleshe, because he could not pay him at the time appointed. To the tune of Black and Yellow*, n. d. (Percy's *Rel. of Anc. Eng. Poetry*, i. 228, ed. 1812), seems to have been founded on the tale in *Il Pecorone*,—if not on the Italian text, at least on a version of it,—

"In Venice towne not long agoe
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usurie,
As Italian writers tell," &c.;

and perhaps Percy is right in thinking that Shakespeare derived some hints from the ballad. (Ser Giovanni's novel, with a translation; "*The story of the choice of the Three Caskets*," from Robinson's translation of portions of the *Gesta Romanorum*, 1577; and also "*Declamation Ninety-five. Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian*," from Munday's translation of Silvayn's *Orator*, 1598; are given in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. ii.)

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Was entered in the Stationers' Registers August 4th, 1600 (see under the account of *Much ado about Nothing*, p. clx.); but it remained unprinted till 1623, when it appeared in the folio of that date. As Meres

does not mention it in the celebrated passage of his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598 (see the memoir of Shakespeare, p. lxiii.), we may perhaps infer that it was not then in existence. From the fact that Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, which is quoted, act iii. sc. 5,—

> "Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,—
> Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?"—

was not printed till 1598, no conclusion is to be hastily drawn; for, in those days, poems by distinguished writers were often much read in manuscript before they reached the press.—*As you like it* is founded on a novel by Thomas Lodge called *Rosalynde. Euphues Golden Legacie*, &c., which was originally published in 1590. "Shakespeare has followed Lodge's novel more exactly than is his general custom when he is indebted to such worthless originals; and has sketched some of his principal characters, and borrowed a few expressions from it. . . . It should be observed that the characters of Jaques, the Clown, and Audrey, are entirely of the poet's own formation." STEEVENS.—(Lodge's *Rosalynde* is reprinted in *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. i., by Mr. Collier, who is very angry at Steevens for having termed it "worthless:" but if Steevens somewhat undervalued it, Mr. Collier greatly over-rates it.)

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

First printed in the folio of 1623.—The date of its composition is uncertain. Malone, who once thought that it was written in 1606, finally assigned it to the year 1596, observing; "It must not be concealed, however, that *The Taming of the Shrew* is not enumerated among our author's plays by Meres in 1598; a circumstance which yet is not sufficient to prove that it was not then written; for neither are *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry the Sixth* mentioned by him, though those plays had undoubtedly appeared before that year." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 343. Mr. Collier, on no very substantial grounds, conjectures that it was written "not very long" after 1601. *Introd. to the Taming of the Shrew.*—This comedy,—the Induction not excepted,—is a *rifacimento* of an earlier anonymous play, first printed in 1594, *A Pleasant Conceited Historie, called The Taming of a Shrew. As it was sundry times acted by the Right honorable the Earle of Pembrook his seruants.* But the earlier play contains nothing similar to the incident of the Pedant personating Vincentio; and for that part of the plot Shakespeare was indebted to the *Supposes* of Gascoigne,—a free translation of *I Suppositi* of Ariosto. (The first edition of *The Taming of a Shrew* was reprinted for the Shakespeare Society in 1844.)

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] —[illegible] called *Love* [illegible] Shakespeare [illegible] and there can be little [illegible] was as Farmer first suggested in [illegible] for *All's well* [illegible] "[illegible] that 'All's Well that ends Well' was [illegible] and prior to [illegible] called 'Love's Labour's [illegible] 'Love's Labour's Lost,' of which it might be considered the counterpart. It was then, perhaps, laid by for some years, and revived by its author, with alterations and additions, [illegible] when the new title of 'All's Well that ends Well' was given [illegible] *All's well that ends well.* Nor is this conjecture to be treated with contempt; for Coleridge and Tieck were certainly right when they asserted that two distinct styles,—Shakespeare's earlier and his latest style,—are discernible in the play.—The groundwork [illegible] is in Boccaccio's *Decameron*, [illegible] *il Re di Francia* [illegible] *il quale, contra* [illegible] *vagheggiando* [illegible] *due figli-* [illegible]" But Painter's translation [illegible] the Thirty-eighth Novel of the First Volume of *The Palace* [illegible]—was what Shakespeare used; "*Giletta*, [illegible] *fistula, for* [illegible] *to husband. The* [illegible] *to Florence and* [illegible] *to lye with her* [illegible] *childe of two sonnes;* [illegible] *and afterwards he* [illegible]" Steevens observes; "Shakespeare is indebted to the novel only for a few leading circumstances in the graver parts of the piece. The comic business appears to be entirely of his own formation." Painter's novel is reprinted in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. [illegible]

TWELFTH-NIGHT.

First printed in the folio of [illegible]—John Manningham, in his *Ms. Diary* (see the memoir of Shakespeare, p. lxviii), states, as an eye-witness, [illegible] *Twelfth-Night* was performed at the Middle Temple, on the [illegible] 1601-2; and he adds that it is "much like the Commedy [illegible] in Plautus, but most like to that in Italian called

Inganni." If this entry (first quoted by Mr. Collier in his *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry*) does not determine that *Twelfth-Night* was a new play when Manningham saw it acted at the Middle Temple, there is at least good reason to conclude that it was originally produced in the period between 1598 and February 1602, since Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, &c., which was published during the former year, makes no mention of it in his list of dramas by our author (see the memoir of Shakespeare, p. lxiii.). *Twelfth-Night* was most probably composed in 1600.—According to Steevens, the passage in act iii. sc. 2, "He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies," contains "a clear allusion to a map engraved for Linschoten's Voyages, an English translation of which was published in 1598. This map is *multilineal* in the extreme, and is the first in which the *Eastern Islands* are included." To me the allusion is not quite so "clear:" I rather think that Maria is speaking, not of a map belonging to a book (and Linschoten's *Discours of Voyages* abounds in maps), but of some separate map.—Till the discovery of the above-cited entry in Manningham's *Diary* had turned the attention of Shakespeare's critics to the Italian theatre, it was generally supposed that he was indebted for the serious incidents of *Twelfth-Night* to "*The Historie of Apolloniuz and Silla*," the second tale in Barnabe Rich's *Farew ll to Militarie Profession*, &c., first printed in 1581; the materials of which "*historie*" may be traced to Bandello, *Parte Seconda, Novella* 36,—"*Nicuola innamorata di Lattantio và a servirlo vestita da paggio; e dopo molti casi seco si marita; e ciò che ad un suo fratello avvenne;*" but Rich perhaps was acquainted with Bandello's novel merely from the abridged translation of it in Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*, &c.—Though Manningham notices only a single play "called *Inganni*," there are two Italian comedies with the title *Gl' Inganni*, earlier in date than *Twelfth-Night*, and both founded on the novel of Bandello just mentioned; the one (*commedia recitata in Milano l'anno* 1547 *dinanzi la Maestà del Re Filippo*) written by Niccolò Secchi, and printed (qy. if for the first time?) in 1562; the other written by Curzio Gonzaga, and printed in 1592. "Both these," observes Mr. Hunter, "it may seem were read by Shakespeare when he was engaged on this play. In both he found a brother and a sister, the latter clothed in man's attire, and bearing to each other so near a resemblance as to produce entertaining embarrassments, which is the pivot on which the main incidents in the serious part of the *Twelfth-Night* turn. The name assumed by the lady in disguise in Gonzaga's play is *Cesare*, which will easily be admitted to have suggested the name *Cæsario* in Shakespeare adopted by Viola in her disguise. Beyond this, however, the resemblance is not striking. . . . Shakespeare can hardly be said to have been indebted to Secchi's play for a single passage in the dialogue, or a single situation in the acting [action]." *New Illust. of Shakespeare*, i. 391-2. But there is also an Italian comedy of the *Accademici Intronati*, entitled *Gl' Ingannati*

(*commedia celebrata ne' Giuochi del Carnevale in Siena l'anno* 1531 *sotto il Sodo dignissimo Archintronato*), first printed (see Allacci's *Dramaturgia*, ed. 1755, sub "*Il Sacrifizio*") in 1537, and having for its general title *Il Sacrificio* (for an explanation of which title, see *id.* sub "*Gl' Ingannati*"). "That it was on the model of this play," continues Mr. Hunter, "and not on any of the *Ingannis*, that Shakespeare formed the plan of the serious parts of the *Twelfth-Night*, will appear evidently by the following analysis of the main parts of the story. Fabritio and Lelia, a brother and sister, are separated at the sack of Rome, in 1527. Lelia is carried to Modena, where resides Flamineo, to whom she had formerly been attached. Lelia disguises herself as a boy, and enters his service. Flamineo had forgotten Lelia, and was a suitor to Isabella, a Modenese lady. Lelia, in her male attire, is employed in love-embassies from Flamineo to Isabella. Isabella is insensible to the importunities of Flamineo, but conceives a violent passion for Lelia, mistaking her for a man. In the third act Fabritio arrives at Modena, when mistakes arise owing to the close resemblance there is between Fabritio and his sister in her male attire. Ultimately recognitions take place: the affections of Isabella are easily transferred from Lelia to Fabritio, and Flamineo takes to his bosom the affectionate and faithful Lelia. . . . . We have in the Italian play a subordinate character, named Pasquella, to whom Maria corresponds; and in the subordinate incidents we find Fabritio mistaken in the street for Lelia by the servant of Isabella, who takes him to her mistress's house, exactly as Sebastian is taken for Viola, and led to the house of Olivia. . . . . The name of *Fabian* given by Shakespeare to one of his characters was probably suggested to him by the name of *Fabia*, which Lelia in the Italian play assumed in her disguise. *Malvolio* is a happy adaptation from *Malevolti*, a character in the *Il Sacrificio*. A phrase occurring in a long prologue or preface prefixed to this play in the Italian ["*la notte di Beffana*"] appears to me to have suggested the title *Twelfth-Night*," &c. *Id.* pp. 393-6. The resemblance in certain particulars between these Italian comedies—especially *Il Sacrificio*—and *Twelfth-Night* is, therefore, fully proved: but it by no means follows that the foreign originals were used by Shakespeare,—and, indeed, I suspect that his knowledge of Italian was small. Much of the lighter literature of his time,—many a printed tale and many a manuscript play,—has long ago perished; and among them may have been some piece translated or imitated from the Italian, which supplied him with the materials for the serious parts of *Twelfth-Night*.—The comic portions of it are, as far as we know, unborrowed. ("*The Historie of Apollonius and Silla*," from Rich's tract, may be found in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. ii.)

THE WINTER'S TALE.

First printed in the folio of 1623.—Of the performance of this play "at the Globe, 1611, the 15th of May, Wednesday," Dr. Simon Forman has left some notes in his *Ms. Diary* (*Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*): it was acted at Whitehall on Nov. 5th of the same year (see the memoir of Shakespeare, p. lxxxvi.): and it is mentioned as follows in the Office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels; "For the kings players. An olde playe called Winters Tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke and likewyse by mee on Mr. Hemminges his worde that there was nothing prophane added or reformed, thogh the allowed booke was missing: and therefore I returned it without a fee, this 19th of August, 1623." Malone's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 462. From the first two of these facts (which two facts were unknown to Malone) Mr. Collier concludes that *The Winter's Tale* was "in its first run" when Forman saw it at the Globe, and that it was chosen for representation at Whitehall "on account of its novelty and popularity:" and, with respect to the third fact, he argues (as Malone had done) that "Sir George Buck must have licensed 'The Winter's Tale' between October 1610, when he was appointed to his office, and May 1611, when Forman saw it at the Globe." *Introd. to the Winter's Tale.* Mr. Hunter, on the contrary, maintains that Forman's having seen it at the Globe in 1611 is no proof that it had not been written and performed many years before; that the performance at court proves nothing in regard to date except that it was written before November 1611; and he disputes the argument drawn from the date of Sir George Buck's appointment, because, if we may trust Chalmers (*Supplemental Apology for the Believers, &c.*, p. 200), Sir George (who in 1603 obtained a grant of the reversion of the office of Master of the Revels) had licensed many plays before 1610. See Hunter's *New Illust. of Shakespeare*, vol. i. 413-16. Judging from the style, I have little doubt that *The Winter's Tale* was one of Shakespeare's later compositions: it may, or it may not, have been first produced, as Malone and Mr. Collier suppose, in 1611; but it cannot, I think, be assigned to a much earlier period.—It is founded on the highly popular novel by Robert Greene,—*Pandosto. The Triumph of Time. Wherein is discouered by a pleasant Historie, that although by the meanes of sinister fortune Truth may be concealed, yet by Time, in spight of fortune, it is most manifestly reuealed*, &c. (Reprinted in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. i.)

KING JOHN.

First printed in the folio of 1623.—Though some critics have fancied that they could discover certain "notes of time" in this play, there are, in fact, none: we only know that it was written before 1598, as it is

enumerated among works by Shakespeare in Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, &c., which was published during that year (see the memoir of Shakespeare, p. lxiii.).—*King John* is founded on an earlier anonymous play, *The First and Second Part of the Troublesome Raigne of John King of England, with the discouerie of King Richard Cordelions base sonne, vulgarly named the Bastard Fawconbridge; also the death of King John at Swinstead Abbey*, &c.,—first printed in 1591, afterwards in 1611, and 1622:—in order that it might be mistaken for our author's play, the publisher of the second edition put on the title-page the name "W. Sh."; which in the third edition became "*W. Shakespeare.*" (See it, reprinted by Steevens, among *Six Old Plays, on which Shakespeare founded*, &c., 1779.)

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

The date of its composition is quite uncertain: Malone assigns it to 1593; which seems too early. On August 29th, 1597, "The Tragedye of Richard the Seconde" was entered in the Stationers' Registers by Andrew Wise, and published by him in quarto during the same year. In the third quarto, 1608, were first printed "*new additions of the Parliament Sceane and the deposing of King Richard.*"—An older play on (or at least embracing) the deposing of King Kichard the Second ("exoletam tragœdiam de tragica abdicatione Regis Richardi Secundi," Camden's *Annales*, vol. iii. 867, ed. Hearne) was acted at the Globe in 1601, on the afternoon before Essex's insurrection, in the presence of Sir Gilly Merick and other of his partisans: "neither was it ["the play of deposing King Richard the Second"] casual, but a play bespoken by Merick. And not so only, but when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was old, and they should have loss in playing it because few would come to it, there were forty shillings extraordinary given to play it, and so thereupon played it was." *Arraignment of Merick*, apud Bacon's *Works*, vi. 363, ed. Montagu. According to another authority, the piece was called *Henry the Fourth*, and Sir Gilly Merick gave the "40 shillings to Philips [Augustine Phillips] the player to play this, besides whatsoever he could get." *Trial of Sir Christopher Blunt*, &c.,—*State Trials*, i. 1445, ed. 1809. Mr. Collier has recently discovered a document in the hand-writing of Lord Chief Justice Popham,—the examination, in court, of Augustine Phillips concerning "what passed at the interview between the friends of the Earl of Essex and the members of the company when the former consented to pay, and the latter to accept, 40*s*. on condition that they should substitute 'Richard the Second' for the play it had been their intention to perform on Saturday, the 7th of February, 1601 . . . . Phillips tells us that the friends of the Earl of Essex—viz., Sir Charles Pryce, Jostlyne Pryce, and the Lord Monteagle (he does not mention Merrick nor Cuff)—'spake with *some of the Players* in the pre-

sence of this examinant,'—but he does not give the names of the other players, and it is very possible that Phillips was the sole witness to the fact on the arraignment and trial of the prisoners. He distinctly gives the title of the play, calling it 'The Deposing and Killing King Richard the Second,' but he does not inform us what newer and more attractive drama it was to displace at the instanee of the two Pryces and Lord Monteagle." See *The Athenæum* for Dec. 6th, 1856, p. 1498.—"It may seem strange that this old play should have been represented after Shakespeare's drama on the same subject had been printed: the reason undoubtedly was, that in the old play the deposing King Richard II. made a part of the exhibition: but in the first edition of our author's play, one hundred and fifty-four lines, describing a kind of trial of the king, and his actual deposition in parliament, were omitted; nor was it probably represented on the stage. Merrick, Cuffe, and the rest of Essex's train, naturally preferred the play in which his *deposition* was represented, their plot not aiming at the life of the queen. It is, I know, commonly thought that the parliament-scene (as it is called), which was first printed in the quarto of 1608, was an addition made by Shakespeare to his play after its first representation: but it seems to me more probable that it was written with the rest, and suppressed in the printed copy of 1597, from the fear of offending Elizabeth; against whom the Pope had published a bull in the preceding year, exhorting her subjects to take up arms against her. In 1599 Hayward published his History of the First Year of Henry IV., which in fact is nothing more than an history of the deposing Richard II. The displeasure which that book excited at court sufficiently accounts for the omitted lines not being inserted in the copy of this play which was published in 1602. Hayward was heavily censured in the Star-chamber, and committed to prison. At a subsequent period (1608), when King James was quietly and firmly settled on the throne, and the fear of internal commotion or foreign invasion no longer subsisted, neither the author, the managers of the theatre, nor the bookseller, could entertain any apprehension of giving offence to the sovereign: the rejected scene was restored without scruple, and from some playhouse copy probably found its way to the press." Malone's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 325.—Dr. Simon Forman in his *Ms. Diary* (*Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*) gives an account of a "*Richard* 2" which he saw "at the Globe, 1611, the 30 of Aprill, Thursday;" and, very probably, it was the old play which in 1601 had been acted before the friends of Essex:—assuredly it was not our author's tragedy.—For the incidents of *King Richard the Second* Shakespeare consulted Holinshed.

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

This play, according to Malone, was probably written in 1597; according to Mr. Collier, perhaps in 1596. It was entered in the Stationers'

Registers by Andrew Wise, Feb. 25th, 1597-8, as "A booke intitled the Historye of Henry the iiiith, with his battaile at Shrewsburye against Henry Hottspurre of the Northe, with the conceipted Mirth of Sir John Falstaffe;" and by him it was published in 1598, 4to.—That not only in this play, but in *The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth*, Sir John Falstaff was originally called Sir John Oldcastle, is beyond all doubt. In Field's *Amends for Ladies*, 1618, we find (with an allusion to Falstaff's speech in *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth*, act v. sc. 2),—

> "Did you never see
> The play where the fat knight, hight *Oldcastle*,
> Did tell you truly what this honour was?"—

a passage first pointed out by Farmer, and which, as Mr. Halliwell observes, would show "that some of the theatres, in acting *Henry IV.*, retained the name of Oldcastle after the author had altered it to that of Falstaff." (*The Character of Sir John Falstaff, as originally exhibited by Shakespeare*, &c., 1841, p. 28.) See too (*id.* p. 24-6) the extract from *The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie*, &c., 1604, (first cited by Malone), and that from *The Wandering Jew, telling fortunes to Englishmen*, 1604, (first cited by Reed). As to the internal evidence afforded by the two plays themselves that Falstaff was originally named Oldcastle:—in *The First Part*, act i. sc. 2, Prince Henry calls Falstaff "my old lad of the castle;" on which Warburton remarks, "This alludes to the name Shakespeare first gave to this buffoon character, which was *Sir John Oldcastle;* and when he changed the name, he forgot to strike out this expression that alluded to it." In *The Second Part*, act iii. sc. 2, Shallow says, "Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk:" but *Oldcastle*, not Falstaff, had been page to that nobleman, as Reed shows by the following lines from *The Mirror of Martyrs, or The Life and Death of that thrice valiant Capitaine and most godly Martyre, Sir John Oldcastle, Knight, Lord Cobham*, by J. Weever, 1601, where Oldcastle is the speaker,—

> "Within the springtide of my flowring youth
> He [my father], stept into the winter of his age,
> Made meanes (Mercurius thus begins the truth)
> That I was made *Sir Thomas Mowbrais' page.*"

And in the quarto of *The Second Part*, 1600, the speech of Falstaff, "Very well, my lord, very well," &c., act i. sc. 2, has the prefix "*Old.*,"—which, as Theobald remarks, proves "that, the play being printed from the stage-manuscript, *Oldcastle* had been all along altered into Falstaff, except in this single place by an oversight; of which the printers not being aware, continued these initial traces of the original name."—From the entry in the Stationers' Registers quoted above, it is certain that Shakespeare had altered *Oldcastle* to *Falstaff* before the play was printed.

Rowe states "that some of that [the Oldcastle] family being then remaining, the Queen was pleas'd to command him to alter it; upon which he made use of *Falstaff*" (*Life of Shakespeare*): and the statement is supported by Dr. James's Epistle Dedicatory to his unpublished work, *The Legend and Defence of the Noble Knight and Martyr, Sir John Oldcastel*,—where we are told that Shakespeare changed the name *Oldcastle* to *Falstaff*, "offence beinge worthily taken by personages descended from his [Oldcastle's] title, as peradventure by manie others allso whoe ought to have him in honourable memorie." (See Halliwell's *Character of Sir John Falstaff, as originally exhibited by Shakespeare*, &c., p. 20.)—It remains to be mentioned, that the name which our author first gave to his inimitable knight was borrowed from an early anonymous play entitled *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, containing the honourable battell of Agincourt:* in that play one of Henry's companions is a "*Sir John Oldcastle*,"—a personage, however, bearing no resemblance to Falstaff, and as dull as its other characters; and there, too,—crowded together and most inartificially handled,—are to be found the leading incidents of no fewer than three of Shakespeare's dramas, viz. *The First and Second Parts of King Henry the Fourth* and *King Henry the Fifth.* Utterly worthless as it is, *The Famous Victories* was a very popular piece, and passed through several editions. It was produced before 1588, when Richard Tarlton, who had acted in it, died. (Steevens has reprinted it among *Six Old Plays, on which Shakespeare founded*, &c., 1779.)

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

We have just seen that in the only quarto of this play, 1600, "*Old.*" has been by mistake allowed to stand as the prefix to a speech of Falstaff; and that before the entry of *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth* in the Stationers' Registers, Feb. 25th, 1597-8, Shakespeare had changed the name *Oldcastle* to *Falstaff*:—it is certain, therefore, that *The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth* was composed previous to that date.—See its entry in the Stationers' Registers under the account of *Much ado about Nothing*, p. clx.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

A passage of the Chorus before act v. evidently refers to Essex,—

> "Were now the general of our gracious empress
> (As in good time he may) from Ireland coming," &c.

and Malone remarks; "Lord Essex went to Ireland April 15, 1599, and returned to London on the 28th of September in the same year. So that this play (unless the passage relative to him was inserted after the piece

was finished) must have been composed between April and September 1599. Supposing that passage a subsequent insertion, the play was probably not written *long* before; for it is not mentioned by Meres [in his *Palladis Tamia*, &c.] in 1598." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 360. It was first printed in 1600, 4to, with a text wretchedly disfigured and incomplete; nor did it appear in its genuine form till the publication of the folio of 1623. According to Malone, "the fair inference to be drawn from the imperfect and mutilated copies of this play, published in 1600, 1602, and 1608, is, not that the whole play, as we now have it, did not then exist, but that those copies were surreptitious; and that the editor in 1600, not being able to publish the whole, published what he could." *Ubi supra*, p. 365. Mr. Collier, however, is of opinion "that Shakespeare did not originally write his 'Henry V.' by any means as we find it in the folio of 1623, and that it was first produced without various scenes and speeches subsequently written and introduced." *Introd. to King Henry the Fifth.*

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

First printed in the folio of 1623.—In this play little or nothing of Shakespeare is to be traced: but the fact of its being admitted into the folio may be regarded as a proof that he had touched it here and there.—The "*Henery the vj*," which Henslowe mentions as first acted on March 3d, 1591-2, and as frequently repeated afterwards (*Diary*, p. 22, sqq. Shakespeare Soc. ed.), was perhaps *The First Part of King Henry the Sixth* in its original state, and the play to which Nash alludes when he says, "How would it haue ioyed braue Talbot (the terror of the French) to thinke that after he had line two hundred yeares in his tombe, he should triumph againe on the stage, and haue his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least (at seuerall times), who in the tragedian that represents his person imagine they behold him fresh bleeding." *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Diuell*, sig. F 3, ed. 1595.

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

First printed in the folio of 1623.—An alteration by Shakespeare of a drama entitled *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: and the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the tragicall end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable rebellion of Jacke Cade: and the Duke of Yorkes first claime vnto the crowne*,—originally printed in 1594 (reprinted for the Shakespeare Society in 1843).

THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

First printed in the folio of 1623.—An alteration by Shakespeare of a drama entitled *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt, with the whole contention betweene the two houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruants,*—originally printed in 1595 (reprinted for the Shakespeare Society in 1843).—Both *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedie* were most probably written by Marlowe (see the memoir of Shakespeare, p. xlii., note 36): and it appears that they had been remoulded by Shakespeare before Sept. 1592 (see *id.* pp. xl.-xlii.).

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

Was perhaps produced not long before 1597, the date of the earliest quarto. Various additions to the text were first given in the folio of 1623, which also in many parts of the play differs from the quartos: but the text of the folio is, on the whole, inferior to that of the quartos, and, as Malone observes in a note, would seem to have been tampered with by the players.—In this tragedy Shakespeare cannot be said to have any obligations to an earlier play on the same subject by an unknown author, —*The True Tragedie of Richard the Third: wherein is showne the death of Edward the Fourth, with the smothering of the two young Princes in the Tower: with a lamentable ende of Shore's wife, an example for all wicked women. And lastly the conjunction and ioyning of the two noble houses, Lancaster and Yorke. As it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties Players,* 1594 (reprinted for the Shakespeare Society in 1844).

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

First printed in the folio of 1623.—I agree with Mr. Hunter and Mr. Collier in thinking that this play was written after the death of Queen Elizabeth, and that, of course, the passage concerning her successor (act v. sc. ult.,—

"Nor shall this peace sleep with her," &c.)

formed a portion of Cranmer's speech as originally composed,—a passage which Theobald and others, who contended that *Henry the Eighth* was written before the death of Elizabeth, pronounced to be a subsequent addition to the text. The following memorandum in the Stationers' Registers,—

"12 Feb. 1604 [-5].

Nath. Butter] Yf he get good allowance for the Enterlude of K. Henry

8th before he begyn to print it; and then procure the wardens hands to yt for the entrance of yt: he is to have the same for his copy,"—was referred by Chalmers to Samuel Rowley's *When you see me, you know me*, 1605; but Mr. Collier "feels no hesitation in concluding that it referred to Shakespeare's drama, which had probably been brought out at the Globe Theatre in the summer of 1604" (*Introd. to King Henry VIII.*); and perhaps Mr. Collier is right.—It has been before mentioned (see the memoir of Shakespeare, p. cv.) that the Globe was burned down, June 29th, 1613, in consequence of the discharge of some small cannon during the performance of a piece which, according to two authorities was named *Henry the Eighth*, but according to Sir Henry Wotton, was "a new play called *All is true.*" Now, it is difficult to believe that our author's *Henry the Eighth* was "a new play" in 1613; for, without taking into consideration the memorundum above quoted, Shakespeare at that date had, in all likelihood ceased to write; and if we suppose that the piece in question was by him, we must adopt the notion of Malone that *King Henry the Eighth* had "been revived in 1613, under the title of *All is true*, with new decorations, and a new prologue and epilogue. Mr. Tyrwhitt observes, that the prologue has two or three distinct references to this title; a circumstance which authorizes us to conclude, almost with certainty, that it was an occasional production, written some years after the composition of the play. *King Henry VIII.* not being then printed, the fallacy of calling it a new play on its revival was not easily detected." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 396. But Gifford positively maintains that the piece acted in 1613 was not written by Shakespeare, —that it was "constructed, indeed, on the history of Henry VIII., and, like that, full of shows; but giving probably a different view of some of the leading incidents of that monarch's life. Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*, as Mr. Malone affirms, was written in 1601; if it had been merely revived, the Prologue would have adverted to the circumstance: but it speaks of the play as one which *had not yet appeared;* it calls the attention of the audience *to a novelty;* it supposes, in every line, that they *were unacquainted with its plan;* and it finally tells them that, if they came to hear a bawdy play, a noise of targets, or to see a fellow in a fool's coat, they would be deceived. Could the audience expect any thing of this kind? or was it necessary to guard them against it, in a favourite comedy, with which they had all been perfectly familiar for twelve years?" *Memoirs of Ben Jonson*, &c., p. cclxxiii.—The Prologue and Epilogue, whoever wrote them, are manifestly not by Shakespeare. —Roderick (apud Edwards's *Canons of Criticism*) long ago noticed certain peculiarities in the versification of this play; and recently attempts have been made to prove that portions of it were composed by Fletcher. —Frequently in *King Henry VIII.* we have all but the very words of Holinshed.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

We learn from Henslowe's *Diary* (p. 147 sqq., ed. Shakespeare Soc.), that in April 1599 Dekker and Chettle were engaged in writing a play, which has not come down to us, called *Troilus and Cressida;* and to that piece perhaps applies the entry made by Roberts in the Stationers' Registers, Feb. 7th, 1602-3, of "The booke of Troilus and Cresseda, as yt is acted by my Lo. Chamberlens men,"—which "booke," as far as we know, was never given to the press. But another entry in the Stationers' Registers, made by Bonian and Walley, Jan. 28th, 1608-9, of "A booke called the History of Troylus and Cressula" undoubtedly describes our author's drama, which was published by the booksellers who made the entry. "The play was originally printed in 1609 [4to]. It was formerly supposed that there were two editions in that year, but they were merely different issues of the same impression: the body of the work (with two exceptions) is alike in each; they were from the types of the same printer, and were published by the same booksellers. The title-pages [see p. cxxxviii.] vary materially; but there is another more remarkable alteration. On the title-page of the copies first circulated, it is not stated that the drama had been represented by any company; and in a sort of preface, headed 'A never Writer to an ever Reader. News,' it is asserted that it had never been 'staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar;' in other words, that the play had not been acted. This was probably then true; but as 'Troilus and Cressida' was very soon afterwards brought upon the stage, it became necessary for the publishers to substitute a new title-page, and to suppress their preface: accordingly a re-issue of the same edition took place, by the title-page of which it appeared, that the play was printed 'as it was acted by the King's Majesty's servants at the Globe.' . . . . It seems very evident that 'Troilus and Cressida' was acted in the interval between the first and the second issue of the quarto, as printed by G. Eld for Bonian and Walley in the early part of 1609. It is probable that our great dramatist prepared it for the stage in the winter of 1608-9, with a view to its production at the Globe as soon as the season commenced at that theatre: before it was so produced, and after it had been licensed, Bonian and Walley seem to have possessed themselves of a copy of it; and having procured it to be printed, issued it to the world as 'a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapperclawed with the palms of the vulgar.' That they had obtained it without the consent of the company, 'the grand possessors,' as they are called, may be gathered from the conclusion of the preface. The second issue of Bonian and Walley's edition of 1609 was not made until after the tragedy had been acted at the Globe, as is stated on the title-page." Collier (*Introd. to Troilus and Cressida*). That some portions of it,

particularly towards the end, are from the pen of a very inferior dramatist, is unquestionable: and they would seem to belong to an earlier piece on the same subject, perhaps to the joint-production of Dekker and Chettle before mentioned.—The *Troilus and Creseide* of Chaucer may be considered as the foundation of this play; towards which something was also furnished by Caxton's *Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye* (first printed in 1471), and by Lydgates *Historye, Sege, and dystruccyon of Troye* (first printed in 1513).

CORIOLANUS.

First printed in the folio of 1623.—It is proved by the style to have been one of our author's latest compositions: according to Malone, it was written in 1610.—North's *Plutarch* (translated from the French of Amiot) supplied Shakespeare with the incidents, and indeed with much of the wording, of this tragedy.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

As it is not only included in the folio of 1623, but mentioned as Shakespeare's by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, &c. 1598 (see the memoir of Shakespeare, p. lxiii.), we are forbidden to assert,—what internal evidence seems strongly to attest,—that our author had no share in its composition.—"On what principle the editors of the first complete edition of our poet's plays admitted this [*Titus Andronicus*] into their volume, cannot now be ascertained. The most probable reason that can be assigned, is, that he wrote a few lines in it, or gave some assistance to the author in revising it, or in some other way aided him in bringing it forward on the stage. The tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft in the time of King James II. warrants us in making one or other of these suppositions. 'I have been told' (says he in his Preface to an alteration of this play published in 1687) 'by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters.'" MALONE,—*Prelim. Remarks on Titus Andronicus*.—"Titus Andronicus is now by common consent denied to be, in any sense, a production of Shakespeare; very few passages, I should think not one, resemble his manner.—*Note*. Notwithstanding this internal evidence, Meres, so early as 1598, enumerates Titus Andronicus among the plays of Shakespeare, and mentions no other but what is genuine. But, in criticism of all kinds, we must acquire a dogged habit of resisting testimony, when *res ipsa per se vociferatur* to the contrary." HALLAM,—*Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, &c., vol. ii. 177, ed. 1843.—Henslowe (*Diary*, p. 33, ed. Shakespeare Soc.) records the acting of a new play called "*Titus and Ondronicus*," Jan. 23d, 1593-4; con-

cerning which Malone (*Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. iii. 300) appears to speak too confidently when he says, "there can be no doubt that this was the original piece, before our poet touched it;"—it may have been a different play on the same subject: nor can I think with Mr. Collier (*Introd. to Titus Andronicus*) that the "*Andronicous*" of which Henslowe mentions the performance on June 5th, 1594 (*Diary*, p. 35), was a distinct drama from the "*Titus and Ondronicus*" which he previously notices.—At least it seems certain that an entry made by Danter in the Stationers' Registers, Feb. 6th, 1593-4, of "A booke entitled a noble Roman Historye of Tytus Andronicus" refers to the play attributed to Shakespeare; which, according to Langbaine (*Account of Eng. Dram. Poets*, p. 464), "was first printed 4° Lond. 1594," though at present no quarto earlier than that of 1600 is known to be extant.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

On the passage in act i. sc. 3,—

> "But, as I said,
> On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
> That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
> 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
> And she was wean'd," &c.,—

Tyrwhitt remarks; "But how comes the Nurse to talk of an *earthquake* on this occasion? There is no such circumstance, I believe, mentioned in any of the novels from which Shakespeare may be supposed to have drawn his story; and therefore it seems probable that he had in view the earthquake which had really been felt in many parts of England, in his own time, viz. on the 6th of April, 1580. If so, one may be permitted to conjecture, that *Romeo and Juliet*, or this part of it at least, was written in 1591; after the 6th of April, when the *eleven years since the earthquake* were completed; and not later than the middle of July, *a fortnight and odd days* before *Lammas-tide*." Mr. Hunter, on the other hand, supposes that the allusion is to an earthquake which occurred during 1570, "in the neighbourhood of Verona, so severe that it destroyed Ferrara," &c. (*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, ii. 120.) But if it be unlikely, as I think it is, that our poet had a view to the earthquake in his own country during 1580, it is still more unlikely that he should have alluded to that in Italy during 1570. Mr. Collier "coincides with Malone that the tragedy was probably written towards the close of 1596" (*Introd. to Romeo and Juliet*): I am inclined, however, so far to agree with Tyrwhitt (*ubi supra*), that as early as 1591 Shakespeare may perhaps have been at work on *Romeo and Juliet*. It was first printed in 1597, 4to; and when we compare the imperfect text of that quarto (nor are its imper-

fections merely those of a piratical edition) with the "corrected, augmented, and amended" text of the second quarto, 1599, we cannot doubt that the author greatly improved and amplified the play subsequently to its original appearance on the stage.—There are two celebrated Italian tales on the subject of Romeo and Juliet: *Istoria novellamente ritrovata di dui nobili amanti: con la loro pietosa morte intervenuta nella città di Verona, nel tempo del Signor Bartolomeo dalla Scala*, by Luigi da Porto, the earliest edition with a date being that of 1535; and "*La sfortunata morte di due infelicissimi amanti, che l'uno di veleno, e l'altro di dolore morirono: con varii accidenti*," by Bandello,—*Novella* 9 of *Parte Seconda*, which (along with *Parte Prima* and *Parte Terza*) first appeared in 1554. But, even allowing that Shakespeare was able to read them, we are not to suppose that he ever looked into either of those Italian novels. The story of Romeo and Juliet had long been very popular in England; and materials for his tragedy lay before him in a poem entitled *The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet, written first in Italian by Bandell, and nowe in Englishe by Ar[thur] Br[ooke]*, 1562; and in "*The goodly hystory of the true and constant loue between Rhomeo and Julietta, the one of whom died of poyson, and the other of sorrow and heuinesse: wherein be comprysed many aduentures of loue and other deuises touchinge the same*," forming the Twenty-fifth Novel of the Second Volume of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*,—the Dedicatory Epistle to which volume is dated Nov 4th, 1567. (From Brooke's title-page we might infer that he had copied Bandello; but such is not the case: he has mainly followed "*Histoire de deux amans, dont l'un mourut de venin, l'autre de tristesse*," a version of Bandello's tale, with numerous variations, by Boisteau in Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*: Brooke has, however, considerably altered the story, and added much of his own.—"It will be observed that Brooke, Paynter, and Shakespeare, all conclude the story in the same manner: Juliet does not wake from her trance in the tomb until Romeo is dead; but in Luigi da Porto's narrative, and in Bandello's novel founded upon it, she recovers her senses in time to hear him speak, and to see him expire: instead of stabbing herself with his dagger, she dies, as it were, of a broken heart, on the body of her lover." COLLIER,—*Shakespeare's Library*, vol. ii. viii.—"Shakespeare had probably read Painter's novel, having taken one circumstance from it or some other prose translation of Boisteau; but his play was undoubtedly formed on the poem of Arthur Brooke. This is proved decisively by the following circumstances. 1. In the poem the Prince of Verona is called *Escalus*; so also in the play. In Painter's translation from Boisteau he is named *Signor Escala*; and sometimes Lord Bartholomew of *Escala*. 2. In Painter's novel the family of Romeo are called the *Montesches*; in the poem and in the play, the *Montagues*. 3. The messenger employed by Friar Laurence to carry a letter to Romeo to inform him when Juliet would awake from her

trance, is in Painter's translation called *Anselme:* in the poem and in the play Friar *John* is employed in this business. 4. The circumstance of Capulet's writing down the names of the guests whom he invites to supper, is found in the poem and in the play, but is not mentioned by Painter, nor is it found in the original Italian novel. 5. The residence of the Capulets, in the original and in Painter, is called *Villa Franca;* in the poem and in the play *Freetown.* 6. Several passages of *Romeo and Juliet* appear to have been formed on hints furnished by the poem, of which no traces are found either in Painter's novel, or in Boisteau, or in the original; and several expressions are borrowed from thence, which will be found in their proper places." MALONE,—*Prelim. Remarks on Romeo and Juliet.* Nor is it altogether unlikely that Shakespeare may have made some slight use of an earlier tragedy on the same subject; for that such a play had been produced, and with success, we have the testimony of Brooke in an address "To the Reader" before his *Tragicall Historye;* "Though I saw the same argument lately set foorth on stage with more commendation then I can looke for (being there much better set forth then I haue or can dooe), yet the same matter penned as it is may serue to lyke good effect," &c. Nothing can be more improbable than what some have conjectured,—that Brooke is speaking of a drama which he had seen abroad: he evidently alludes to an English play. (Brooke's poem is reprinted in Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. vi.; also, along with Painter's novel, in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. ii.)

TIMON OF ATHENS.

First printed in the folio of 1623.—At what date it was written we cannot ascertain; probably about 1610, to which year Malone assigns it. —"The story of the Misanthrope is told in almost every collection of the time, and particularly in two books with which Shakespeare was intimately acquainted; *The Palace of Pleasure* [by Painter,—see the Twenty-Eighth Novel of vol. i.,—"*Of the straunge and beastlie nature of Timon of Athens, enemie to mankinde, with his death, buriall, and epitaphe*"], and the English Plutarch [North's translation,—see the Life of Antony]. Indeed from a passage in an old play called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, I conjecture, that he had before made his appearance on the stage." FARMER. "The passage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment, or Pasquil and Katherine*, 1601, is this;

'Come [, come, now] I'll be as sociable as *Timon of Athens*' [sig. B. 4]:

but the allusion is so slight, that it might as well have been borrowed from Plutarch or the novel." STEEVENS. "There is a MS. comedy now extant, on the subject of Timon, which, from the hand-writing and the style appears to be of the age of Shakespeare. In this piece a steward

is introduced, under the name of Laches, who, like Flavius in that of our author, endeavours to restrain his master's profusion, and faithfully attends him when he is forsaken by all his other followers. Here too a mock-banquet is given by Timon to his false friends; but, instead of warm water, stones painted like artichokes are served up, which he throws at his guests. From a line in Shakespeare's play [the last line of act iii.] one might be tempted to think that something of this sort was introduced by him; though, through the omission of a marginal direction in the only ancient copy of this piece, it has not been customary to exhibit it;

'*2d Senator.* Lord Timon's mad.
3d Sen. I feel 't upon my bones.
4th Sen. One day he gives us diamonds, next day *stones.*'

[On which passage Steevens notes; "As Timon has thrown nothing at his worthless guests, except warm water and empty dishes, I am induced, with Mr. Malone, to believe that the more ancient drama had been read by our author, and that he supposed he had introduced from it the '*painted stones*' as part of his banquet; though in reality he had omitted them. The present mention therefore of such missiles appears to want propriety."] This comedy (which is evidently the production of a scholar, many lines of Greek being introduced into it) appears to have been written after Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour* (1559), to which it contains a reference; but I have not discovered the precise time when it was composed. If it were ascertained, it might be some guide to us in fixing the date of our author's *Timon of Athens*, which, on the grounds that have been already stated, I suppose to have been posterior to this anonymous play." MALONE,—*Life of Shakespeare*, p. 455. The same writer (*Prelim. Remarks to Timon of Athens*) observes, that in the play just described Shakespeare also found "the story of Timon's being possessed of great sums of gold which he had dug up in the woods; a circumstance which he could not have had from Lucian, there being then no translation of the dialogue that relates to this subject."—The Ms. of the anonymous *Timon* having fallen into my possession, it was printed for the Shakespeare Society in 1842. That our poet had any acquaintance with it, I much doubt; for it certainly was never performed in London,—being a drama intended solely for the amusement of an academic audience.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

First printed in the folio of 1623.—Mr. Collier (*Introd. to Julius Cæsar*) has gone far to prove that this play was acted before 1603. In that year Drayton published his *Barons' Wars*,—a complete *rifacimento*

of his *Mortimeriados*, 1596,—and in book iii. of the recast poem is the following stanza;

> "Such one he was, of him we boldly say,
> In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suit,
> In whom in peace *the elements all lay*
> *So mix'd*, as none could sovereignty impute;
> As all did govern, yet did all obey:
> His lively temper was so absolute
> That 't seem'd, when heaven his model first began,
> In him it shew'd *perfection in a man*."

Now the above lines bear such a resemblance to a passage in *Julius Cæsar*, act v. sc. 5,—

> "His life was gentle; and *the elements*
> *So mix'd in him*, that *Nature* might stand up
> And say to all the world, '*This was a man!*'"—

that one of the two poets must have borrowed from the other; and few will dissent from Mr. Collier's opinion that the borrower was Drayton, who had become acquainted with Shakespeare's play either by having heard it at the theatre, or by having read it in manuscript: this is rendered the more likely, as Mr. Collier observes, by "the fact, that in the subsequent impressions of 'The Barons' Wars,' in 1605, 1608, 1610, and 1613, the stanza remained precisely as in the edition of 1603; but that in 1619, after Shakespeare's death and before 'Julius Cæsar' was printed, Drayton made even a nearer approach to the words of his original, thus:—

> 'He was a man, then boldly dare to say,
> In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit;
> In whom *so mix'd the elements did lay*,
> That none to one could sovereignty impute;
> As all did govern, so did all obey:
> He of a temper was so absolute,
> As that it seem'd, when *Nature* him began,
> She meant to show *all that might be in man*.'"—

It appears from Henslowe's *Diary* (p. 221, ed. Shakespeare Soc.) that in May 1602 (at which time perhaps Shakespeare had produced his tragedy) "Antoney Monday and Mihell Drayton, Webester, Mydelton and the Rest" were employed on a piece called *Cæsar's Fall*. As to Lord Stirling's *Julius Cæsar*, which was first printed in 1604,—Mr. Collier (*ubi supra*) remarks, "the resemblances [between it and our author's *Julius Cæsar*] are by no means numerous or obvious, and probably not more than may be accounted for by the fact, that two writers were treating the same subject."—Throughout this play Shakespeare is mainly indebted to North's *Plutarch* (translated from the French of Amiot): but

it is not improbable that there was a much earlier English drama about Julius Cæsar, from which he may have derived something.

MACBETH.

First printed in the folio of 1623.—Dr. Simon Forman in his *Ms. Diary* (*Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*) has given an elaborate account of this tragedy, which he saw "at the Globe, 1610, the 20th of April, Saturday." Malone thinks that it was originally performed in 1606, because in act ii. sc. 3, the Porter says, "Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty," and "here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could equivocate to heaven,"—the former passage, he conceives, alluding to the state of the corn-market in 1606, the latter to Garnet's avowed equivocation and gross perjury at his trial (for the Gunpowder Treason) on March 28th of that year. See *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 407 sqq. Mr. Collier believes that *Macbeth* was not a new play when Forman saw it acted, because "the words,—

'some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry,'

would have had little point, if we suppose them to have been delivered after the king who bore the balls and sceptres had been more than seven years on the throne. James was proclaimed King of Great Britain and Ireland on the 24th of October 1604; and we may perhaps conclude that Shakespeare wrote *Macbeth* in the year 1605, and that it was first acted at the Globe, when it was opened for the summer season, in the spring of 1606." *Introd. to Macbeth.*—Farmer conjectures, very improbably, that the tragedy might have been suggested to Shakespeare by an interlude which was played at Oxford before King James in 1605: see the notes appended to *Macbeth* in the *Variorum Shakespeare.*—Holinshed, it is plain, furnished all the materials for *Macbeth.*

HAMLET.

Nash, in an Epistle "To the Gentlemen Students of both Uniuersities," prefixed to Greene's *Menaphon. Camillus alarum to slumbering Euphues*, &c., 1589 [qy. if first printed in 1587 ?], writes thus: "Ile turne backe to my first text, of studies of delight; and talke a little in friendship with a few of our triuiall translators. It is a common practise now a daies amongst a sort of shifting companions, that runne through euery arte and thriue by none, to leaue the trade of *Nouerint* whereto they were borne, and busie themselues with the indeuors of art, that could scarcelie

latinize their necke-verse if they should haue neede; yet English Seneca read by candle-light yeeldes manie good sentences, as *Bloud is a begger*, and so foorth: and if you intreate him faire in a frostie morning, he will affoord you whole *Hamlets*, I should say handfulls of tragical speaches." Sig. **3, ed. 1589.—Henslowe mentions (and without the mark by which he generally distinguishes new plays) a "*hamlet*" as having been acted at the Newington Butts Theatre on June 9th, 1594. *Diary*, p. 35, ed. Shakespeare Soc.—Again, Lodge in his *Wits Miserie, and the Worlds Madnesse*, &c., 1596, thus describes a certain fiend: "he walks for the most part in black vnder colour of grauity, and looks as pale as the visard of ye ghost which cried so miserally [*sic*] at ye theator like an oisterwife, *Hamlet, reuenge*." Sig. H 4.—But had Shakespeare written his *Hamlet* at the above dates? My own conviction is, that he had not, and that the piece alluded to by Nash and Lodge, and acted at Newington, was an earlier tragedy on the same subject, which no longer exists, and which perhaps (like many other old dramas) never reached the press.—Our author's tragedy, it seems evident, was first produced not long before July 26th, 1602; for on that day Roberts made an entry in the Stationers' Registers of "A booke, The Revenge of Hamlett prince of Denmarke, as yt was *latelie acted* by the Lord Chamberlayn his servantes." According to Mr. Collier; "The object of Roberts in making the entry, was to secure it [Shakespeare'e *Hamlet*] to himself, being, no doubt, aware that other printers and booksellers would endeavour to anticipate him. It seems probable that he was unable to obtain such a copy of 'Hamlet' as he would put his name to; but some inferior and nameless printer, who was not so scrupulous, having surreptitiously secured a manuscript of the play, however imperfect, which would answer the purpose, and gratify public curiosity, the edition bearing date in 1603 was published." *Introd. to Hamlet.* We have, however, no proof that Roberts was not "the nameless printer" of the quarto of 1603: on the contrary, there is reason to suspect that he was, since we find that he printed the quarto of 1604 for the same Nicholas Ling who was one of the publishers of the quarto of 1603. Be that as it may, the quarto of 1603 exhibits a text most strangely mangled and corrupted throughout, and manifestly formed on the notes of some short-hand writer, who had imperfectly taken it down during the representation of the play. That in this quarto Polonius should be called *Corambis*, and Reynaldo *Montano*, is not a little remarkable. Mr. Collier (*ubi supra*) conjectures that *Corambis* and *Montano* "were names in the older play on the same story, or names which Shakespeare at first introduced, and subsequently thought fit to reject:" perhaps they were names which Shakespeare had originally retained from the earlier drama, and which, on revising and altering his tragedy, he changed to Polonius and Reynaldo. (Of the quarto of 1603 only two copies are known, one of them wanting the last leaf, and one

without the title-page: a reprint of the former copy was published in 1825.) The quarto of 1604 gives *Hamlet* "*enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie,*" and contains a great deal which is omitted in the folio of 1623, though the folio contains some passages which are omitted in the quarto of 1604, and which have their parallelisms in the quarto of 1603.—A novel entitled *The Hystorie of Hamblet*, translated most vilely from one of the *Histoires Tragiques* of Belleforest, has several incidents in common with our author's play; but whether he derived those incidents from *The Hystorie*, or from the older drama on the same subject, we are left to guess. (In Mr. Collier's Shakespeare's *Library*, vol. i., is a reprint of the *Hystorie of Hamblet* from the only entire copy known, which is dated 1608: the first edition was no doubt published many years before.)

KING LEAR.

Was acted before King James on Dec. 26th, 1606, as we learn by the following memorandum in the Stationers' Registers, dated Nov. 26th, 1607; "Na. Butter and Jo. Bushby] Entered for their copie under t' hands of Sir Geo. Bucke, Kt., and the Wardens, a booke called Mr. Willm Shakespeare his Hystorye of Kinge Lear, as yt was played before the King's Majestie at Whitehall, upon St. Stephen's night at Christmas last, by his Majesties Servants playing usually at the Globe on the Bankside." During the next year three editions of the play were put forth in quarto by Butter; nor was it reprinted till it appeared in the folio of 1623. Very large portions found in the quartos are omitted in the folio, which yet here and there affords lines not contained in the quartos.—Steevens observes that *King Lear*, or at least the whole of it, could not have been written till after the publication of Harsnet's *Discovery of Popish Impostors*, in 1603, for the names of the fiends mentioned by Edgar are taken from Harsnet's work. Malone remarks; "It seems extremely probable, that its first appearance was in March or April, 1605; in which year the old play of *King Leir*, that had been entered at Stationers' Hall in 1594, was printed by Simon Stafford for John Wright, who, we may presume, finding Shakespeare's play successful, hoped to palm the spurious one on the public for his. The old *King Leir* was entered on the Stationers' Books, May 8, 1605, as it was *lately* acted." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 404.—Our author had read the story of King Lear and his daughters in Geoffrey of Monmouth, in Holinshed, in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, &c.; with the anonymous old play *The True Chronicle History of King Leir, and his Three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella*, he was doubtless acquainted, and would seem to have made some slight use of it; and he certainly appears to have formed the epi-

sode of Gloster and his sons on the story of the blind King of Paphlagonia in Sidney's *Arcadia*, b. ii. ch. 10 of ed. 1590. (The old play of *King Leir* has been twice reprinted by Steevens,—in vol. iv. of *Twenty of the Plays of Shakespeare*, &c. 1766, and among *Six Old Plays on which Shakespeare founded*, &c., 1779; and Higgins's legend, in verse, of "*Queene Cordila*," from *The Mirror for Magistrates*, and "*The pitifull state and storie of the Paphlagonian unkinde King*," &c. from Sidney's *Arcadia*, are included in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. ii.)

OTHELLO.

"I have evidence to produce which very clearly shows that this play was written before 1600; for in a Ms. entitled 'The Newe Metamorphosis, or a Feaste of Fancie, or Poeticall Legendes, written by J. M. Gent. 1600,' occurs the following passage, evidently imitated from Shakespeare's well-known lines [*Othello*, act iii. sc. 3] beginning 'Who steals my purse, steals trash,'—

> 'The highwayman that robs one of his purse
> Is not soe bad; nay, these are ten tymes worse!
> For these doe rob men of their pretious name,
> And in exchange give obloquie and shame.'

It should be remarked that some additions were made by the author of this Ms. several years after the date he assigns to its composition; but there is no reason to suppose that the part in which the above passage occurs was written after the year 1600." Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 190, ed. 8vo.—According to the Ellesmere papers (see the memoir of Shakespeare, p. lxix.), *Othello* was acted before Queen Elizabeth at Harefield Place, about the beginning of August 1602; and we have proof (see *id.* p. lxxxv.) that it was played at court Nov. 1st, 1604.—The story of *Othello* is to be found in Cinthio's *Hecatommithi*, *Parte Prima*, *Deca Terza*, *Novella* 7, "*Un capitano Moro piglia per mogliera una cittadina Venetiana: un suo alfieri l' accusa di adulterio al marito; cerca che l' alfieri uccida colui ch' egli credea l' adultero: il capitano uccide la moglie, è accusato dall' alfieri, non confessa il Moro, ma essendovi chiari inditii è bandito; e lo scelerato alfieri, credendo nuocere ad altri, procaccia a se la morte miseramente.*" The novel, however, not only differs considerably from the play in incident, but Cinthio's characters have no names with the exception of Desdemona. "I have not hitherto met with any translation of this novel of so early a date as the age of Shakespeare; but undoubtedly many of those little pamphlets have perished between his time and ours." Steevens. "I have seen a French translation of Cinthio by Gabriel Chappuys, Par. 1584. This is not a faithful one; and I suspect through this medium the work came into English." Farmer. (An

English version of Cinthio's novel by W. Parr is in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. ii.)

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

On May 20th, 1608, "A booke called Anthony and Cleopatra" was entered in the Stationers' Registers by Edward Blount; and the entry, no doubt, refers to our author's play, which, we may presume, had been produced only a short time before that date. It did not, however, make its appearance in print till the publication of the folio of 1623.—In *Antony and Cleopatra* Shakespeare has adhered with remarkable closeness to the Life of Antonius in North's *Plutarch* (translated from the French of Amiot). He owes nothing, either to Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594, or to the Countess of Pembroke's *Tragedie of Antonie* (a translation from the French of Garnier), 1595.

CYMBELINE.

First printed in the folio of 1623.—Malone is probably not far from the truth when he conjectures that *Cymbeline* was written in 1609; and he certainly is right when he observes, "the versification of this play bears, I think, a much greater resemblance to that of *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest* than to any of our author's earlier plays." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 453.—Some incidents in this drama have been traced to two old French metrical romances and an early French miracle-play;—of which romances and play, we may venture to assert, our poet never even heard. "The general scheme of *Cymbeline*," says Malone, "is, in my opinion, formed on Boccace's novel (Day 2. Nov. 9):"—"*Bernabò da Genova, da Ambruogiuolo ingannato, perde il suo, e comanda che la moglie innocente sia uccisa. Ella scampa, e in abito d' uomo serve il Soldano: ritrova lo ingannatore; e Bernabò conduce in Alessandria, dove lo ingannatore punito, ripreso abito femminile, col marito ricchi si tornano a Genova:*" and in Shakespeare's time there may have been other translations of that novel (though they have not come down to us) besides the very rude version, or rather, imitation of it printed in 1518. A much later imitation of Boccaccio's novel (with the scene laid in England during the reigns of Henry the Sixth and Edward the Fourth) is the second Tale in a tract entitled *Westward for Smelts, or the Waterman's Fare of Mad Merry Western Wenches*, &c.: which both Steevens and Malone state was first published in 1603; but no edition earlier than that of 1620 is at present known; and in 1620 Shakespeare had been four years dead. On the passage, act ii. sc. 2,—

"On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted," &c.,

Malone remarks; "Our author certainly took this circumstance from some translation of Boccaccio's novel; for it does not occur in the imitation printed in *Westward for Smelts*." Mr. Collier observes (*Introd.* to this play); "The materials in Holinshed for the historical portion of 'Cymbeline' are so imperfect and scanty, that a belief may be entertained that Shakespeare resorted to some other more fertile source, which the most diligent inquiries have yet failed to discover. The names of Cymbeline and of his sons, Guiderius and Arviragus, occur in the old Chronicle, and there we hear of the tribute demanded by the Roman emperor, but nothing is said of the stealing of the two young princes, nor of their residence with Belarius among the mountains, and final restoration to their father." (A particular account of the above-mentioned French romances and play,—an English abridgement of Boccaccio's novel by Skottowe—and the tale from *Westward for Smelts*, &c.,—may be seen in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. ii.)

PERICLES.

Though this play, under the title of "The booke of Pericles, Prynce of Tyre," was entered by Blount in the Stationers' Registers, May 20th, 1608, it was not first published by him, but by Gosson in 1609, 4to.—The text of *Pericles* is miserably corrupted and mangled throughout: the later impressions differ from the first edition only in being more incorrect.—That it was first brought on the stage either in 1607 or 1608 we have evidence in the title-page of a very curious prose-tract written by George Wilkins from notes taken down during the acting of the play, and entitled *The Painfull Aduentures of Pericles Prince of Tyre. Being the true History of the Play of Pericles*, as it was lately presented *by the worthy and ancient poet John Gower*, 1608 (a tract reprinted in 1857 by Professor Tycho Mommsen from a copy in the public library of Zurich).—The greater part of this play is undoubtedly by some very inferior dramatist: but here and there, more particularly towards the close, the hand of Shakespeare is plainly seen. Whether it had ever been acted before it received those vivifying touches from our poet, we cannot determine,—perhaps it was the "*Pericles*" in which Alleyn wore the "spangled hoes" mentioned in an inventory of his theatrical apparel (vide Collier's *Memoirs of Alleyn*, p. 21): we at least may be sure that it was originally composed at a period long antecedent to its appearance at the Globe in 1607 or 1608.—*Pericles* is mainly founded on *The Patterne of painefull Aduentures: containing the most excellent, pleasant and variable Historie of the strange accidents that befell vnto Prince Apollonius, the Lady Lucina his wife, and Tharsia his daughter. Wherein the vncertaintie of this world and the fickle state of mans life are liuely de-*

scribed. Gathered into English by Lawrence Twine Gentleman,—first printed in 1576: the old play-wright had also an eye to that portion of Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, book eighth, which treats of King Appolin of Tyre. (Both Twine's novel and Gower's poetical version of the same incidents are included in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. i.—On the story of King Apollonius of Tyre see Douce's *Illustr. of Shakespeare*, ii. 135, and Mommsen's Preface to the reprint above mentioned.)

ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA.

VOL. I.

ACCOUNT OF THE PLAYS.

P. cliv. "*The Arcadia* . . . . printed 1591," &c.

Read: "—— printed 1590," &c.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

P. 236. Note (9).

Add: Mr. Grant White (Prefatory Letter to his *Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. xxxii.) cites from the description of *A Very Woman* among Overbury's *Characters*; "Her lightnesse gets her to swim at top of the table, where her wrie little finger bewraies *carving*; her neighbors at the latter end know they are welcome, and for that purpose she quencheth her thirst:" on which he observes, "*Carving*, then, was a sign of intelligence, made with the little finger as the glass was raised to the mouth." Such perhaps is the meaning of the word in Overbury: but in the following passage of *A Prophecie of Cadwallader, last King of the Britaines*, by William Herbert, 1604 (quoted by Mr. Hunter, *New Illust. of Shakespeare*, i. 216), "*carving*" assuredly does not mean "a sign of intelligence made with the little finger *as the glass was raised to the mouth*;"

"Then did this Queen [i. e. Fortune] her wandering coach ascend,
Whose wheels were more inconstant than the wind;
A mighty troop this empress did attend;
There might you Caius Marius *carving* find,
And martial Sylla courting Venus kind:
Times alter, and in times we changed be;
Chance only constant is in levity."

P. 245. Note (62). "See note (5) on *Love's Labour's lost*."

Read: "See note (6) on," &c.

Vol. II.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

P. 3. "*Enter* Leonato, Hero, *and* Beatrice, *with a* Messenger."

The old eds. have "Enter Leonato Gouernour of Messina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his Neece, with a messenger" (and again at the commencement of act ii. they make his "wife" enter with Leonato). "It is therefore clear," says Mr. Collier *ad l.*, "that the mother of Hero made her appearance before the audience, although she says nothing throughout the comedy;" and in his *Notes and Emendations*, &c., he remarks that "the manuscript-corrector of the folio, 1632, has expunged the words *Innogen his wife*, as if the practice had not then been for her to appear before the audience in this or in any other portion of the comedy." p. 66.

The great probability is, that *she never appeared before any audience in any part of the play;* and that Theobald was right when he conjectured that "the poet had in his first plan designed such a character, which, on a survey of it, he found would be superfluous, and therefore he left it out." One thing I hold for certain, viz. that, if she ever *did* figure among the dramatis personæ, it was not as a mere dummy: there are scenes in which the mother of Hero *must* have spoken;—she could not have stood on the stage without a word to say about the disgrace of her daughter, &c.

P. 35. "*Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.*"

The old eds. have "*Well, euery one* cannot *master*," &c.

P. 57. "Dog. *Come, let them be opinioned.*
Verg. *Let them be in the hands—*
Con. *Off, coxcomb!*
Dog. *God's my life*," &c.

The old eds. have

"Constable. *Come, let them be opiniond.*
Couley [the folio "Sex."]. *Let them be in the hands* of Coxcombe.
Kemp. *Gods my life*," &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives,

"Dog. *Come, let them be opinioned.*
Verg. *Let them be* bound.
Bora. Hands *off, coxcomb!*
Dog. *God's my life*," &c.

P. 68. "*let me go with that I came for*," &c.

The "*for*" is a modern addition.—Mr. Halliwell (*Shakespeare*, i. 275, folio ed.) thinks the old reading is right, and that "*came*" is equivalent to "*came* for:" —I cannot agree with him.

P. 75. Note ([3]).

When I wrote this note, I ought to have recollected that Theobald had assigned to Balthazar the three speeches in question.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

P. 177. "*like to a silver bow*
New-bent in heaven," &c.

The old eds. have "Now *bent in heauen*," &c.

P. 184. "*To the rest:—yet my chief humour*," &c.

Point, with the old copies, "To the rest yet, my chief humour," &c.

P. 192. "*The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.*"

Thirlby's correction.—The old eds. have "*The one Ile* stay, *the other* stayeth *me.*"

P. 193. "*Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.*
Puck. *Ay, there it is.*
Obe. *I pray thee, give it me.*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom has very recently observed to me; "The first part of each of these two verses is inconsistent with the second part. Should we not read and point?

'*Hast thou the flower there*, welcome wanderer?
Puck. *Ay*, here *it is.*
Obe. *I pray thee, give it me.*'"

P. 197. "*Nature here shows art*," &c.

This is the reading of the second folio.—The quartos have "*nature shewes arte*," &c.:—the folio has "*nature* her *shewes art*," &c.—I now prefer Malone's reading, "*Nature shows* her *art*," &c.

P. 199. "*I swoon almost with fear.*"

So Fisher's 4to ("*I swoune*," &c.).—The other old eds. "*I* swound," &c. and "*I* sound," &c.

P. 206. "*Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,*
And kill me too."

Since these volumes were printed, I have received from Mr. W. N. Lettsom the excellent correction of the late Mr. Sidney Walker;

> "*Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in* knee-*deep,*
> *And kill me too.*"

P. 211. "*Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.*"

The old eds. have "—— *her weak* praise."

P. 212. "*what news, my love?*"

When I mentioned, in a note, that Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*what means my love?*" I ought also to have cited a passage from *The Taming of the Shrew*, act i. sc. 1, which makes that alteration a very doubtful one: there Lucentio exchanges dress with his servant Tranio: presently Lucentio's other servant, Biondello, enters, and exclaims in great surprise;

> "Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes?
> Or you stolen his? or both? pray, *what's the news?*"

P. 214. "*to try whose right,*
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena."

See note ([19]) on *The Tempest*, vol. i. p. 69.

P. 219. "*Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,*" &c.

Mr. Grant White (*Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 216) observes; "Mr. Dyce [in his *Few Notes*, &c.] would read, with one of the quartos,

> 'Seeking sweet *favours* for this hateful fool,'

because 'Titania was seeking flowers for Bottom to wear as favours.' But surely Mr. Dyce must have forgotten that 'savours,' the word in the authentic [??] folio, is supported by the fact that Bottom in this scene expresses a wish for the 'sweet savour' of a honey-bag, and that Titania begs him to sit that she may 'stick musk-roses' in his head," &c. Now, Bottom uses no such expression in this scene or any where else: but in act iii. sc. 1, he says, in the character of Pyramus, "Thisby, the flowers of odious *savours sweet*—," which certainly does not support the reading "savours" in the present scene. I still adhere to "*favours:*" which, since my text of this play was printed off, I find adopted both by Mr. Halliwell and by Mr. Staunton; the former of whom, after quoting my note on the passage, adds, "She [Titania] had, amongst other 'favours,' gathered the musk-roses she stuck in Bottom's 'sleek smooth head,' having previously adorned his temples with a 'coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers.'"

P. 222. "*Melted as the snow*," &c.

Mr. Staunton proposes "All *melted as the snow*," &c.,—a better correction than that usually adopted,—"*Melted as* doth *the snow*," &c.

P. 227. "*That is, hot ice and wonderous strange snow.*"

Here I have inadvertently allowed Malone's spelling, "*wonderous*," to remain. Read, with the old eds., "*wondrous*." See note (29) on *The Merchant of Venice.*

P. 234. "*And thus she moans*," &c.

So Theobald.—The old eds. "—— *she* means," &c.—Mr. Staunton observes *ad l.*, that the change was made by Theobald "perhaps without necessity, as *means* appears formerly to have sometimes borne the same signification. Thus in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act v. sc. 4,

> 'The more degenerate and base art thou,
> To make such *means* for her as thou hast done.'"

But in that passage, "To *make* such *means*" certainly signifies (as Steevens explains it) "to make such interest for, take such pains about."

P. 237. "*Ever shall in safety rest,*
And the owner of it blest."

Qy. "*Ever shall't in safety rest*," &c.?—Mr. Staunton gives,

> "And the owner of it blest,
> Ever shall in safety rest;"—

it having been suggested to him "by Mr. Singer, and by an anonymous correspondent, that the difficulty in the passage arose from *the printer's* having transposed the two last lines." But in that case *two printers* at least must have oddly enough made the same mistake, since the two 4to editions of the play, 1600, *were printed from two different manuscripts.* As to the text of *Midsummer-Night's Dream* in the folio of 1623, it is, for the most part, that of the least accurate of the two quartos,—the one put forth by Roberts.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

P. 263. "*So is Alcides beaten by his page*," &c.

The old eds. have "—— *by his* rage," &c.

P. 277. "*Gilded tombs do worms infold.*"

So Johnson.—The old eds. have "*Guilded* timber *does*," &c.

P. 281. "*Patiently to bear my roth.*"
Read: "—— *bear my* wroth."

P. 297. "*In speed to Padua,*" &c.
The old eds. have "—— *to* Mantua," &c.

P. 301. "*Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,*" &c.
Read: "—— lose *the forfeiture,*" &c.

P. 324. Note ([12]). "see vol. i. p. 309, note ([17])."
Read: "see vol. i. p. 338 (note ([31])).

AS YOU LIKE IT.

P. 337. "*and would you yet I were merrier?*"
The folio omits "*I.*"

P. 353. "*From seventeen years,*" &c.
The folio has "*From* seauentie *yeeres,*" &c.

P. 355. "*Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,*" &c.
The folio has "—— *of* they would," &c.; the second folio "—— *of* their *wound,*" &c.

P. 368. "*Winter garments must be lin'd,*" &c.
The folio has "Wintred *garments,*" &c.—Corrected in the third folio.

P. 371. "*when it drops forth such fruit.*"
The "*such*" was added in the second folio.

P. 384. "*let me be better acquainted with thee.*"
The "*be*" was added in the second folio.

P. 397. "*nor her sudden consenting,*" &c.
The "*her*" was added in the second folio.

P. 399. "*Why do you speak too*—," &c.

I now prefer the modern alteration,—"Who *do you speak* to—," &c.

P. 403. "*and so to the Lie circumstantial*," &c.

The "*the*" was added in the second folio.

P. 405. "*And all their lands restor'd to them again*," &c.

The folio has "—— *restor'd to* him *againe*," &c,—a gross error, though defended by Mr. Collier.

P. 411. Note ([13]). "introduced into the text by Pope. (It has been wrongly attributed to Rowe.)"

A mis-statement. Rowe made the correction in his second edition.

P. 416. Note ([44]).

I might have cited from our author's *King Lear*;

> "And thereto add such reasons of your own
> As may compact it *more*. Get you gone;
> And hasten your return." Act i. sc. 4.

P. 417. Note ([50]).

Add: Mr. W. N. Lettsom most ingeniously proposes to read, "*Like a* right forester: *the woman low*," &c.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

P. 423. "*Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd*," &c.

I now wonder that I should have hesitated to insert in the text the conjecture which I have proposed in the note,—"Trash *Merriman*," &c.

P. 438. "*Help, masters, help!*" &c.

The folio has "*Helpe* mistris *helpe*," &c.

P. 440. "*were she as rough*," &c.

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*Were she* is *as rough*," &c.

P. 441. "*And her withholds from me, and other more.*"

The "*and*" is a modern addition.

P. 442. "*Hath promis'd me to help me to another,*" &c.

The folio has "—— *to helpe* one *to another,*" &c.

P. 446. "*Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell,*" &c.

The "*thee*" was added in the second folio.

P. 448. "*I freely give unto you this young scholar,*" &c.

The folio omits "*I*" and "*you.*"

P. 450. "*As she had studied to misuse me so.*"

The folio has "*As* had she *studied,*" &c.

P. 455. "*The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.*"

The folio has "—— *quiet* me *the match.*"

——— "*In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,*" &c.

By a mere oversight I neglected to strike out the comma after "*arras*" in the copy of the play (Malone's ed.) used for the present edition. Point (with the folio)

"In cypress chests my *arras counterpoints,*" &c.

i.e. counterpoints (counterpanes) made of arras. (Chapman, in his *Homer,* has "an *arras couerlid.*" *Iliad,* b. xxiv. p. 338, ed. folio.)

P. 461. "*swayed in the back,*" &c.

The folio has "Waid *in the backe,*" &c.

P. 463. "*As I before imparted,*" &c.

The folio omits "*I.*"

P. 468. "*as much news as thou wilt.*"

The folio has "—— *as* wilt thou."

——— "*This is to feel a tale,*" &c.

The folio has "*This* 'tis *to feele,*" &c.

P. 473. "*Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.*"

The folio has "*Lou'd* me *in the world,*" &c.

P. 474. "*That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.*"

The folio has "—— *flatter'd* them *withall.*"—Corrected in the third folio.

P. 486. "*to make a woman of him.*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*to make* the *woman of him.*"

—— "*or where is thy abode?*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*or* whether *is thy aboade?*"

P. 487. "*and if she be froward,*" &c.

The "*be*" was added in the second folio.

—— "*come back to my master as soon as I can.*"

The folio has "*come backe to my* mistris *as,*" &c.

P. 488. "*Thou liest: his father is come from Pisa,*" &c.

The folio has "—— *come from* Padua," &c.

P. 491. "*when raging war is done,*" &c.

So Rowe.—The folio has "*when raging warre is* come," &c.

P. 493. "*Have at you for a bitter jest or two!*"

The folio has "—— *for a* better *iest,*" &c.

—— "*and therefore, for assurance,*" &c.

The folio has "*and therefore* sir *assurance,*" &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 495. "*Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.*"

The folio has "*Hath cost me* fiue *hundred,*" &c.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

P. 524. "*The mystery of your loneliness,*" &c.

The folio has "—— *your* louelinesse," &c.

P. 527. "*with his cicatrice, an emblem of war,*" &c.

The folio has "his sicatrice, with *an Embleme of warre,*" &c.

P. 531. "*The greatest grace lending grace,*" &c.

Read: "*The* great'st *grace,*" &c.

P. 537. "*From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,*" &c.

The folio has "*From lowest place,* whence *vertuous,*" &c.

P. 542. "*and the detested wife.*"

The folio has "*and the* detected *wife.*"

P. 543. "*to have mine own good fortunes.*"

The folio has "—— *good* fortune."

P. 557. "*the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted,*" &c.

The folio has "*the bottome of* this *successe in't . . . . lump of* ours *will be melted,*" &c.

P. 567. "*Is it not meant damnable in us,*" &c.

Qy. "*Is it not* mean and *damnable in us,*" &c.?

P. 572. "*I perceive, sir, by our general's looks,*" &c.

The folio has "—— *by* your *Generals lookes,*" &c.

P. 577. "*Faith, sir, 'a has an English name,*" &c.

The folio has "—— *an English* maine," &c.

P. 581. "*and would not have knaves thrive long under her?*"

The "*her*" was added in the second folio.

P. 586. "*I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this: I'll none of him.*"

The better punctuation seems to be: "*I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair and toll: for this, I'll none of him.*" But the reading of the second folio is per-

haps the right one,—"*I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair and toll* him: *for this, I'll none of him.*"

P. 594. Note ([12]). "(See note ([1]) on *The Tempest*," &c.

Read: "(See note ([8]) on *The Tempest*," &c.

P. 595. Note ([13]). "The folio,—in the first as well as in the second line,—has 'lord'," &c.

Read: "—— has 'Lords'," &c.

P. 597. Note ([27]). "see note ([17]) on *Measure for Measure*, vol. i. p. 309)"

Read: "see note ([31]) on *Measure for Measure*, vol. i. p. 338)"

Vol. III.

TWELFTH-NIGHT.

P. 28. "*Fly away, fly away, breath*," &c.

The folio has "Fye *away*, fie *away breath*," &c.

P. 32. "*Though our silence be drawn from us with cars*," &c.

I now regret that I did not adopt here Hanmer's emendation mentioned in my note, "—— *drawn from us* by the ears," &c.

P. 33. "Fab. *What dish o' poison has she dressed him!*
Sir To. *And with what wing the staniel checks at it!*"

I ought to have noticed that the modern alteration, "*What* a *dish of poison*," &c. is wrong; for in such exclamations the article is often omitted by our early writers: compare *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act i. sc. 2;

"*What fool* is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!"

and *Julius Cæsar*, act i. sc. 3;

"Cassius, *what night* is this!"

P. 38. "*I'll get 'em all three all ready.*"

Read: "—— *all three ready.*" (The folio has "—— *all three* already.")

P. 40. "*Did she see thee the while, old boy?*"

The folio omits "*the.*"

P. 45. "*let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,*" &c.

The folio has "*let thy tongue* langer *with,*" &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 62. "*With which such scathful grapple,*" &c.

Read: "*With which such* scatheful *grapple,*" &c.

P. 72. "*But when I came unto my bed,*

* * * * * *

With toss-pots still had drunken head," &c.

The folio has "*my* beds" and "*drunken* heades," &c.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

P. 87. "*Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st,*" &c.

Read: "*Hermione, my* dear'st, *thou,*" &c.

P. 91. "*I am like you, they say.*"

The "*you*" was added in the second folio.

P. 92. "*With all the nearest things to my heart,*" &c.

Read: "*With all the* near'st *things,*" &c.

P. 93. "*My wife's a hobby-horse,*" &c.

The folio has "*My Wife's a* Holy-*Horse,*" &c.

P. 102. "*A federary with her,*" &c.

I now believe that here the "*Federarie*" of the folio is merely a misprint for "Fedarie" (which we have in *Measure for Measure*, act ii. sc. 4;

"If not a *fedary,*" &c.

and in *Cymbeline*, act iii. sc. 2;

"Art thou a *fedary* for this act," &c.).

P. 110. "*A callat,*" &c.

Read: "*A* callet," &c.

P. 132. "*I should blush*
To see you so attir'd; swoon, I think,
To show myself a glass."

Read: "*To see you so* attirèd, *swoon,*" &c.; and dele the last sentence of the note on this passage.—The old reading,—

"sworn, *I think,*
To show myself a glass,"—

is thus explained by Mr. Grant White (*Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 295): "Perdita says, and, to my apprehension, as plainly and pertinently as possible, that Prince Florizel in obscuring himself 'with a swain's wearing,' would seem, if it were not that the feast justified the costume, to have sworn to show her, a swain's daughter, a reflex of her own condition, as if in a mirror, and, consequently, the difference between her actual position and his." But the passage, with the reading "sworn," cannot possibly bear such an explanation:—the word "*myself*" at once refutes it.

P. 134. "*Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the season,*" &c.

Read: "—— *the* fair'st *flowers,*" &c.

P. 144. "*That thou no more shalt never see this knack (as never*
I mean," &c.

I would now omit the first "*never.*"

P. 145. "*You know your father's temper,*" &c.

The folio has "*You know* my *Father's temper,*" &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 147. "*And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is,*" &c.

Read: "—— *what is* near'st *to him,*" &c.

——— "*As heavens forefend!*"

Read: "*As heavens* forfend!"

——— "*asks thee, the son, forgiveness,*" &c.

The folio has "*asks thee* there *Sonne,*" &c.—Corrected in the third folio.

P. 153. "*insinuate, or toze from thee,*" &c.

The folio has "*insinuate,* at *toaze from thee,*" &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 168. "*Lonely, apart.*"

The folio has "Louely, *apart.*"

P. 171. "*Or those that think it is unlawful business,*" &c.

The folio has "On : *those that thinke,*" &c.

P. 176. Note ([16]).

Add: Mr. W. N. Lettsom, founding his conjecture on that of the old Ms. Corrector, proposes to read ;

"*Do not* revive *affliction*
By repetition," &c.

KING JOHN.

P. 187. "*I would not be Sir Nob in any case.*"

The folio has "It *would not be,*" &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 189. "*That doth not smack of observation,*" &c.

The folio has "*That doth not* smoake *of,*" &c.

P. 193. "*and scath in Christendom.*"

Read: "*and* scathe *in,*" &c.

P. 194. "*In any breast of strong authority,*" &c.

The folio has "*In any* beast *of,*" &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 195.

"Aust. *What cracker is this same that deafs our ears*
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
K. Phi. *Louis, determine what we shall do straight.*
Lou. *Women and fools,*" &c.

I now believe that this passage should be given as Theobald gives it ;

"*Aust.* What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath ?—
King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.
K. Phi. Women and fools," &c.

P. 196. "*this is thy eldest son's son,*" &c.

Read: "*this is thy* eld'st *son's son,*" &c.

——— "*That he is not only plaguèd for her sin,*" &c.

See the *Var. Shakespeare* for several attempts both to amend and to explain this passage.

P. 203. "*If not complete of, say,*" &c.

I now would adopt the modern reading, "*If not complete,* O, *say,*" &c.

——— "*Left to be finishèd by such a she,*" &c.

The folio has "—— *by such* as *she,*" &c.

P. 211. "*What earthly name to interrogatories*
Can task the free breath," &c.

The folio has

"*What* earthie *name to Interrogatories*
Can tast *the free breath,*" &c.

P. 221. "*Thou art not holy,*" &c.

The "*not*" was added in the second folio.

——— "*ten thousand wiry friends,*" &c.

The folio has "—— *wiery* fiends," &c.

P. 223. "*the sweet world's taste,*" &c.

The folio has "*the sweet* words *taste,*" &c.

P. 224. "*No scape of nature,*" &c.

The folio has "*No* scope *of nature,*" &c.

P. 227. "*And quench his fiery indignation,*" &c.

The folio has "*And quench* this *fierie,*" &c.

P. 238. "*Have you beheld,*" &c.

The folio has "you haue *beheld,*" &c.—Corrected in the third folio.

P. 244. "*and unurg'd faith,*" &c.

The folio has "*and* an *vn-urg'd Faith,*" &c.

P. 245. "*O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,*" &c.

The "*thou*" was added in the fourth folio.

P. 253. "*and his siege is now*
Against the mind," &c.

The folio has "*Against the* winde," &c.

P. 254. "*I am the cygnet to this,*" &c.

The folio has "*I am the* Symet *to this,*" &c.

P. 256. "*I have a kind soul that would give you thanks,*" &c.

The folio omits "*you.*"

P. 264. Note ([30]). "see note on *Love's Labour's lost*, vol. ii. p. 169."

Read: "see note ([67]) on *Love's Labour's lost*, vol. ii. p. 168."

P. 266. Note ([43]). "misled by the words '*glory*' and '*worship.*'"

Read: "misled by the words '*glory*' and '*worship.*' (Compare our author's *King Henry IV., Part First*, act iii. sc. 2;

'And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every *glory* up,
Yea, even the slightest *worship* of his time,' &c.)"

P. 268. Note ([55]).

Add: In *King Henry V.*, act iv. sc. 2, we have,

"Their *ragged curtains* [i. e. colours] poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully."

KING RICHARD II.

P. 283. "*Mine innocency and Saint George to thrive!*"

The old eds. have "*Mine* innocence *and*," &c.

P. 286. "*Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy;—*"

So the second folio.—The earlier eds. have "*Norfolke, so* fare *as*," &c. ("*So far*," i.e. *so far* I speak,—a not uncommon ellipsis,—the line being a prelude to what immediately follows. Compare;

"Yet *thus far*, Livia;
Your sorrow may induce me to forgive you,
But never love again."

Fletcher's *Woman's Prize*, act iii. sc. 3.)

P. 355. Note ([14]).

Add: Compare;

"The earth itself breathes better perfumes here
Than all the *female* men or women there,
Not without cause, about them bear."

Cowley—Poem in his Essay entitled *The Garden*.

P. 356. Note ([20]).

Add: Compare our author's *Lucrece*;

"By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
'My girl,' quoth she, 'on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.'" Vol. vi. 563.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

P. 368. "*Thou hast the most unsavoury similes*," &c.

So the second folio.—The earlier eds. have "—— *vnsauoury* smiles," &c.

P. 378. "*Why, what a wasp-tongue and impatient fool*," &c.

Here "*wasp-tongue*" is the reading of the quarto 1599, and, though that form of the word is quite unobjectionable (see Malone's note *ad l.*), I now, on the

whole, prefer the reading of the folio, "*wasp*-tongu'd."—The earliest quarto has "*wasp*-stung."

P. 408. "*Which thou pour'st down from these welling heavens,*" &c.

Read: "—— *from these* swelling *heavens,*" &c.—I ought to have been content to mention, without adopting, the alteration of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

P. 423. "*And his comrádes, that daff'd the world aside,*
And bid it pass?"

Read: "—— *that* daff *the world aside,*" &c.—Here the "daft" of the old eds. is a present tense,—merely a corrupt spelling of "*daff.*"—Formerly, to words ending with *f*, it was not unusual to add a *t*: so in Chapman's *Homer* we find both "*puft*" and "puff;"

"The *pufts* of wind." *Iliad*, b. xxiv. p. 332, ed. folio.

"the winds (that are
Masters at sea) no prosprous *puffe* would spare," &c.
Odyssey, b. iv. p. 56.

"With pace as speedie as a *puft* of wind." *Ibid.* b. v. p. 73.

P. 439. "*there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive,*" &c.

I ought to have adopted the modern alteration, "*there's* but *three,*" &c.—Boswell's defence of the old reading is altogether unsatisfactory.

P. 452. Note ([32]).

Add: After writing this note, I found in Mr. Collier's one-volume *Shakespeare* "*wing* the wind,"—the emendation of the Ms. Corrector; who, as Mr. Collier informs me, has, in the folio of 1632, "struck through with his pen the two last letters of 'with,' and inserted 'ng' very plainly in the margin."

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

P. 458. "*And this worm-eaten hold,*" &c.

The old eds. have "*And this worme-eat.n* hole," &c.

P. 465. "*he may keep it still as a face-royal,*" &c.

So the second folio.—The earlier eds. have "—— *still* at *a,*" &c.

P. 493. "*she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul!*"

The old eds. have "—— *burnes poore* Soules."

P. 503. "*the windmill in Saint George's fields?*"

Read, with the old eds.: "—— *in Saint George's* field?" Compare;

"Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's *field*," &c.
King Henry VI., Part Sec., act v. sc. 1.

P. 504. "*the limb, the thewes, the stature*," &c.

Read: "*the limb, the* thews, *the stature.*"

P. 509. "*And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he*," &c.

I now would read: "*And* when *that*," &c.

P. 522. "'*Tis seldom-when the bee*," &c.

Dele the hyphen.

KING HENRY V.

P. 573. "*Go to.*"

This is only in the folio, where it stands "to *go to.*"

P. 576. "*To furnish him with all appertinents*," &c.

The "*him*" was added in the second folio.

P. 578. "*Which I in sufferance*," &c.

The "*I*" was added in the second folio.

P. 584. "*Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming*," &c.

Read: "*Therefore in* fiery *tempest*," &c.,—the excellent emendation of the late Sidney Walker, which I have just received from Mr. W. N. Lettsom.

P. 585. "*the young Phœbus fanning*," &c.

The folio has "—— *Phœbus* fayning," &c.—This is not in the 4tos.

P. 587. "*Straining upon the start.*"

The folio has "Straying *vpon the Start.*"—This is not in the 4tos.

P. 592. "*Defile the locks,*" &c.

So Pope.—The folio has "Desire *the Locks,*" &c.—This is not in the 4tos.

P. 595. "*Poor we may call them,*" &c.

The "*may*" was added in the second folio.

P. 599. "*when lenity and cruelty,*" &c.

The folio has "*when* Leuitie *and Crueltie,*" &c.

P. 601. "*that treads but on four pasterns.*"

The folio has "*on foure* postures."—Corrected in the second folio.—This is not in the 4tos.

P. 605. "*Presenteth them,*" &c.

The folio has "Presented *them,*" &c.—This is not in the 4tos.

P. 608. "*in the name of Chesu Christ, speak fewer.*"

Notwithstanding Steevens's note in defence of "*fewer,*" I would now read, with the 4to of 1608, "lower."

P. 613. "*What is thy soul of adoration?*"

The folio has "*What? is thy Soule of* Odoration ?"—The last word is corrected in the second folio.—This is not in the 4tos.—I ought to have adopted Johnson's reading, "*What is thy soul,* O *adoration?*" (The misprint "of" for "*O*" is very common.)—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives,

"*What is thy soul* but adulation ?"

P. 620. "*Mark, then, abounding valour in our English,*" &c.

Theobald printed "*Mark, then,* a bounding *valoar,*" &c.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*Mark, then,* rebounding *valour,*" &c.; and I am strongly inclined to think that he is right.

P. 624. "*With mistful eyes,*" &c.

The folio has "*With* mixfull *eyes,*" &c.—This is not in the 4tos.

P. 627. "*and their wounded steeds,*" &c.

The folio has "*And* with *wounded steeds,*" &c.—This is not in the 4tos.

P. 637. "*So happy be the issue, brother England,*" &c.

The folio has "—— *brother* Ireland," &c.—Corrected in the second folio.—This is not in the 4tos.

P. 646. "*Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,*" &c.

The folio has "—— *the* Pation *of,*" &c., which was altered in the third folio to "—— *the* passion *of,*" &c.—This is not in the 4tos.

P. 650. Note ([18]). "See note ([5]) on *Love's Labour's lost*, vol. ii. p. 161."

Read: "See note ([6]) on *Love's Labour's lost*, vol. ii. p. 159."

P. 660. Note ([54]). "See note on *Love's Labour's lost*, vol. ii. p. 169."

Read: "See note ([67]) on *Love's Labour's lost*, vol. ii. p. 168."

Vol. IV.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

P. 31. "*Shall be wip'd out,*" &c.

The folio has "*Shall be* whipt *out,*" &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 74. "*Words sweetly plac'd and modestly directed,*" &c.

The folio has "—— *and* modestie *directed,*" &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 90. Note ([51]).

Add: Compare *The Third Part of King Henry VI.*, act i. sc. 2;

> "*The queen with all the northern earls and lords*
> *Intend* here to besiege you in your castle."

P. 93. Note ([72]).

Add: An instance of "*Legion*" misprinted "Region" occurs in Shelton's *Don Quixote, Part Sec.*, p. 303, ed. 1620: "And such was his ill lucke, that two or three of the Cats got in at the window of his Cabbin, and leaping vp and downe on euery side, it seem'd to him that there were a *Region* of Diuels in his Chamber."

Though Grey (*Notes on Shakespeare*, vol. ii. 15) does not perceive that the

true reading in our text is "*legions*," he yet cites a passage which tends to confirm it. "Wierus," he observes, "speaks of *Pucel* (whether the same or not I cannot affirm), who had forty-eight *legions* of spirits under direction:—'*Pucel*, dux magnus . . . . fuit de ordine potestatum, habetque in suâ potestate *legiones* quadraginta octo.' *Pseudomonachia Dæmonum. Wier. de Præstig. Dæmonum*, p. 924."

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

P. 113. "*her fume needs no spurs*," &c.

Read: "*her* fury *needs*," &c.—It occurred to me long ago (see note) that here the "*fume*" of the folio was a misprint for "furie:" and Mr. W. N. Lettsom informs me that such too was the opinion of Sidney Walker.

P. 138. "*Free lords, cold snow*," &c.

The reading of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector,—"Fair *lords*, cold snow," &c.,—is undoubtedly the right one. Compare our author elsewhere;

"*War*. How now, *fair lords!*"
Third Part of King Henry VI., act ii. sc. 1.

"*Fair lords*, take leave," &c. *Id.*, act iv. sc. 8.

"She utters this, 'He, he, *fair lords*, 'tis he,'" &c.
Lucrece, vol. vi. 576.

P. 167. "*Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.*"

The "*be*" was added in the second folio.

P. 202. Note (78).

Add: An epithet descriptive of the nature of the "gallowglasses" seems to be wanting.—One editor prints "*Of* nimble *gallowglasses and stout kerns*," &c.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

P. 325. "*that have done scath to us.*"

Read: "*that have done* scathe *to us.*"

P. 368. "*but my desert*
Unmeritable shuns your high request."

The late Sidney Walker, as Mr. W. N. Lettsom now informs me, reads "*Unmeritable* shames *your high request.*"

KING HENRY VIII.

P. 499. "*And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!*"

Mr. Singer conjectures "*And of an earthy* colour? *Mark,*" &c.

P. 520. "*And you, good brethren,*" &c.

I ought to have printed (what Thirlby first suggested) "*And* your *good brethren,*" &c.: see note ([63]) on *Hamlet.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

P. 545. "*she has a marvel's white hand,*" &c.

Read: "*she has a* marvell's *white hand,*" &c. Here,—as in *Hamlet,* "You shall do *marvell's* wisely," &c., act ii. sc. 1,—"*marvell's*" is an abbreviation of *marvellous.*

CORIOLANUS.

P. 730. "*I had as lieve be a condemned man.*"

Read: "*I had as* lief *be a,*" &c.

VOL. V.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

P. 59. "*And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,*" &c.

Read: "—— *hath done you any* scathe," &c.

P. 77. Note ([4]). "*Polymnestor's death,*" &c.

This wrong spelling has crept in from the *Var. Shakespeare.*—Read: "Polymestor's *death,*" &c.

P. 78. Note ([14]). "*dropped out from the fourth line.*"

Read: "*dropped out from the* first *line.*"

ROMEO AND JULIET.

P. 104. "*Earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,*" &c.

I suspect that the author wrote "*Earth hath* up-*swallow'd all my hopes but she,*" &c. Afterwards in this play we have, p. 124, "I must *up-fill* this osier cage of ours," &c., and, p. 125, "Thou art *up-rous'd* by some distemperature," &c.

P. 130. "—— *a bawd! So ho!*"

Read: "—— *a bawd!* So-ho!"

P. 142. "*Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.*"

I now prefer the reading of the undated quarto, "*Whiter than snow* upon *a raven's back.*"

TIMON OF ATHENS.

P. 229. "*I feel my master's passion! this slave,*" &c.

Read: "*I feel my master's passion!* This *slave,*" &c.

P. 289. Note ([104]).

Add: The reading of the folio, "*take his haste,*" receives some support from a passage in another of our author's plays;

> "If on my credit you dare build so far
> To *make your speed* to Dover," &c.
>
> *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 1.

And Chapman in his *Homer* has,

> "and with all *his hast*
> Informd Ægistheus."
>
> *Odyssey*, b. iv. p. 61, ed. folio.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

P. 306. "*Have thewes and limbs,*" &c.

Read: "*Have* thews *and limbs,*" &c.

P. 326. "*Know, Cæsar doth not wrong,*" &c.

In the memoir of Shakespeare, vol. i. p. lx. note, I have cited Gifford's remarks on this passage.

P. 375. Note ([82]). "See vol. ii. p. 169, note ([44])."

Read: "See vol. ii. p. 168, note ([67])."

MACBETH.

P. 412. "*But let the frame of things disjoint,*
Both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat," &c.

Arrange:

"But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat," &c.

And dele the note on this passage.

P. 424. "*Of nature's germins tumble all together,*" &c.

Read: "*Of nature's* germens *tumble,*" &c.

P. 464. Note ([66]).

Add: The words "*course*" and "*cause*" are often confounded by printers: see p. 91, note ([105]).

HAMLET.

P. 478. "*A little month; or ere those shoes were old,*" &c.

Read: "—— *or* e'er *those shoes were old,*" &c.

P. 489. "*And each particular hair to stand an end,*" &c.

Read: "—— *to stand* on *end,*" &c.; and again in this play, p. 537, read "Starts *up, and stands* on *end.*" The spelling of the old eds., "an *end,*" goes for nothing, because our early writers have both "on *end*" and "an *end*:" so Chapman in his *Homer*;

"Yet (fearing he had far'd much worse) the haire stood vp *on end*
On Agamemnon," &c. *Iliad*, b. iv. p. 54, ed. folio.

"And to the earth his body fell: the haire stood vp *an end*
On Aiax," &c. *Id.* b. xv. p. 209.

P. 498. "*Than to entreaty.*
Guil. *We both obey,*
And here," &c.

Mr. Collier prints "But *we both obey*," &c., and observes "'But,' necessary to complete the preceding hemistich, is only in the quartos."—I have omitted it, because, though it improves the metre, it certainly somewhat injures the sense of the passage.

P. 581. Note ([12]).

I now learn that the conjectural reading, "Are of a most select and generous *sheaf* in that," is Mr. Staunton's; and I still think it wrong; *for it leaves the line unmetrical as before.* Let me add, that what I have called "other precious emendations of our author's text," were not by Mr. Staunton, of whom I should be sorry to talk with disrespect.

Vol. VI.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

P. 141. "*like the Nereïds*," &c.

I ought to have retained the spelling of the folio, "Nereides" (for so formerly the word was usually written: see, for instance, the article "*Nereides*" in Heywood's *Various Historie concerninge Women*, &c. p. 36, ed. 1624).

P. 222. Note ([9]). "see vol. ii. p. 170, note ([50])."

Read: "—— note ([79])."

CYMBELINE.

P. 247. "*Mark it,—the eldest of them at three years old*," &c.

Read: "*Mark it,—the* eld'st *of them*," &c.

THE TEMPEST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, King of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his brother.
PROSPERO, the rightful Duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old counsellor.
ADRIAN, } lords.
FRANCISCO, }
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave.
TRINCULO, a jester.
STEPHANO, a drunken butler.
Master of a ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy spirit.
IRIS, }
CERES, }
JUNO, } spirits.
Nymphs, }
Reapers, }

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE—*On board a ship at sea; afterwards various parts of an island.*

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *On board a ship at sea: a storm, with thunder and lightning.*

Enter Master *and* Boatswain *severally.*

Mast. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good,(1) speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves a-ground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail! Tend to the master's whistle! [*Exeunt Mariners.*]—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and others.*

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor;—if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning-mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare; lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course! [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noisemaker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses! off to sea again; lay her off!

Re-enter Mariners *wet.*

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:—
This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou mightst lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him.

[*A confused noise within,*—"Mercy on us!"—"We split, we split!"—"Farewell my wife and children!"—"Farewell, brother!"—"We split, we split, we split!"]

[*Exit Boatswain.*

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground,—long heath, brown furze,(2) any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The island: before the cell of* PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures(3) in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting souls within her.

Pros. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,—
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter,—who
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full-poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:
[*Lays down his robe.*
Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision(4) in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know further.

Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding, "Stay, not yet."

Pros. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear:
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what? by any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. 'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

Mir. But that I do not.

Pros. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father?

Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir
A(5) princess,—no worse issu'd.

Mir. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessèd was't we did?

Pros. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly holp hither.

Mir. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, further.

Pros. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance, and who

To trash for over-topping,—new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one
Who having into truth,(6) by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—hence his ambition growing,—
Dost thou hear?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me,(7) poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates
(So dry he was for sway) with the(8) King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.

Mir. O the heavens!

Pros. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me
If this might be a brother.
Mir. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.
Pros. Now the condition.
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises,
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose(9) hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.
Mir. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.
Pros. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon's; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.
Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Pros. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,—
So dear the love my people bore me,—nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have(10) quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh

To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pros. O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infusèd with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we ashore?

Pros. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity,—who being then appointed
Master of this design,—did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From mine own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pros. Now I arise:— [*Resumes his robe.*
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princess' can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mir. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,—
For still 'tis beating in my mind,—your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pros. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune—
Now my dear lady—hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence

If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way:—I know thou canst not choose.—
[*Miranda sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come! I am ready now:
Approach, my Ariel; come!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds,—to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.
Pros. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: sometime I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join. Jove's lightnings,([11]) the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem([12]) to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.
Pros. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."

Pros. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Ari. Close by, my master.
Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.
Pros. Of the king's ship
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet.
Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.
Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?
Ari. Past the mid season.
Pros. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pros. How now, moody!
What is't thou canst demand?
Ari. My liberty.

Pros. Before the time be out? no more!
Ari. I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee([13]) no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
Pros. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pros. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is bak'd with frost.
Ari. I do not, sir.
Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, sir.
Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak;
tell me.
Ari. Sir, in Argier.
Pros. O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, sir.
Pros. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift

Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.

Pros. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.

Pros. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in't: go, hence with diligence!

[*Exit Ariel.*

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mir. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pros. Shake it off. Come on;

We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pros. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us.—What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [*within*] There's wood enough within.

Pros. Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL *like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,

And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:—
Cursèd be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.

Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho!—would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pros.(14) Abhorrèd slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

Pros. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt(15) best,
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with achès, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee.—

[*Aside*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pros. So, slave; hence! [*Exit Caliban.*

Re-enter ARIEL, *invisible, playing and singing;* FERDINAND *following.*

ARIEL'S *song.*

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have and kiss'd,—
The wild waves whist,—([16])
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.([17])
Hark, hark!
Burden [*dispersedly*]. Bow, wow.
The watch-dogs bark:
Burden [*dispersedly*]. Bow, wow.
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?
It sounds no more:—and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Burden. Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father:—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.
Pros. The fringèd curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou see'st yond.
Mir. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—but 'tis a spirit.
Pros. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou see'st
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.
Mir. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pros. [*Aside*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is,—O you wonder!—
If you be maid or no?
Mir. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.
Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
Pros. How! the best!
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders

To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mir. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.

Pros. [*Aside*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't.—At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes.—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pros. Soft, sir! one word more.—
[*Aside*] They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pros. Follow me.— [*To Fer.*
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*
Mir. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.
Pros. What, I say,
My foot my tutor!—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mir. Beseech you, father!
Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.
Mir. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.
Pros. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
Mir. My affections
Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Pros. Come on; obey: [*To Fer.*
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pros. [*Aside*] It works.—Come on.—
[*To Fer.*
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.— [*To Fer.*
Hark what thou else shalt do me. [*To Ariel.*

Mir. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pros. Come, follow.—Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another part of the island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause—
So have we all—of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters(18) of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One:—tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet,—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he or Adrian,([19]) for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockerel.

Seb. Done! The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match!

Adr.([20]) Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!—So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,—

Adr. Yet,—

Ant. He could not miss 't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

Seb. As many vouched rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, being rather new dyed than stained with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage!

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fished for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and impórtun'd otherwise,
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow.(21) We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.

Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather!

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king on't, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunk for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too,—but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty,—

Seb. Yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle,—whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir?—

Alon. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.

Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible; solemn music playing.*

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.*

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you.—Wondrous heavy.

[*Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.*

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not, then, our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.
Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian,—O, what might—No more:—
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What, art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me speak?
Seb. I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou lett'st thy fortune sleep,—die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.
Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.
Seb. Well, I am standing water.
Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.
Seb. Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,

Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,—
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd,—hath here almost persuaded,—
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,—the king his son's alive,—
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,—
The man i' the moon's too slow,—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she(22) from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;
And, by that destiny, to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this?—How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples?"—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse

Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience,—

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou gott'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,

To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word.

[*They converse apart.*

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,—
For else his project dies,—to keep thee(23) living.

[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels
Preserve the king! [*They wake.*

Alon. Why, how now! ho, awake!—Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did 't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity.(24) 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!

For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away. [*Exit with the others.*

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:—
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

Enter CALIBAN *with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.—Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Enter TRINCULO.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted,

not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer,—this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore,—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch;
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me:—O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon 's with savages(25) and men of Inde, ha? I have not scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me:—O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be

but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils:—O, defend me!

Ste. Four legs and two voices,—a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague.—Come;—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me?—Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo,—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. —Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke.—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And

art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scaped!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. [*aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? How camest thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear, then, how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid.—How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee:
My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book:—I will furnish it anon with new contents:—swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! —I afeard of him!—a very weak monster:—the man i' the moon!—a most poor credulous monster!—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;
And I'll kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when 's god 's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on, then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee
To clustering filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels([26]) from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—[*To Cal.*] Here; bear my bottle.—Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!
[*Sings drunkenly.*

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trencher,([27]) nor wash dish:
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban
Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before* PROSPERO'S *cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,—
And he's compos'd of harshness! I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;
Most busy, least when I do it.(28)

Enter MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO *behind.*

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself:
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'll sit down,(29)
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,

Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pros. [*aside*] Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,—
The jewel in my dower,—I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king,—
I would not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. [*aside*] Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband, then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand!
[*Exeunt Fer. and Mir. severally.*

Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

Enter CALIBAN *with a bottle,* STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO.(30)

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em. —Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.
I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day?

Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant,—a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou:
I would my valiant master would destroy thee!
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more.—[*To Caliban*] Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,—for I know thou dar'st,
But this thing dare not,—

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this!—Thou scurvy patch!—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,

He shall drink naught but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll(31) go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie.—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee, stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there(32) thou mayst brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wesand with thy knife: remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I:—burn but his books.
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal:
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen,—save our graces!—and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys.—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure:
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason.—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em and scout 'em, and scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee.—Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches

Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would I could see this taborer! he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. [*aside to Seb.*] I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. [*aside to Ant.*] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

Ant. [*aside to Seb.*] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Seb. [*aside to Ant.*] I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange music; and PROSPERO *above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this?—My good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous sweet music!
Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens!—What were these?
Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.
Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,—(33)
For, certes, these are people of the island,—
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
Pros. [*aside*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.
Alon. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing—
Although they want the use of tongue—a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
Pros. [*aside*] Praise in departing.
Fran. They vanish'd strangely.
Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will't please you taste of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find
Each putter-out of one for five(34) will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past.—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.(35)

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, *like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device,*(36) *the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,—
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in't,—the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up you;(37) and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit,—you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. [*Alon., Seb., &c. draw their swords.*
You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember,—
For that's my business to you,—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me,
Lingering perdition—worse than any death
Can be at once—shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from,—

Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart's sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mocks and mows, and carry out the table.

Pros. [*aside*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand,—whom they suppose is drown'd,—
And his and mine lov'd darling. [*Exit above.*

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt Seb. and Ant.*

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now gins to bite the spirits.—I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before* PROSPERO'S *cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

Pros. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread(38) of mine own life,
Or that for which I live: who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift,(39) and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now,—the murkiest den,
The most oppórtune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pros. Fairly spoke.
Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own.—
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.
Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.
Ari. Presently?
Pros. Ay, with a twink.
Ari. Before you can say, "Come," and "Go,"
And breathe twice, and cry, "So, so,"
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?
Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.
Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*
Pros. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else good night your vow!
Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.
Pros. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [*Soft music.*

Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;

Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pionèd and twillèd(40) brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves,(41)
Whose shadow the dismissèd bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport:—her(42) peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth;—why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;

Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. (42) Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines with clustering bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise(44)
Makes this place Paradise.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*

Pros. Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiades, of the winding(45) brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:

Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sunburn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof PROSPERO *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pros. [*aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*To the Spirits*] Well done;—avoid,—no more.

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pros. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wreck(46) behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,

To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*

Pros. Come with a thought!—I thank thee.(47)—Ariel, come!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

Pros. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pros. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,

Re-enter ARIEL, *loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*

Even to roaring.—Come, hang them on this line.(48)

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain invisible. Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine.—Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly;—
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery.—O King Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo: by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's along,(49)

And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an 't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. "Steal by line and level" is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!
[*Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.*
Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With agèd cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar!

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before the cell of* PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *in his magic robes, and* ARIEL.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?
Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.
Pros. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers?
Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove(50) which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your(51) release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, "The good old lord, Gonzalo;"
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops(52)
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.
Pros. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they,(53) be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green-sour(54) ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms,(55) that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid—
Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Re-enter ARIEL: *after him,* ALONSO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *they all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there stand charmed; which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd(56) within thy skull! There stand,

For you are spell-stopp'd.—
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act,—
Thou art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian, flesh and blood.—([57])
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,—
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art.—Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:— [*Exit Ariel.*
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Re-enter ARIEL; *who sings while helping to attire* PROSPERO.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:

There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement,
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pros. Behold, sir king,
The wrongèd Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whêr thou beest he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave—
An if this be at all—a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?

Pros. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends all:—
[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. [*aside*] The devil speaks in him.

Pros. No.—
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault,—all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.
Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who(58) three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand.
Pros. I am woe for't, sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says it is past her cure.
Pros. I rather think
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.
Alon. You the like loss!
Pros. As great to me as late; and, súpportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.
Alon. A daughter!
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;

For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

The cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.
Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Seb. A most high miracle!
Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cause. [*Kneels to Alon.*
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
Mir. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!
Pros. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She

Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers:
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pros. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrances(59) with
A heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this.—Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessèd crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy! and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars,—in one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero, his dukedom
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves
When no man was his own.

Alon. [*to Fer. and Mir.*] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be it so! Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL, *with the* Master *and* Boatswain *amazedly following.*

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown.—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship—

Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. [*aside to Pros.*] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pros. [*aside to Ari.*] My tricksy spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches;
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her(60) trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. [*aside to Pros.*] Was't well done?

Pros. [*aside to Ari.*] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pros. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you—
Which to you shall seem probable—of every
These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—[*Aside to Ari.*] Come hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*]—How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune.—Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true.—This mis-shapen knave,—
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without[61] her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil—
For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?—
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!

Ste. O, touch me not;—I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pros. You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one, then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.(62)
[*Pointing to Caliban.*

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

Pros. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather. [*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*

Pros. Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away,—the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belov'd solémnizèd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pros. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—[*Aside to Ari.*] My Ariel,—chick,—
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw near.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,—
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

P. 3. (1) "Boats. *Here, master: what cheer?*
Mast. *Good, speak to the mariners,*" &c.

With "*Good, speak to the mariners,*" &c., compare what presently follows,—"*Gon.* Nay, *good,* be patient," and "*Gon. Good,* yet remember whom thou hast aboard." Here the modern editors (Mr. Halliwell excepted) follow the punctuation of the folio, "*Mast.* Good: Speake to th' Mariners," &c.,—forgetting that this is one of the passages in the folio where the colon is equivalent to a comma,—and making the Master reply that *the cheer* is "*good,*" while in the same breath he says that they are in danger of running aground.

P. 5. (2) "*long heath, brown furze, any thing.*"

Hanmer reads "ling, *heath,* broom, *furze, any thing.*"

P. 5. (3) "*noble creatures in her,*" &c.

The folio has "*noble* creature *in her,*" &c.

P. 6. (4) "*I have with such provision in mine art,*" &c.

Mr. Hunter (*New Illust. of Shakespeare,* i. 186) would alter "*provision*" to "prevision;" and so too Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector: but, with either reading, the sense is much the same.

P. 7. (5) "*and his only heir*
A princess,—no worse issu'd."

The folio has "And *Princesse: no worse Issued.*" (In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* act iv. sc. 1, the first and second folios have,

"For practising to steale away a Lady,
And heire," &c.;

in *Henry VIII.* act ii. sc. 4, all the folios have,

"on the debating
And Marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleance," &c.

in *King Lear,* act i. sc. 1, the quartos have "She is her selfe *and* dower;" and in our author's cxxiv[th] Sonnet the quarto has "*and* very wo,"—in all four places "and" being a mistake for "*a.*")

P. 8. (6) "*like one*
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie," &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes,—

"*Who having,* to untruth, *by telling of it,*" &c.,—

and the alteration has been much praised in various quarters, though it reduces the passage to downright nonsense; for he who *made a sinner of his memory to untruth*, could have done so only *by telling the truth*.—Here, as occasionally elsewhere, Shakespeare uses "*into*" for "unto" (instances of which might be cited from various early writers); "*it*" refers to "*lie*" in the last line; and the meaning of the whole, as Boswell observes, is—"Who having made his memory such a sinner to truth as to credit his own lie by telling of it."

P. 8. (7) "*Me, poor man, my library*
Was dukedom large enough," &c.

i.e. *For* me . . . large enough.—Compare in *Timon of Athens*, act v. sc. 1,—

"Whose thankless natures—O abhorrèd spirits!—
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough," &c.

(I notice this, because the passages have been misunderstood.)

P. 8. (8) "*the King of Naples*," &c.

Here the folio omits "*the*."—(In the preceding scene the folio has "Let's all sinke *with' King*" (i.e. "*with the king*"); and here most probably the Ms. had the same mark of elision, to which the printer did not attend.)

P. 9. (9) "*The ministers for the purpose hurried*," &c.

Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, offended by the recurrence of the word "*purpose*," alters it to "practice."

P. 9. (10) "*A rotten carcass of a boat* . . .
. . . . . *the very rats*
Instinctively have quit it," &c.

The folio has "—— *of a* Butt," &c.—The usual modern reading is "—— had *quit it*," &c.: but our old writers sometimes use "*have*" where we should use "had."

P. 11. (11) "*Jove's lightnings*," &c.

The folio has "*Ioues* Lightning," &c.

P. 11. (12) "*Seem to besiege*," &c.

Usually altered to "Seem'd *to besiege*," &c.

P. 13. (13) "*Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings*," &c.

Here "*thee*" seems to have been repeated by a mistake of the transcriber or printer.

P. 16. ([14]) "Pros."

The folio has "*Mira.*"

P. 16. ([15]) "*thou'rt best,*" &c.

Altered by the modern editors to "thou wert *best,*" &c.

P. 17. ([16]) "*Come unto these yellow sands,*
And then take hands;
Court'sied when you have and kiss'd,—
The wild waves whist,—
Foot it featly here and there," &c.

"Steevens explains the line in parentheses, as 'the wild waves being silent.' If the original punctuation be followed, we may interpret the passage thus: When you have courtsied to the wild waves, and kissed them into silence,

'Foot it featly here and there'." KNIGHT.

That Steevens is right, I have no doubt: the poet had an eye to the ceremonies (the *court'sying* and *kissing*) which were formerly observed at the commencement of certain dances.

P. 17. ([17]) "*the burden bear.*"

The folio has "beare the burthen."

P. 21. ([18]) "*The masters of some merchant,*" &c.

Qy. "*The* master *of,*" &c.? (the context seeming to require the singular here). —Steevens conjectures "*The* mistress *of,*" &c. ("mistress" being formerly spelt "maistresse" or "maistres").

P. 22. ([19])
"*Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?*"

With the present passage Mr. W. N. Lettsom compares *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act iii. sc. 2,

"Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena."—

Here the usual modern reading is "*Which of* them, *he or Adrian,*" &c.—Both here and in the passage of *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (as appears from Mr. Collier's one-volume *Shakespeare*) changes "*of*" to "or."

P. 22. ([20]) "Adr. *Though this island seem to be desert,—*
Seb. *Ha, ha, ha!—So, you're paid.*
Adr. *Uninhabitable,*" &c.

The folio has,—

"*Adr. Though this Island seeme to be desert.*
Seb. Ha, ha, ha.
Ant. *So: you'r paid.*
Adr. Vninhabitable," &c.

P. 24. ([21]) "*she'd bow.*"

So Malone.—The folio has "should *bow.*"

P. 28. ([22]) "*she from whom,*" &c.

"i.e. in coming from whom. The old copy has 'she *that* from,' &c. The compositor's eye probably glanced on a preceding line, '*she that* from Naples.' The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe." MALONE.—Mr. Halliwell retains the old reading: but it appears to me more likely that the transcriber or compositor should have made a mistake here (for "*she* that" occurs three times above) than that Shakespeare should have so expressed himself.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*she* for *whom,*" &c.

P. 30. ([23]) "*My master through his art foresees the danger*
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,—
For else his project dies,—to keep thee living."

The folio has "—— *to keepe* them *liuing.*"—As far as the phraseology is concerned, we should be warranted in reading,—"*That you, his* friends, *are in* . . *to keep* them *living;*" for similar changes of person occur in some other passages of Shakespeare (and in our old writers *passim*): but I cannot think (though Steevens thought otherwise) that Ariel, under any circumstances, would style Alonso one of Prospero's *friends,* when Prospero himself uses such terms as the following:

"*The King of Naples, being an enemy*
To me inveterate," &c. p. 9.

"*Most cruelly*
Did thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter," &c. p. 57.

Malone proposed,

"—— *and sends me forth,*
For else his projects die, *to keep* them [i.e. his projects] *living,*"—

which introduces what appears to me a rather awkward construction: besides, the plural "projects" is at variance with the language of two later passages in this play,—"Now does my *project* gather to a head," &c., p. 55, and "or else my *project* fails," p. 65.

The alteration which I have made here,—that of "them" to "*thee,*"—suggested itself, I find, to Mr. Halliwell also: but he has preferred the conjecture of Malone.

P. 30. (24) "*That's verity.*"

The folio has "*That's* verily."

P. 32. (25) "*with savages and men of Inde,*" &c.

"The folio reads—'*salvages,*' and rightly. It was the spelling and pronunciation of the time." So says worthy Isaac Reed,—who ought to have known that the folio, like other books of that date, is quite inconsistent in its spelling: e.g. earlier in the present play, p. 16, it has "when thou didst not (*Sauage*)," &c.; in *Love's Labour's lost*, act iv. sc. 3, it has "a rude and *sauage* man of Inde;" and again in the same play, act v. sc. 2, "That we (like *sauages*) may worship it." (In Shelton's *Don Quixote*, Part Sec., p. 261, ed. 1620, we find; "foure *Sauages* entred the Garden," &c., and, six lines after, "the *Saluage* replied," &c.)

P. 35. (26) "*Young scamels from the rock.*"

Here "*scamels*" has been explained as the diminutive of *scams*, and as meaning —limpets. But I have little or no doubt that it is a misprint: for who gathers YOUNG limpets? and besides, the words "*from the rock*" would seem to be equivalent to "*from the cliffs.*" Theobald substituted "*shamois,*" and also proposed "sea-malls" (or "sea-mells"), and "stannels" (or "staniels").—Of the last of these conjectures ("staniels") I was not aware, when in my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 5, I wrote as follows:—"Mr. Knight is mistaken in supposing that there is no such word as 'sea-mall.' R. Holme, after describing the *Sea-Mew*, has a separate article on 'The *Sea Mull*; the bill white, but yellow towards the tip, bending towards the point; the feet of a pale green, claws black,' &c. *Acad. of Armory*, 1688, B. ii. p. 262. But though there is undoubtedly such a word as 'sea-mall,' and though perhaps there is also such a word as 'sea-mell,' it by no means follows that '*scamels*' (*without a hyphen and with a single l*) should be a misprint for either 'sea-malls' or 'sea-mells.'

Qy. is the right reading 'staniels'? In the first place, 'staniels' comes very near the trace of the old letters,—

scamels
staniels.

Secondly, 'staniels' accords well with the context, '*from the rock;*' for the 'Kestrel, *Stannel*, or Windhover . . . is one of our most common species [of hawks], especially in the more *rocky situations and high cliffs on our coasts, where they breed.*' Montagu's *Ornith. Dict.* Thirdly, in another passage of Shakespeare, where nobody doubts that the genuine reading is '*staniel,*' all the old eds. exhibit the gross misprint, '*stallion;*'

'And with what wing the *stallion* checks at it!'
Twelfth Night, act ii. sc. 5."

(A critic in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for June 1844, p. 566, citing from an old ornithologist "Λαρος, gavia, a sea-cob, or seagell," declares that "sea-

gells" is the right word here! Again, in the same miscellany for June 1845, p. 582, he objects to the reading "staniels," because "all that Caliban promised to give Trinculo [Stephano] were things that could be *eaten*:" but did Caliban mean that his new friend should *eat* "the nimble marmoset"?)

P. 35. ([27]) "*Nor scrape trencher*," &c.

The folio has "*Nor scrape* trenchering," &c.

P. 36. ([28]) "*But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;*
Most busy, least when I do it."

The folio has "*Most busie* lest, *when I doe it;*" the second folio, "*Most busy least, when I doe it.*"—Pope reads "Least busy *when I do it;*" Theobald "*Most* busiless *when I do it;*" Holt "*Most* busiest *when I do it;*" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (very unhappily) "*Most busy*,—blest *when I do it.*"—"I am persuaded," says Heath, "the common reading is genuine, and wants no other assistance than that of a comma after the word '*busy*'."—For my own part,—I was formerly inclined to believe that Theobald's emendation had restored the very word of Shakespeare: but I now doubt if so odd a compound as "busiless" ever occurred to any body except the critic himself; and, in my uncertainty about the passage, I have given what Heath calls "the common reading," and with the punctuation which he recommends.—As to "*it*" referring to the plural "*labours*," compare (among other passages in these plays),

> "My *powers* are crescent, and my auguring hope
> Says *it* will come to the full."
>
> *Antony and Cleopatra*, act ii. sc. 1.

P. 36. ([29]) "*If you'll sit down*," &c.

See note ([26]).

P. 39. ([30])
"Enter CALIBAN with a bottle, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO."

So the folio, except that it has not "with a bottle."—Here the usual modern stage-direction is "Enter STEPHANO and TRINCULO; CALIBAN *following with a bottle.*" But see the concluding words of act ii., p. 35.

P. 41. ([31]) "*I'll go further off.*"

Altered by the editor of the second folio to "*Ile goe* no *further off*,"—wrongly, I think.

P. 41. ([32]) "*there thou mayst brain him*," &c.

In Mr. Collier's one-volume *Shakespeare* I find this changed, on the authority

of his Ms. Corrector, to "then *thou mayst brain him*," &c.,—an alteration which was long ago suggested to me by the subsequent "Wilt thou destroy him *then?*" But the old text is not to be rashly disturbed. (Our early writers use "*there*" rather loosely: so in *Romeo and Juliet*,

"Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
This afternoon;
And *there* she shall at Friar Lawrence' cell
Be shriv'd and married." Act ii. sc. 4.)

P. 44. ([33]) "*such islanders*," &c.

So the second folio.—The first folio has "such *Islands*," &c.

P. 45. ([34]) "*Each putter-out of one for five*," &c.

The folio has "—— *of* fiue *for* one," &c.,—which Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier consider as equivalent to—"Each putter out at the rate of five for one:" but the words could not bear that meaning. I adopt (with Malone and Mr. Halliwell) the emendation of Thirlby. (In a note on Jonson's *Works*, ii. 72, Gifford observes, "Thus, too, Shakespeare, 'Each putter-out of *one for five*,'—as Malone properly reads," &c.)

P. 45. ([35]) "Ālon. *I will stand to, and feed,*
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past."

"I cannot but think that this passage was intended to be in rhyme, and should be printed thus:

'I will stand to and feed; although my last,
No matter, since I feel the best is past'." MASON.

But a greater objection to such an arrangement than what would arise from breaking the συνάφεια of the blank verse at the commencement of this speech, is presented by the words with which it concludes,—

"*Brother, my lord the duke,*
Stand to, and do as we,"—

for they cannot with any propriety be reduced to a single line; and there would be no little awkwardness in cutting them up into

"*Brother,*
My lord the duke, stand to, and do as we."

Previously in this play, p. 36, we have had a speech which, though printed as blank verse, will read as a couplet,—

"*Mir.* If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile."

Nor is it improbable that Shakespeare originally intended couplets in both these passages, but afterwards changed his mind.

P. 45. (36) "and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes."

Means that the mechanist of the theatre was to do his best to make it seem that the harpy had devoured the banquet (compare what Prospero says presently,

"Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, *devouring*," &c.),

and to contrive some means for the disappearing of the table.

P. 45. (37) "*You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,—*
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in't,—the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up you; and on this island," &c.

In the fourth line, the usual modern reading is "*Hath* causèd *to belch up; and on this island*," &c.; but the old text is undoubtedly right: compare, in *The Winter's Tale*, act v. sc. 1,

"and then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, *whom*,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life,
Once more to look on *him*."

(When Mr. Collier, having rashly adopted the modern reading here, pronounced "*you*" to be "too much for the *verse*," it must have escaped him that the folio has "*caus'd*,"—not "causèd."

P. 47. (38) "*a thread of mine own life*," &c.

The folio has "*a* third *of mine own life*," &c.,—which is rather an old spelling than a mistake: in early books we occasionally find "third" for "thrid," i.e. *thread*. (The form "thrid" occurs in Dryden, and, I believe, in still more recent writers.)

P. 47. (39) "*as my gift*," &c.

The folio has "*as my* guest," &c.

P. 49. (40) "*pionèd and twillèd brims*," &c.

So the folio *literatim*.—This passage has given rise to much discussion; and a very difficult one it is.—Some critics understand "*pionèd*" in the sense of "dug, thrown up," others as equivalent to "covered with pionies (or peonies);" and

for "*twillèd*,"—which has not yet received a satisfactory explanation,—ever-busy conjecture has substituted "tulip'd," "tilled," and "lilied."

P. 49. (41) "*broom-groves*," &c.

Altered by Hanmer (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector) to "brown *groves*," &c. —"For what reason it is altered [by Hanmer] I cannot conceive. Ceres was certainly not the goddess of the woods; and those very broom groves seem to be expressly hinted at in the very words of Ceres which follow a little below, 'My bosky acres;' which very properly express a broom-brake, as it is called, at least in the western part of the island." HEATH.—"*Broom*, in this place, signifies the *Spartium scoparium*, of which brooms are frequently made. Near Gamlingay, in Cambridgeshire, it grows high enough to conceal the tallest cattle as they pass through it; and in places where it is cultivated, still higher: a circumstance that had escaped my notice, till I was told of it by Professor Martyn." STEEVENS.—"In the old Scotch song of 'My daddy is a canker'd carle,' the songstress places her lover in a broom-grove;

'But let them say, or let them do,
'Tis a' ane to me;
For he's low down, he's in the broom,
Is waiting for me'." MASON.

P. 49. (42) "*her peacocks*," &c.

The folio has "here *Peacocks*," &c. (and, just above, the stage-direction "*Iuno descends*").

P. 50. (43) "Cer. *Earth's increase, foison plenty*," &c.

Here the prefix "*Cer.*" was added by Theobald.—The editor of the second folio, to remedy what he thought a defect in the metre, inserted "and" before "*foison*."

P. 50. (44) "*So rare a wonder'd father and a wise*
Makes this place Paradise."

Has been altered to

"*So rare a wonder'd father and a* wife
Make *this place Paradise*."

P. 50. (45) "*winding brooks*," &c.

The folio has "windring *brooks*," &c.

P. 51. (46) "*Leave not a wreck behind*."

The folio has "*Leaue not a* racke *behinde*."—On this celebrated passage I

made the following remarks in a little work published some years ago: "I believe that Malone's objection to the reading, '*a rack*,' is unanswerable. 'No instance,' he observes, 'has yet been produced where *rack* is used to signify *a single small fleeting cloud*;' in other words,—though our early writers very frequently make mention of '*the* rack,' they never say '*a* rack.' Malone adds, 'I incline to think that *rack* is a mis-spelling for *wrack*, i.e. wreck:'—and I now am thoroughly convinced that such is the case. In authors of the age of Elizabeth and James I have repeatedly met with *rack* put for *wrack* [e.g. in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Little French Lawyer*, act ii. sc. 3, the old eds. have

> 'That tongue that tells faire tales to mens destructions
> Shall neuer *rack* [i.e. *wrack*=wreck] me more."

In Fletcher's *Woman's Prize*, act ii. sc. 3, they have

> "And if he can cure such a *rack* [i.e. *wrack*=wreck] of honour," &c.

In Fletcher's *Wife for a Month*, act v. sc. 2,

> "You may snatch him vp by parcels, like a Sea *Rack* [i.e. sea-*wrack*=sea-wreck]," &c.];

and in all the early editions of Milton's *Paradise Lost* which I possess,—viz. the first, 1667, the second, 1674, the third, 1678, the fourth, 1688, and the eighth, 1707,—I find,

> 'Now dreadful deeds
> Might have ensued, nor only Paradise
> In this commotion, but the starry cope
> Of heaven perhaps, or all the elements
> At least had gone to *rack* [i.e. *wrack*=wreck]' &c.
> B. iv. 990.
>
> 'A world devote to universal *rack* [i.e. *wrack*=wreck].'
> B. xi. 821."
>
> *A Few Notes*, &c. p. 13.

Since the publication of the volume just quoted, Dr. Richardson has favoured me with a letter containing an elaborate defence of "*Leave not a* rack *behind*:" but his arguments have only strengthened my conviction that it is wrong. A portion of his pleading in favour of "rack" runs thus: "Prospero the magician has presented a vision of baseless fabric, and the actors and agencies of it are *melted into thin air*; and he pronounces—that *like this* baseless fabric, *the* fabric of the great globe itself shall *dissolve*, that is, *melt*; and, like this faded or *evanished* unsubstantial pageant, shall by this *dissolution* (not destruction or disruption) leave not (the only possible relict of such visionary unsubstantial pageant) a *rack* behind. All *likeness* would be lost by the substitution of *wreck*,—a mass of solid ruins." Now, I cannot but think that in the above minute analysis of the simile Dr. Richardson shows himself over-subtle. Shakespeare, I believe, meant nothing more than this: "as the unsubstantial pageant had wholly vanished, so the great substantial globe itself should pass away without leaving a single fragment behind."

P. 52. (47) "*I thank thee.*"

"These thanks," says Steevens, "being in reply to the joint wish of Ferdinand and Miranda, I have substituted 'you' for 'thee,' by the advice of Mr. Ritson." It is certain, however, that formerly "*thee*" was sometimes used when more persons than one were addressed: so again our author in *The Sec. Part of Henry IV.* act ii. sc. 3,

> "I pray *thee*, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
> Give even way unto my rough affairs," &c.

P. 52. (48) "*them on this line.*"

The folio has "on them *this line.*"

P. 53. (49) "*Let's along,*" &c.

So Theobald.—The folio has "*Let's* alone," &c.

P. 55. (50) "*the line-grove,*" &c.

Is usually altered to "*the* lime-*grove,*" &c.—(Mr. Hunter,—*Disq. on Shakespeare's Tempest*, p. 59, cites from Cole, "line-tree, *tilia,*" &c.)

P. 55. (51) "*till your release.*"

The editor of the third folio printed "*till* you *release.*" But compare, in the same page, "Though with *their* high *wrongs* I am struck to the quick," &c.; and *King Lear*, act iv. sc. 3,

> "'twas he inform'd against him;
> And quit the house on purpose, that *their punishment*
> Might have the freer course."

P. 55. (52) "*like winter drops,*" &c.

So the fourth folio.—The earlier folios have "*like* winters *drops,*" &c.

P. 55. (53) "*that relish all as sharply*
Passion as they," &c.

So these words are pointed in the third folio, and rightly.—The earlier folios have, in opposition to the sense, a comma after "*sharply.*"

P. 56. (54) "*the green-sour ringlets,*" &c.

Douce (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector) would read "*the green*-sward *ringlets,*" &c. But that the compound epithet "*green-sour*" is exactly in Shakespeare's manner, I agree with Mr. Halliwell, who compares "The *white-cold* virgin snow," &c., in p. 48.

P. 56. ([55]) "*mushrooms*," &c.

So the third folio ("*Mushromes*," &c.).—The earlier folios have "*Mushrumps*," &c.

P. 56. ([56]) "*boil'd within*," &c.

The folio has "boile *within*," &c.

P. 57. ([57])

"*Thou art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian, flesh and blood.—*
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,—" &c.

The folio has,

"*Thou art pinch'd for't now Sebastian. Flesh, and bloud,*
You, brother mine, that entertaine *ambition,*
Expell'd remorse, and nature, whom, *with Sebastian,*" &c.

The alteration in the pointing of the first line was made by Theobald: and I would particularly refer the reader to note ([61]) on *Troilus and Cressida.* (Here "*flesh and blood*" means, of course, the whole man: which I notice, because Capell calls this change of punctuation an absurdity, and asks "what is *pinching in blood?*" *Notes*, &c. vol. ii. P. iv. p. 70.)—In the second line "entertaine" was corrected to "*entertain'd*" by the editor of the second folio. —In the third line I have not ventured to retain the original reading (that of all the folios),—"*whom*, with Sebastian," &c.,—though so perhaps Shakespeare wrote; for he, like his contemporaries, frequently uses the relatives *who* and *whom* incorrectly. (Earlier, indeed, in this play, I have given, with the old copy,—

"*who* to advance, and *who*
To trash for over-topping." p. 7.

and

"Young Ferdinand,—*whom* they suppose is drown'd,—" p. 46.

but these are less startling improprieties.) Again, in a subsequent passage (p. 59), where the folio has—

"How thou hast met vs heere, *whom* three howres since
Were wrackt vpon this shore,"

I have altered, with the editor of the second folio, "*whom*" to "who."—Let me add—that I should not have said so much about what is comparatively trifling, had I not found that, in printing "*who*, with Sebastian" and "*who* three hours since," I am opposed to so skilful a verbal critic as Mr. Halliwell.

P. 59. ([58]) "*who three hours since*," &c.

See the preceding note.

P. 61. (59) "*Let us not burden our remembrances with*
A heaviness that's gone.
Gon. *I have inly wept,*" &c.

I have little doubt that here Pope was right in altering "*remembrances*" to "remembrance;" nor do I believe (with Malone and Boswell) that the author's arrangement was,

"Let us not burden our remembrances
With a heaviness that's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept," &c.

P. 62. (60) "*her trim,*" &c.

The folio has "our *trim,*" &c.

P. 63. (61) "*without her power.*"

Would seem to be rightly explained by Malone,—"without being empowered by her so to do." (Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "with all *her power.*")

P. 64. (62) "*This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.*"

Has been altered to "*This is* as *strange* a *thing,*" &c.,—which at least is in accordance with the phraseology of an earlier passage, p. 62, "*This is as strange a* maze *as e'er* men trod," &c. (Here Mr. Knight prints "*This is* as *strange thing,*" &c., and, by an oversight, calls it the reading of the original.)

THE

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Milan.
ANTONIO.
PROTEUS, his son.
VALENTINE.
THURIO.
EGLAMOUR.
SPEED, servant to Valentine.
LAUNCE, servant to Proteus.
PANTHINO, servant to Antonio.
Host.
Outlaws.

SILVIA, daughter to the Duke.
JULIA.
LUCETTA, her waiting-woman.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE—*In Verona; in Milan; and on the frontiers of Mantua.*

THE

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Verona. An open place in the city.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Were't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply see'st
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success?

Pro. Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for[1] you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots! nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquishèd.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yokèd by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu! my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell. [*Exit.*

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave(2) myself, my friends, and all, for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me,—
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at naught;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd, then, and I a(3) sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why, then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry "baa."

Pro. But, dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are a-stray: 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound,—a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she? [*Speed nods.*] Did she nod ?(4)

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I; why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, I.

Pro. And that set together is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word "noddy" for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. [*Giving him money.*] What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your(5) mind. Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as "Take this for thy pains." To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned me; in

requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore. [*Exit Speed.*
I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. The garden of* JULIA'S *house.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou, then, counsel me to fall in love?
Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.
Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?
Luc. Please you repeat their names, I'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.
Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?
Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat, and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.
Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?
Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so so.
Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?
Luc. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!
Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?
Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,(6)
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.
Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.
Jul. Your reason?
Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.
Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.
Jul. Why, he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.
Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.
Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.
Luc. Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.
Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.
Luc. O, they love least that let men know their love.
Jul. I would I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruse this paper, madam. [*Gives a letter.*
Jul. [*reads*] "*To Julia.*"—Say, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will show.
Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?
Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.
He would have given it you; but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper: see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.
Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.
Jul. Will ye be gone?
Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*
Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter:
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool(7) is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say "No" to that
Which they would have the profferer construe "Ay."
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past.—
What, ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?
Jul. Is it near dinner-time?
Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
Jul. What is't that you took up so gingerly?
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didst thou stoop, then?
Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.(8)
Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible.
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love.*
Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
Jul. Heavy! belike it hath some burden, then?
Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.
Jul. And why not you?
Luc. I cannot reach so high.
Jul. Let's see your song. [*Taking the letter.*] How now, minion!
Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me:—
Here is a coil with protestation!— [*Tears the letter.*
Go get you gone, and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ—"kind Julia:"—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ—"love-wounded Proteus:"—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice or thrice was "Proteus" written down:—
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear
Unto a raggèd, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!—
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
"Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia":—that I'll tear away;—
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.
Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.
Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come; will't please you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in* ANTONIO'S *house.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pan. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some to discover islands far away;
Some to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus your son was meet;
And did request me to impórtune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much impórtune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,

Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And,—in good time:—now will we break with him.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now! what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,

And daily gracèd by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?
Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.
Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.
Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition. [*Exeunt Ant. and Pan.*
Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is,—my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers, No. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Milan. A room in the* Duke's *palace.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Speed [*picking up a glove*]. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but one.

Val. Ha, let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:—
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah, Silvia, Silvia!

Speed [*calling*]. Madam Silvia, Madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah!

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir: tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms, like a malcontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed(9) with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without ye.

Val. Without me! they cannot.

Speed. Without you! nay, that's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favoured, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair as (of you) well favoured.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then, you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set; so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them.—Peace! here she comes.

Speed [*aside*]. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Enter SILVIA.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed [*aside*]. O, give ye good even! here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed [*aside*]. He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship. [*Gives a letter.*

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it;—and yet I care not;—

And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed [*aside*]. And yet you will; and yet another yet.

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them. [*Gives back the letter.*

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over:
And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam! what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour:
And so, good morrow, servant. [*Exit.*

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir! what are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.

All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.—Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Verona. The garden of* JULIA'S *house.*

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
[*Gives him a ring.*

Pro. Why, then, we'll make exchange; here, take you this. [*Gives her another.*

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;

The tide is now:—nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should:
Julia, farewell! [*Exit Julia.*
What, gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.
Pro. Go; I come, I come:—
Alas, this parting strikes poor lovers dumb! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

Enter LAUNCE, *leading a dog.*

Launce. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither;—yes, it is so, it is so,—it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog;—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; "Father, your blessing!" now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now

come I to my mother;—O, that she could speak now like a wood woman! (10);—well, I kiss her;—why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister: mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word: but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard! thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass! you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Launce. Why, he that's tied here,—Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood: and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Launce. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail!

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! (11) Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Launce. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Milan. A room in the* Duke's *palace.*

Enter SILVIA, VALENTINE, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

Sil. Servant,—

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress, then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knocked him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How!

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Tha. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers,—for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more:—here comes my father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.—
Sir Valentine, your father 's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth,(12) and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I know(13) him as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word,—for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,—
He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time awhile:
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him, then, according to his worth;
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio:—
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it:
I will send him hither to you presently. [*Exit.*

Val. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd them,
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then, he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say that Love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object Love can wink.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Enter PROTEUS.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthless.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.(14)

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Servant.*
Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me.—Once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[*Exeunt Silvia and Thurio.*

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning Love,
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthrallèd eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his service no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her: if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my mistress.
Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.
Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.
Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?
Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.
Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.
Pro. But she loves you?
Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd: nay, more, our marriage-hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted and greed on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.
Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:

I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will. [*Exeunt Valentine and Speed.*

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it her mien, or Valentinus' praise,(15)
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She is fair; and so is Julia, that I love,—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont:
O, but I love his lady too-too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her!
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled(16) my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *The same. A street.*

Enter SPEED *and* LAUNCE *severally.*

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.(17)

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, "Welcome."

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How, then? shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

Launce. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou sayest?

Launce. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is, then, that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how sayest thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the alehouse, so; ([18])

if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. A room in the* Duke's *palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury:
Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear:
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun:
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolvèd will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,—
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself;
And Silvia—witness Heaven, that made her fair!—
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.
I will forget that Julia is alive,

Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery us'd to Valentine.
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor:
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine,
For Thurio he intends shall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Verona. A room in* JULIA'S *house.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;
And, even in kind love, I do cónjure thee,—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly charácter'd and engrav'd,—
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long!

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pinèd in,
By longing for that food so long a time.

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns:
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hinderèd,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild[19] ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessèd soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well as—"Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Milan. An ante-room in the* Duke's *palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about. [*Exit Thurio.*
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply when they have judg'd me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,—
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,—
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,

Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aimèd at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming. [*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenour of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then, no matter; stay with me awhile;
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,

Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady in Milano[20] here
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And naught esteems my agèd eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,—
For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd,—
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometime scorns what best contents[21] her:
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why[22] the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For "get you gone," she doth not mean "away!"
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why, then, I would resort to her by night.
Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.
Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?
Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.
Val. Why, then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.
Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.
Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.
Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.
Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.
Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone:
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?
Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.
Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?
Val. Ay, my good lord.
Duke. Then let me see thy cloak:
I'll get me one of such another length.
Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.
Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same? What's here?—"*To Silvia*"!
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*

"My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying!
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them impórtune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:

I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should be."

What's here?

"Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee:"

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaëton,—for thou art Merops' son,—
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. [*Exit.*

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self,—a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:

Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Launce. So-ho, so-ho!

Pro. What see'st thou?

Launce. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Launce. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?

Launce. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Launce. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear.—Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news?

Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.

Pro. That thou art banishèd—O, that's the news!—
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banishèd?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom—

Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force—
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them
As if but now they waxèd pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou see'st my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out.—Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia!—Hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt Valentine and Proteus.*

Launce. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love; yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milkmaid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare Christian. [*Pulling out a paper.*] Here is the cate-log of her conditions. [*Reads*] "Imprimis, She can fetch and carry." Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. "Item, She can milk;" look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce! what news with your mastership?

Launce. With my master's ship?(23) why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou heardest.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest; I can.

Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Launce. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

Launce. There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed [*reads*]. "Imprimis,(24) She can milk."

Launce. Ay, that she can.

Speed. "Item, She brews good ale."

Launce. And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. "Item, She can sew."

Launce. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. "Item, She can knit."

Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed. "Item, She can wash and scour."

Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. "Item, She can spin."

Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. "Item, She hath many nameless virtues."

Launce. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. "Here follow her vices."

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. "Item, She is not to be kissed fasting,(25) in respect of her breath."

Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. "Item, She hath a sweet mouth."

Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. "Item, She doth talk in her sleep."

Launce. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. "Item, She is slow in words."

Launce. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. "Item, She is proud."

Launce. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. "Item, She hath no teeth."

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. "Item, She is curst."

Launce. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. "Item, She will often praise her liquor."

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. "Item, She is too liberal."

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. "Item, She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."

Launce. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. "Item, She hath more hair than wit,"—

Launce. More hair than wit,—it may be: I'll prove it. The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. "And more faults than hairs,"—

Launce. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. "And more wealth than faults."

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me!

Launce. For thee! ay; who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Launce. Now will he be swinged for reading my letter,—an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. A room in the* Duke's *palace.*

Enter DUKE *and* THURIO.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.
Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.
Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenchèd in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

Enter PROTEUS.

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?
Pro. Gone, my good lord.
Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.
Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.
Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee—
For thou hast shown some sign of good desert—
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace
Let me not live to look upon your grace.
Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.
Pro. I do, my lord.
Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.
Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.
Duke. Ay, and perversely she persévers so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?
Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent,—
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.
Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.
Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.
Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.
Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me;
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.
Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.
Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:—
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composèd rhymes
Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.
Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.
Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty

You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet consort; to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump: the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music:
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The frontiers of Mantua. A forest.*

Enter certain Outlaws.

First Out. Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

Sec. Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Third Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye:
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone; these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,—

First Out. That's not so, sir,—we are your enemies.

Sec. Out. Peace! we'll hear him.

Third Out. Ay, by my beard, will we, for he's a proper man.

Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am cross'd with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

Sec. Out. Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

First Out. Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

Third Out. Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have stay'd,
If crookèd fortune had not thwarted me.

First Out. What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

Sec. Out. For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.

First Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

Sec. Out. Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.[26]

Third Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!

First Out. We'll have him:—sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them;
It is an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!

Sec. Out. Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

Third Out. Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banishèd
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near(27) allied unto the duke.

Sec. Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

First Out. And I for such-like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;
And partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want,—

Sec. Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

Third Out. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.

First Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

Sec. Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women or poor passengers.

Third Out. No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our cave, (28)
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Milan. The court of the* Duke's *palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer:
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO *and* Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus! are you crept before us?
Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.
Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
Thu. Who? Silvia?
Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.
Thu. I thank you for your own.—Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter, at a distance, Host, *and* JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

Host. Now, my young guest,—methinks you're allicholy:
I pray you, why is it?
Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.
Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you asked for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays.*

Host. Hark, hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but, peace! let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair,—
For beauty lives with kindness?
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit,—when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.
But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me,—he loved her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside: the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead,
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Thurio and Musicians.*

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.
Who is that that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,—
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seducèd by thy flattery,
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And by and by intend to chide myself
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;

But she is dead.

Jul. [*aside*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not burièd.

Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd: and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his[29] grave
Assure thyself my love is burièd.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence;
Or, at the least, in hers sepúlchre thine.

Jul. [*aside*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*aside*] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir;
But since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'ernight
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt Proteus, and Silvia above.*

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind:
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

SILVIA *re-appears above, at her window.*

Sil. Who calls?
Egl. Your servant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.
Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.
Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.
Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,—
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,—
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd:
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.(30)
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief,—a lady's grief,—
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,

To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;([31])
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship.
Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt Eglamour, and Silvia above.*

Enter LAUNCE, *with his Dog.*

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg: O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't; sure as I live, he had suffered for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark!) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. "Out with the dog," says one; "What cur is that?" says another; "Whip him out," says the third; "Hang him up," says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell

before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: "Friend," quoth I, "you mean to whip the dog?" "Ay, marry, do I," quoth he. "You do him the more wrong," quoth I; "'twas I did the thing you wot of." He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't.—Thou thinkest not of this now! Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Re-enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please: I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.—[*To Launce*] How now, you whoreson peasant!
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Launce. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this(32) from me?

Launce. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys(33) in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own,—who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say! stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that still an end turns me to shame! [*Exit Launce.*
Sebastian, I have entertainèd thee,
Partly that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout;
But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which—if my augury deceive me not—
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thee, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam Silvia:
She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you lov'd not her, to[34] leave her token.
She is dead, belike?

Pro. Not so; I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot choose
But pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because methinks that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter:—that's her chamber:—tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary. [*Exit.*

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs:—
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him,
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good will:
And now am I—unhappy messenger—
To plead for that which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refus'd;
To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.
I am my master's true confirmèd love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA *below, attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.
Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?
Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.
Sil. O,—he sends you for a picture?
Jul. Ay, madam.
Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.—
[*The picture is brought.*
Go give your master this: tell him, from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.
Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter:—
[*Gives a letter.*
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship. [*Gives another.*
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold.— [*Gives back the first letter.*
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper. [*Tears the second letter.*
Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure.
Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times.

Sil. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

Jul. I think she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature: for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown;
Which servèd me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part;
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, movèd therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,

If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth:—
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—
I weep myself to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse: I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell.

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.
[*Exit Silvia with Attendants.*

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful!
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass; and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd!
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee! [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Milan. An abbey.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Lady, a happy evening!
Sil. Amen, amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall:
I fear I am attended by some spies.
Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A room in the* Duke's *palace.*

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
Thu. What, that my leg is too long?
Pro. No; that it is too little.
Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.
Jul.(35) [*aside*] But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.
Thu. What says she to my face?
Pro. She says it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay, then, the wanton lies; my face is black.
Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul.(36) [*aside*] 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them.
Thu. How likes she my discourse?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?
Jul. [*aside*] But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.
Thu. What says she to my valour?
Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.
Jul. [*aside*] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.
Thu. What says she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd.
Jul. [*aside*] True; from a gentleman to a fool.
Thu. Considers she my possessions?
Pro. O, ay; and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. [*aside*] That such an ass should owe them.
Pro. That they are out by lease.
Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!
Which of you saw Sir(37) Eglamour of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why, then, she's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well; and guess'd that it was she,
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot

That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled:
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
I'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her. [*Exit.*

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The frontiers of Mantua. The forest.*

Enter Outlaws *with* SILVIA.

First Out. Come, come;
Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

Sec. Out. Come, bring her away.

First Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

Third Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
But Moses(38) and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is beset, he cannot scape.

[*Exeunt all except the First Outlaw and Silvia.*

First Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods(39)

I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!
[*Noise within.*
What halloing and what stir is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase:(40)
They love me well; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.—
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here? [*Retires.*

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,—
Though you respect not aught your servant doth,—
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forc'd your honour and your love:
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.
Val. [*aside*] How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.
Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.
Jul. [*aside*] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.
Sil. Had I been seizèd by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;

And full as much—for more there cannot be—
I do detest false perjur'd Proteus!
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd!

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two,
And that's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—force ye.

Sil. O heaven!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. [*coming forward*] Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,—
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,—
For such is a friend now; treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; naught but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted,(41) when one's right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst,(42)

'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest:—
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeas'd:—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.(43)

Jul. O me unhappy! [*Faints.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what's the matter?
Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me
To deliver a ring to Madam Silvia;
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis; this is it. [*Gives a ring.*

Pro. How! let me see:—
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [*Shows another ring.*

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring?
At my depart I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou asham'd that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment,—if shame live
In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,

Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true. O Heaven, were man
But constant, he were perfect! that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins:
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be bless'd to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, *with* Duke *and* THURIO.

Outlaws. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say! it is my lord the duke.—(44)
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banishèd Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milano(45) shall not hold thee. Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love:
Know, then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—

Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformèd, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them and thee:
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.—
Come, let us go: we will include([16]) all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord,—more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortunèd.—
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discoverèd:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness. [*Exeunt.*

P. 84. (1) "*For he was more than over shoes in love.*
Val. '*Tis true; for you are over boots in love,*
And yet you never swam the Hellespont."

When Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substituted "'*Tis true;* but *you are over boots in love,*" &c., he did not understand the meaning of the old text (viz. "Yes, it is certainly true; for you are not merely, as he was, over shoes in love, but even over boots in love, and yet," &c.); nor did he perceive that "*for you are*" was intended to correspond to the preceding "*For he was.*"

P. 85. (2) "*I leave myself,*" &c.

The folio has "*I* loue *my selfe,*" &c.

P. 85. (3) "*I a sheep.*"

The "*a*" was added in the second folio.

P. 86. (4)
"Pro. *But what said she?* [Speed nods.] *Did she nod?*
Speed. *I.*"

So Theobald, except that he placed the stage-direction "*Speed nods*" after "*Did she nod?*"—The folio has merely,

"*Pro.* But what said she?
Speed. I,"—

some words having unquestionably dropt out.

P. 86. (5) "*and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind.*"

The second folio has "—— *to you in telling* her *minde;*" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "—— *to me that brought* to her *your mind* —— *in telling* you her *mind.*"—I agree with Malone that the original reading "is certainly right. The meaning is—She being so hard to me who was the *bearer* of your mind, I fear she will prove no less so to you in the act of *telling* your mind, i.e. when you address her *in person.* The opposition is between *brought* and *telling.*"

P. 87. (6) "*That I, unworthy body as I am,*
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.
Jul. *Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, for the sake of an exact rhyme, gives,

"*That I, unworthy body, as I* can,
Should censure thus a loving gentleman."

but who can read the passage without seeing that here Shakespeare *must* have written "*as I am*"? (So in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act ii. sc. 1,

"only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you;"

and in the present play, p. 112,

"But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, *undeserving as I am*," &c.).—

Again, the old text, "censure thus *on*" is strongly supported by the rejoinder of Julia, "Why not *on* Proteus," &c.—As to the imperfect rhyme, vide note (21).

P. 88. (7) "*What fool is she, that*," &c.

In most of the modern editions an interrogation-point is put after this sentence,—wrongly: for "*What fool is she*" is equivalent to "*What* a *fool is she*" (as indeed the folio shows by having "*What' foole*," &c.). Several other examples of this phraseology occur in Shakespeare.

P. 89. (8) "*your ladyship can set.*"

The folio has no point after "*set*:" but this speech of Lucetta is complete, though Julia is pleased to continue it, playing on the word "*set.*"

P. 94. (9) "*you are metamorphosed*," &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "*you are* so *metamorphosed*," &c.; an addition which Mr. Collier thinks absolutely necessary. Nevertheless, our old writers frequently omit the "so" in sentences of this kind.

P. 100. (10) "*O, that she could speak now like a wood woman!*"

The folio has "—— *a* would-*woman.*"—Theobald made the correction "*wood*," *i.e.* frantic (with grief). As to "*she*,"—Mason well observes, that Launce "uses the feminine pronoun in speaking of the shoe, because it is supposed to represent a woman."

P. 100. (11) "*Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied!*"

There is probably some corruption in this passage: it has been variously altered; but none of the alterations are satisfactory.

P. 102. (12) "*I know the gentleman*
To be of worth, and worthy estimation," &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*To be of* wealth, *and worthy estima-*

tion," &c. But, in the first place, the repetition "*worth*"—"*worthy*" is quite in Shakespeare's manner. Secondly, as far as concerns the sense, the alteration of "*worth*" to "wealth" is altogether unnecessary; for "*worth*" (whatever be its meaning in the present passage) is often used by our early writers as equivalent to "substance, wealth:" compare,

> "They are but beggars that can count their *worth;*
> But my true love is grown to such excess,
> I cannot sum up half my sum of *wealth.*"
>
> *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 6.

"'This is the life of the Prigger, who trauailes vp and downe the whole kingdome vpon his geldings of 20 and 40 pound price, and is taken for *a man of* good *worth* by his outward shew," &c. Dekker's *Belman of London*, sig. G 2, ed. 1608.

P. 102. ([13]) "Duke. *You know him well?*
Val. *I know him as myself*," &c.

The folio has "*Val. I* knew *him as my selfe*," &c.,—a stark error. (Just above we have,

> "*Duke. Know* ye Don Antonio, your countryman?
> *Val.* Ay, my good lord, I *know* the gentleman," &c.)

P. 103. ([14]) "Pro. *That you are worthless.*

Enter a *Servant.*

Serv. *Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.*"

The folio has,

> "*Pro. That you are worthlesse.*
> Thur. *Madam, my Lord your father would speak with you.*"

which is given by Mr. Collier and by Mr. Halliwell,—they having sent Thurio out immediately on the entrance of Proteus, and made him "*re-enter*" here: but Thurio, after what the Duke, in the presence of Silvia, had said to him about welcoming Proteus, would hardly run off the moment Proteus appeared. —Mr. Knight also adheres to the folio, and without having previously marked the *exit* of Thurio, who, he says, may now "be supposed to step to the door and receive a message,"—which is contrary to all stage-practice, ancient or modern.—That Theobald was right in assigning to *a Servant* "Madam, my lord your father would speak with you," is proved by the immediately following speech of Silvia,

> "I wait upon his pleasure. Come, Sir Thurio,
> Go with me."

for the words, "I wait upon his pleasure," are evidently *not* spoken to Thurio. (Let me add, that the folio erroneously prefixes "*Thu.*" to the speech of Julia, p. 139, "'Tis true, such pearls," &c.)—As to the "exit" of Speed in this scene,—Malone, Mr. Collier, and Mr. Knight, make him accompany

Silvia and Thurio, *when they go out to the Duke!* and Mr. Halliwell sends him off earlier,—with Thurio, on the entrance of Proteus. But surely nothing can be plainer than that *Speed* does not leave the stage till the departure of *his master, Valentine* (p. 106).

P. 106. ([15]) "*Is it her mien, or Valentinus' praise,*" &c.

The folio has,

"It is mine, *or* Valentines *praise?*" &c.

which the editor of the second folio altered to

"*Is it* mine then, *or* Valentineans *praise?*" &c.—

Warburton reads,

"*Is it* mine eye, *or* Valentino's *praise,*" &c.

Hanmer,

"*Is it* mine eyne, *or* Valentino's *praise,*" &c.

Capell,

"*Is it* mine own, *or* Valentino's *praise,*" &c.—

I have adopted Blakeway's conjecture,—not in perfect confidence that it is the true lection, but because it agrees better with the next line than the other emendations do; and let us remember that in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act i. sc. 3, the folio has, "the reuolt of *mine* [i.e. mien] is dangerous."—The form "*Valentinus*" has occurred already, p. 93.

P. 106. ([16]) "*And that hath dazzled my reason's light,*" &c.

To show that "*dazzled*" is used here as a trisyllable, Malone aptly cites from Drayton,

"A diadem once *dazeling* the eye,
The day too darke to see affinitie," &c.
[*Lady Jane Gray to Gilford Dudley,—England's Her. Epistles*, p. 241, ed. 1619.]

P. 106. ([17]) "*to Milan.*"

The folio has "*to* Padua."

P. 107. ([18])
"*If thou wilt go with me to the alehouse, so; if not,*" &c.

The folio omits "*so,*" which was properly added by the editor of the second folio.

P. 110. ([19]) "*the wild ocean.*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*the* wide *ocean.*"

P. 114. ([20]) "*There is a lady in Milano here,*" &c.

The folio has "*There is a Lady in* Verona *heere,*" &c.; which Pope altered to "*There is a lady,* sir, *in* Milan *here,*" &c., observing that "the scene apparently is in Milan, as is clear from several passages in the first act, and in the beginning of the first scene of the fourth act. A like mistake has crept into the fifth scene of act ii. [p. 106], where Speed bids his fellow-servant Launce welcome to *Padua:*"—and Pope's reading has been usually adopted.—Mr. Halliwell prints "*There is a lady* of *Verona here,*" &c., by which we are to understand "There is a lady *belonging to Verona* who is now *in Milan,*" &c.—Some alteration being absolutely necessary, I have adopted, as far preferable to any other, that of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector. Nothing was more common than for poets to use different forms of the same name, as the metre might require. So, at p. 93 of this play, *Valentine* is called "Valentinus:" and in our author's *Comedy of Errors*, act v. sc. 1, we have both

"I ne'er saw *Syracusa* in my life,"

and,

"No, sir, not I; I came from *Syracuse.*"

So too Drayton, in the epistle *From Henry Howard to the Lady Geraldine*, has,

"Which on the banke of goodly *Thames* doth stand,"

and, further on,

"As goodly flowers on *Thamesis* doe grow."
England's Her. Epistles, p. 228-9, ed. 1619.

I may add, that Italian names, whether of persons or places, were quite as familiar to Englishmen in Shakespeare's time as they are at present:—indeed I believe I might say that the Italian language was then much more generally known among us than it is now-a-days.

P. 114. ([21])

"Duke. *But she did scorn a present that I sent her.*
Val. *A woman sometime scorns what best contents her,*" &c.

For the sake of a closer rhyme, Mason would read "—— *what best* content *her,*" &c., i.e. "those gifts which best content her," &c. But I agree with Malone that, considering "the laxity of ancient rhymes," the original text ought to stand.—See note ([6]).

P. 114. ([22]) "*For why,*" &c.

See note on *The Comedy of Errors*, act iii. sc. 2.

P. 119. ([23]) "*With my master's ship?*"

The folio has "*With my* Mastership?"

P. 119. ([24]) "Speed. [reads] '*Imprimis, She can milk.*'
Launce. *Ay, that she can.*"

Farmer would omit this, because "Launce clearly directs Speed to go on with the paper where he himself left off. See his preceding soliloquy." On which Malone remarks; "Shakespeare, we know, in repeating a letter already recited from a paper sometimes varies the words, in spite of the adage, *litera scripta manet;* and therefore, I am confident, took no care that Speed should begin where Launce left off."—Mr. Halliwell prints, "*Speed.* 'Item, *She can milk*'."

P. 120. ([25])
"*Item, She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.*"

Here the word "*fasting*" was supplied by Rowe; and since the commentators have not brought forward any passages from early authors to show that he was undoubtedly right in making that addition to the text, I subjoin one of the half-dozen which I could adduce:—in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, act ii. sc. 1, Bosola says to the Old Lady, "I would sooner eat a dead pigeon taken from the soles of the feet of one sick of the plague, than *kiss one of you fasting.*" (In an earlier part of this play *more than a single word* has dropt out from the folio: see note ([4]).)

P. 125. ([26]) "*Or else I often had been miserable.*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*Or else I often had beene* often *miserable.*"

P. 126. ([27]) "*An heir, and near allied unto the duke.*"

The folio has "And *heire and* Neece, *alide,*" &c.—In the third folio the line was partially amended,—"*An heir, and* Neice *allide,*" &c.—Theobald altered "Neece" to "*near.*"

P. 126. ([28]) "*Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our cave,*
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose."

The folio has "—— *we'll bring thee to our* Crewes," &c.—I adopt the alteration of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, which I feel confident is the right word, whatever be the number of Outlaws now on the stage:—"we'll bring thee to our *cave*, and show thee all the *treasure* which we have *there* laid up." And compare, p. 140,

"Come, I must *bring you to our captain's cave.*"

P. 130. ([29]) "*in his grave,*" &c.

The folio has "*in* her *grave,*" &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 131. (30) "*Thou art not ignorant what dear good will*
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors."

The folio has "—— *my very soul* abhor'd;" which has been retained by Malone and his successors, though Hanmer had made the obvious correction.

P. 132. (31) "Egl. *Madam, I pity much your grievances;*
Which since," &c.

"*Grievances*, i.e. sorrows,—sorrowful affections." JOHNSON.—Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector inserts a line;

"*Egl.* Madam, I pity much your grievances,
And the most true affections that you bear;
Which since," &c.

P. 133. (32) "*What, didst thou offer her this from me?*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads, "—— *this* cur *from me?*"

P. 133. (33) "*by the hangman boys,*" &c.

i.e. by the rascal boys, &c. (on "*hangman,*" as a term of reproach, see my *Few Notes*, &c. p. 44).—The folio,—which is frequently faulty in adding *s* to words,—has "*By the* Hangmans *boyes,*" &c.—The editor of the second folio, striking out the *s* from the wrong word, printed "*By the* hangmans boy," &c. —Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "*by* a *hangman* boy," &c. (In the next play, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, the folio has, act i. sc. 3, "I will be Cheater*s* to them both," &c.; and, act ii. sc. 1, "the hundred Psalm*s* to the tune of Green-sleeues.")

P. 134. (34) "—— *her, to leave her token.*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "—— *her*, not *leaue her token.*"

P. 138. (35) "Jul."

The folio has "*Pro.*"

P. 139. (36) "Jul."

The folio has "*Thu.*"

P. 139. (37) "*Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?*"

So the fourth folio.—The first folio omits "*Sir.*"—The second and third folios have "*Which of you* say *saw Sir Eglamoure of late?*"

P. 140. ([38]) "*Moses*," &c.

The folio has "Moyses,"—which, as Capell saw, is merely an old spelling.

P. 140. ([39]) "*These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods*," &c.

The folio has "This *shadowy desart*," &c.—In my copy of the *Var. Shakespeare* I had substituted "*These*" for "This" long before Mr. Collier gave the Ms. Corrector's alterations to the public. (To say nothing of other objections to the reading of the folio, a *shadowy desert* is scarcely sense: and compare *King Lear*, act i. sc. 1,—

"With *shadowy forests* and with champains rich'd," &c.)

P. 141. ([40])

"*These are my mates, that make their wills their law,*
Have some unhappy passenger in chase," &c.

Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector makes an alteration; and Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, p. 5) proposes another. But why disturb the text? The words "*that make their wills their law*," are parenthetical, and "*Have*" is equivalent to "Who *have*."

P. 142. ([41]) "*Who should be trusted, when one's right hand*," &c.

The editor of the second folio gives "*Who should be trusted* now, *when*," &c.—But Hanmer's reading is a much more probable one,—"*Who should be trusted, when one's* own *right hand*," &c.

P. 142. ([42])

"*The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst*," &c.

A very suspicious line: attempts have been made to shorten it by reading "—— *deepest* [and "deep'st"]: *O time accurst*," &c., and "—— deep'st: *O time most* curst," &c.

P. 143. ([43]) "*All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.*"

I cannot but wonder that any editor should find a difficulty here.—"He [Proteus] expressed such a lively sorrow for the injuries he had done to Valentine, that Valentine, whose nature was noble and generous, even to a romantic degree, not only forgave and restored him to his former place in his friendship, but in a sudden flight of heroism he said, 'I freely do forgive you; and all the interest I have in Silvia, I give it up to you.' Julia, who was standing beside her master as a page, hearing this strange offer, and fearing Proteus would not be able with this new-found virtue to refuse Silvia, fainted, and they were all employed in recovering her; else would Silvia have been of-

fended at being thus made over to Proteus, though she could scarcely think that Valentine would long persevere in this over-strained and too generous act of friendship." *Tales from Shakespeare* by Charles and Mary Lamb, p. 29, ed. 1841. What I have just quoted is the best possible comment on our text. This "act of friendship" on the part of Valentine *is* "over-strained and too generous;" nor would Shakespeare probably, if the play had been written in his maturer years, have made Valentine give way to such "a sudden flight of heroism;" but *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* was undoubtedly an early production of the poet, and in many a volume, popular during his youth, he had found similar instances of romantic generosity.

P. 144. (44) "*Forbear, forbear, I say! it is my lord the duke.*"

A line which editors have variously shortened,—by omitting the second "*forbear,*"—and by throwing out "*I say.*" (To arrange the passage thus,—

"*Jul.* And I mine.

. . . . . .

Outlaws. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear,

Forbear, I say! it is my lord the duke."

or thus (without regard to the two preceding speeches),

"*Val.* Forbear,

Forbear, I say! it is my lord the duke."

seems equally awkward.)

P. 144. (45) "*Milano shall not hold thee.*"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (see note (20)).—The folio has, "Verona *shall not hold thee.*"—Theobald gave, "Milan *shall not* behold *thee;*" Hanmer, "And Milan *shall not hold thee.*"—Malone, in desperation, followed the old copy.—Mr. Halliwell prints, "Milan e'en *shall not hold thee.*"

P. 145. (46) "*include all jars,*" &c.

Was altered by Hanmer to "conclude *all jars,*" &c.

THE

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
FENTON.
SHALLOW, a country justice.
SLENDER, cousin to Shallow.
FORD, PAGE, } two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.
WILLIAM PAGE, a boy, son to Page.
SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh parson.
DOCTOR CAIUS, a French physician.
Host of the Garter Inn.
BARDOLPH, PISTOL, NYM, } followers of Falstaff.
ROBIN, page to Falstaff.
SIMPLE, servant to Slender.
RUGBY, servant to Doctor Caius.

MISTRESS FORD.
MISTRESS PAGE.
ANNE PAGE, her daughter.
MISTRESS QUICKLY, servant to Doctor Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE—*Windsor, and the neighbourhood.*

THE

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Windsor. Before* PAGE'S *house.*

Enter JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace and *coram.*

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *cust-alorum.*

Slen. Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero,*—in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero.*

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors gone before him have done't; and all his ancestors that come after him may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Evans. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes, py'r lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compremises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Evans. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it:—there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George(1) Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page! She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Evans. It is that fery person for all the orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Shal.(2) Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Evans. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Evans. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Evans. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do

despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. [*Knocks*] What, ho! Got pless your house here!

Page [*within*]. Who's there?

Evans. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Enter PAGE.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed.—How doth good Mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not.—'Tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog: can there be more said? he is good and fair.—Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Evans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wronged me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed: is not that so, Master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me; Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wronged.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, *and* PISTOL.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow,—you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kissed your keeper's daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight; I have done all this:—that is now answered.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel: you'll be laughed at.

Evans. *Pauca verba,* Sir John, goot(3) worts.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you: and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol; they carried me to the tavern and made me drunk, and afterward picked my pocket.

Bard. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca;* slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Evans. Peace, I pray you.—Now let us understand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page, *fidelicet* Master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet* myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it and end it between them.

Evans. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol,—

Pist. He hears with ears.

Evans. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, "He hears with ear"? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he—or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else—of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Evans. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo.—
Word of denial in thy labras here;
Word of denial:—froth and scum, thou liest!

Slen. By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

Nym. Be avised, sir, and pass good humours: I will say "marry trap" with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences,—

Evans. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions passed the careers.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Evans. So Got udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter ANNE PAGE, *with wine;* MISTRESS FORD *and* MISTRESS PAGE.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit Anne Page.*

Slen. O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford!

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [*Kisses her.*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome.—Come, we have a hot venison-pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt all except Shal., Slen., and Evans.*

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz;—there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here. Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Evans. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Evans. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Evans. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Evans. But can you affection the oman? Let us com-

mand to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Evans. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak positable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another; I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt:(4) but if you say, "marry her," I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Evans. It is a fery discretion answer; save the faul is in the ort "dissolutely:" the ort is, according to our meaning, "resolutely:"—his meaning is goot.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Evans. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt Shallow and Sir H. Evans.*

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth.—Go,

sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man.—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence,—three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. —Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England.—You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la; I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *An outer room in* PAGE'S *house.*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way: and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his try nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, sir.

Evans. Nay, it is petter yet.—Give her this letter; for it is a oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you, be gone: I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and seese([5]) to come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF, Host, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, *and* ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rook? speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a-week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow.—Let me see thee froth and lime:([6]) I am at a word; follow. [*Exit.*

Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an

old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired: I will thrive.

Pist. O base Gongarian(7) wight! wilt thou the spigot wield? [*Exit Bardolph.*

Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer,—he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minim's rest.(8)

Pist. Convey, the wise it call. Steal! foh! a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol:—indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves,(9) she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, "I am Sir John Falstaff's."

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her well,(10) —out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse:—he hath a legion(11) of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, "To her, boy," say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another

to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious eyeliads; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour-letter: I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. [*to Robin*] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly;
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.— [*Exit Robin.*
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod away i' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself and skirted page. [*Exit.*

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor:
Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin and her stars!(12)

Pist. With wit or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.(13)

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold
How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mien[14] is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A room in* DOCTOR CAIUS'S *house.*

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY *and* SIMPLE.

Quick. What, John Rugby!

Enter RUGBY.

I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming. If he do, i' faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. [*Exit Rugby.*] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault; —but let that pass.—Peter Simple you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And Master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard,—a Cain-coloured beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent.—Run in here, good young man; go into this closet:—he will not stay long. [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*]—What, John Rugby! John! what, John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home. [*Exit Rugby.*]

[*Sings.*

And down, down, adown-a, &c.

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd,*(15)—a box, a green-a box: do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth; I'll fetch it you.—[*Aside*] I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Oui; mette le au mon pocket: *dépêche,* quickly.—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby.(16) Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long.—Od's me! *Qu'ai j'oublié!* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for de varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ay me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad!

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet? Villany! *larron!* [*Pulling Simple out.*]—Rugby, my rapier!

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic. Hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth; to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue.—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper.—Tarry you a little-a while. [*Writes.*

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been throughly moved, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy.—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do for(17) your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself,—

Sim. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avised o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding,—to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it,—my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape,—give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [*Exit Simple.*

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?([18])—by gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de *Jartiere*([19]) to measure our weapon:—by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to de court vit me.—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. —Follow my heels, Rugby. [*Exeunt Caius and Rugby.*

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*within*] Who's within there? ho!

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman! how dost thou?

Quick. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you.—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale:—good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—we had an hour's talk of that wart:—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholy and musing: but for you—well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money

for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou see'st her before me, commend me.

Quick. Will I? i' faith, that we(20) will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

Quick. Farewell to your worship. [*Exit Fenton.*] Truly, an honest gentleman: but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does.—Out upon't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Before* PAGE'S *house.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, *with a letter.*

Mrs. Page. What, have I(21) scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see. [*Reads.*

"Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician,(22) he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to, then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page,—at the least, if the love of a soldier(23) can suffice,—that I love thee. I will not say, pity me,—'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight, *John Falstaff.*"

What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked—with the devil's name—out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why,

he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—Heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men.(24) How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter MISTRESS FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do, then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman! take the honour. What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What? thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight:—here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear; praised(25) women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place(26) together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of *Green sleeves.* What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tons of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked

fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names,—sure, more,—and these are of the second edition: he will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain(27) in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look where he comes;—and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [*They retire.*

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, *and* NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves the gallimaufry: Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife!

Pist. With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:—
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.—
Away, Sir Corporal Nym!—
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense.(28) [*Exit.*

Ford [*aside*]. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym [*to Page*]. And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humoured letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch 'tis true: my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it.(29) Adieu. [*Exit.*

Page [*aside*]. "The humour of it," quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights humour(30) out of his wits.

Ford [*aside*]. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page [*aside*]. I never heard such a drawling, affecting(31) rogue.

Ford [*aside*]. If I do find it:—well.

Page [*aside*]. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford [*aside*]. 'Twas a good sensible fellow:—well.

Page. How now, Meg!

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—[*Aside to Mrs. Ford*] Look who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Mrs. Ford [*aside to Mrs. Page*]. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us and see: we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Mistress Quickly.*

Page. How now, Master Ford!

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes: and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.

Enter Host.

How now, mine host!

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou'rt a gentleman.—Cavalero-justice, I say!

Enter SHALLOW.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What sayest thou, my bully-rook? [*They go aside.*

Shal. [*to Page*] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be. [*They go aside.*

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook;(32) only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress;—said I well?—and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight.—Will you go, mynheers?(33)

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you.—I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt Host, Shal., and Page.*

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty,(34) yet I cannot put off my opinion so

easily: she was in his company at Page's house; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: thinkest thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go:—a short knife and a throng;—to your manor of Pickt-hatch, go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise: I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating(35) oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you!

Pist. I do relent:—what would thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn;
As my mother was, the first hour I was born.([36])

Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman: and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir:—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius,—

Fal. Well, on:([37]) Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true:—I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well, Mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature.—Lord, Lord! your worship's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!—

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, Mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly—all musk—and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her:—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning;([38]) but I defy all angels—in any such

sort, as they say—but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of;—Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas, the sweet woman leads an ill life with him! he's a very jealousy man: she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven:—woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you, too:—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other:—and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee: setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this,—has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick indeed!—But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in

Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman. [*Exeunt Mistress Quickly and Robin.*]—This news distracts me!

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:—
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;
Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [*Exit.*

Fal. Sayest thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor.—Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *via!*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with* FORD *disguised.*

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. And you, sir! Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome. What's your will?—Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook: I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only

bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given; briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel: that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this,—

> Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;
> Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it.—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul(30) dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too-too strongly embattled against me. What say you to't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her—I may tell you—by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blessed in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not: —yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel,—it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night: —Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol-cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass: he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour:—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A field near Windsor.*

Enter CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby,—

Rug. Sir?

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* PAGE.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor!

Shal. Save you, Master Doctor Caius!

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slen. Give you good morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montánt. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de varld; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian, King Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions.—Is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, Master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Master Page.—Master Doctor

Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice.—A word, Monsieur Mock-water.(40)

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, den, I have as mush mock-vater as de Englishman.—Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me dank(41) you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aside to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal., and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.*

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: sheathe thy impatience, throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore: I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim?(42) said I well?

Caius. By gar, me dank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.
Host. Let us wag, then.
Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A field near Frogmore.*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Evans. I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the Pitty-ward,(43) the Park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Evans. I most fehemently desire you you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir. [*Retires.*

Evans. Pless my soul, how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad if he have deceived me: —how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard when I have goot opportunities for the ork: —Pless my soul!— [*Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.— [*Sings.*

Melodious birds sing madrigals;—
Whenas I sat in Pabylon,—
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow, &c.

Sim. [*coming forward*] Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Evans. He's welcome.— [*Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Evans. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms. [*Reads in a book.*

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh!

Evans. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose this raw rheumatic day?

Evans. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Evans. Fery well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Evans. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Evans. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Evans. He has no more knowledge in Hibbocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons.—Keep them asunder:—here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter Host, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear. Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Evans. Pray you, use your patience: in goot time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Evans. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. *Diable!*—Jack Rugby,—mine host de *Jartiere*,—have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Evans. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed: I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Guallia,(44) French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer!

Caius. Ay, dat is very good; excellent.

Host. Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand,(45) terrestrial; so.—Give me thy hand, celestial; so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn.—Follow me, lads(46) of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt Shal., Slen., Page, and Host.*

Caius. Ha, do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us, ha, ha?

Evans. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog.—I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart. He promise to bring me vere is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

Evans. Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The street, in Windsor.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE *and* ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy: now I see you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of(47) company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of.—What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name.—There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir: I am sick till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her:—a man may hear this shower sing in the wind:—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search: there(48) I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, Host, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Shal., Page, &c. Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and I pray you all, go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers,

he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild prince and Pointz; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, Master Page;—and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:—we shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's. [*Exeunt Shal. and Slen.*

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit Rugby.*

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit.*

Ford [*aside*]. I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance.—Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A room in* FORD'S *house.*

Enter MISTRESS FORD *and* MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! What, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly:—is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant.—What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants *with a basket.*

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when

I suddenly call you, come forth, and, without any pause or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction.—Be gone, and come when you are called.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket! what news with you?

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here, and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so.—Go tell thy master I am alone.—Mistress Page, remember you your cue. [*Exit Robin.*

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. "Have I caught my heavenly jewel?"(49) Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish,—I would thy husband

were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord,—I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady!

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a traitor(50) to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semicircled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend.(51) Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*within*] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me: I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman.

[*Falstaff hides himself behind the arras.*

Re-enter MISTRESS PAGE *and* ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now!

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever!

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas, what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand "you had rather" and "you had rather:" your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O, let me see't!—I'll in, I'll in:—follow your friend's counsel:—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee, and none but thee;(52) help me away: let me creep in here. I'll never—

[*Goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy.—Call your men, Mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight! [*Exit Robin.*

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John!

Re-enter Servants.

Go take up these clothes here quickly:—where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble!—carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now! whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck!—I would I could wash myself of the buck! —Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*]—Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers; search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox.—Let me stop this way first.—So, now uncape.

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Evans. This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt Page, Caius, and Evans.*

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in when your husband asked who(53) was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish(54) carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We will do it: let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page [*aside to Mrs. Ford*]. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen!

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Evans. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too: dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it.

Evans. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well;—I promised you a dinner:—come, come, walk in the Park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, Mistress Page.—I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after, we'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Evans. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If dere be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Ford. Pray you, go, Master Page.

Evans. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Evans. A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A room in* PAGE'S *house.*

Enter FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:

Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee but as a property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold or sums in sealèd bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim it.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why, then—Hark you hither.

[*They converse apart.*

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly: my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—[*Aside*] This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him.—Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Glostershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort.—She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender,—

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne,—

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will! od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle hath made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE *and* MISTRESS PAGE.

Page. Now, Master Slender:—love him, daughter Anne.—
Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master Fenton.—
Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender; in.—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.

[*Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.*

Quick. Speak to Mistress Page.

Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips!

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself.—Good Master Fenton,
I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.
Till then farewell, sir: she must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress:—farewell, Nan.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne.*

Quick. This is my doing now:—"Nay," said I, "will you cast away your child on a fool, and(55) a physician? Look on Master Fenton:"—this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring: there's for thy pains.

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! [*Exit Fenton.*] A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it!

[*Exit.*

SCENE V. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [*Exit Bard.*] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind([56]) puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow,—a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH *with the wine.*

Bard. Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman!

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy:—give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. [*Exit Bardolph.*] How now!

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, sayest thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well.—O, here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, Master Brook,—you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Master Brook; but the peaking cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction,([57]) they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket!—rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them([58]) once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that,—that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw;—it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, Master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit, then, is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy (59) of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum,—ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, Master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make me (60) mad, let the proverb go with me,—I'll be horn-mad. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The street.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS QUICKLY, *and* WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, thinkest thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this, or will be presently: but, truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day?

Evans. No; Master Slender is let(61) the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Evans. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, Od's nouns.

Evans. Peace your tattlings.—What is *fair*, William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Evans. You are a very simplicity oman: I pray you, peace.—What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Evans. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Evans. No, it is *lapis:* I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Evans. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Evans. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog;—pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus.* Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. Accusativo, hunc.(62)

Evans. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *accusativo, hung; hang, hog.*

Quick. Hang-hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Evans. Leave your prabbles, oman.—What is the focative case, William?

Will. *O,—vocativo, O.*

Evans. Remember, William; focative is *caret.*

Quick. And that's a good root.

Evans. Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace!

Evans. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will. Genitive case!

Evans. Ay.

Will. *Genitivo,—horum, harum, horum.*

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Evans. For shame, oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words:—he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call whorum:—fie upon you!

Evans. Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Prithee, hold thy peace.

Evans. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Evans. It is *qui, quæ, quod:* if you forget your *quies,* your *quæs,* and your *quods,* you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play; go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Evans. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir Hugh.*]—Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in* FORD'S *house.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* MISTRESS FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the

simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, compliment,(63) and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page [*within*]. What, ho, gossip Ford! what, ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John.

[*Exit Falstaff.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed!

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly.—[*Aside to her*] Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes(64) again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, "Peer out, peer out!" that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then, you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him! better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces.

Mrs. Page. Creep into the kiln-hole.(65)

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out, then.

Mrs. Page.(66) If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not! There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrummed hat, and her muffler too. —Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick! we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. [*Exit Falstaff.*

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him straight.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him(67) enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not act that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old, but true,—Still swine eat all the draff. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD *with two* Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch. [*Exit.*

First Serv. Come, come, take it up.

Sec. Serv. Pray heaven it be not full of knight again.

First Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear(68) so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villains! (69)—Somebody call my wife.—Youth in a basket!(70) —O you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging,(71) a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed.— What, wife, I say!—Come, come forth!(72)—Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching!

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Evans. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Ford. So say I too, sir.

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD.

Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face! hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah! [*Pulling the clothes out of the basket.*

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Evans. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say!

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,—

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable.—Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.

Evans. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, "As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman." Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What, ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say!

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband,—Good gentlemen, let him not(73) strike the old woman.

Re-enter FALSTAFF *in women's clothes, led by* MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her.—[*Beating him*] Out of my door, you witch, you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Falstaff.*

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it.—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Evans. By yea and no, I think the oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her(74) muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt Ford, Page, Shal., Caius, and Evans.*

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him: if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and

recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed: and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it, then; shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter Host *and* BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans(75) desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen: they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them(76) to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce them: they have had my house(77) a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them. Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A room in* FORD'S *house.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

Evans. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold(78)
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more:
Be not as extreme in submission
As in offence.
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How! to send him word they'll meet him in the Park at midnight? Fie, fie! he'll never come.

Evans. You say(79) he has been thrown in the rivers; and has been grievously peaten, as an old oman: methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the trees,(80) and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come:
And in this shape when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus.
Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands: upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once
With some diffusèd song: upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford.(81) And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposèd fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Evans. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them visards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attirèd in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy:—[*aside*] and in that tire(82)
Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton.—Go send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook:
He'll tell me all his purpose: sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go get us properties,
And tricking for our fairies.

Evans. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures and fery honest knaveries. [*Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.*

Mrs. Page. Go, Mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.
[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*
I'll to the doctor: he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects.
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter HOST *and* SIMPLE.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*above*] How now, mine host!

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell: what would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, Master Slender,(83) sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.(84)

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no. Go; say the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir; like who more bold.(85)

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit.*

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught

me more wit than ever I learned before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage, mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners:(86) for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

Evans. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Evans. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three cousin-germans that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine host *de Jartiere?*

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jarmany:* by my trot, dere is no duke dat de court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go!—Assist me, knight.—I am undone!—Fly, run, hue and cry, villain!—I am undone! [*Exeunt Host and Bard.*

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt

me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, (87) I would repent.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Now, whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tellest thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Another room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FENTON *and* Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy: I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will at the least keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who mutually hath answer'd my affection,
So far forth as herself might be her chooser,
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither singly can be manifested,
Without the show of both;—wherein(88) fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest
I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host.
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen;
The purpose why, is here: in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented:
Now, sir,
Her mother, ever(89) strong against that match,
And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor.—Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,
The better to denote(90) her to the doctor,—
For they must all be mask'd and visarded,—
That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,

To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive, father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me:
And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Fal. Prithee, no more prattling; go:—I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go. They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. [*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*

Enter FORD.

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor

old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy:—I will tell you:—he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me: I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow:—strange things in hand, Master Brook:—follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Windsor Park.*

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.(91)

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another: I come to her in white, and cry "mum;" she cries "budget;" and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: but what needs either your "mum" or her "budget?" the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The street.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, *and* DOCTOR CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to

the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park: we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit Caius.*]—My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heartbreak.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies? and the Welsh devil Hugh?(92)

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters and their lechery
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Windsor Park.*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS *disguised as a Satyr, with* ANNE PAGE *and others as Fairies.*

Evans. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I pid you: come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the Park.*

Enter FALSTAFF *disguised as Herne, with a buck's head on.*

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me!—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns:—O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—You

were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda:—O omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault!—and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl;—think on't, Jove; a foul fault. When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest.—Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow?—Who comes here? my doe?

Enter MISTRESS FORD *and* MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut!—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green sleeves;* hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. [*Embracing her.*

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribed buck,(93) each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas, what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford.
Mrs. Page. } Away, away! [*They run off.*

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that's in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, *as a Satyr;* PISTOL, *as Hobgoblin;* ANNE PAGE, *as the Fairy Queen, attended by her Brother and others, as Fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.*

Anne.(91) Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,

You orphan heirs of fixèd destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.—
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:(95)
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:
I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*

Evans. Where's Pead?(96)—Go you, and where you find a maid
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy;
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy:
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinse them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Anne. About, about;
Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And *Honi soit qui mal y pense* write
In emerald tufts,(97) flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:—
Fairies use flowers for their charáctery.
Away; disperse: but till 'tis one o'clock,

Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Evans. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set;
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.—
But, stay; I smell a man of middle-earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

Anne. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Evans. Come, will this wood take fire?
[*They burn him with their tapers.*

Fal. O, O, O!

Anne. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!—
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

During this song the Fairies pinch FALSTAFF. DOCTOR CAIUS *comes one way, and steals away a Fairy in green;* SLENDER *another way, and takes off a Fairy in white; and* FENTON *comes, and steals away* ANNE PAGE. *A noise of hunting is heard within. The Fairies run away.* FALSTAFF *pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, *and* MISTRESS FORD. *They lay hold on* FALSTAFF.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think we have watch'd you now:
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come, hold up the jest no higher.—
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?—
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Master Brook: and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook; (98) his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again; but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Evans. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Evans. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Evans. Seese is not goot to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Evans. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.*

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page [*aside*]. Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

* Here Theobald inserted from the quarto;

"*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, husband, let that go to make amends;
Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.
Ford. Well, here's my hand: all is forgiven at last."

But, considering how very different this scene is in the quarto, it was a bold insertion; and besides, it is inconsistent with the speech of Page, "*Yet be cheerful, knight,*" &c.

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoa, ho! ho, father Page!

Page. Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatched?

Slen. Dispatched!—I'll make the best in Glostershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else!

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir!—and 'tis a postmaster's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white,(99) and cried "mum," and she cried "budget," as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green;(100) and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paysan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?(101)

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit.*

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me:—here comes Master Fenton.

Enter FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE.

How now, Master Fenton!

Anne. Pardon, good father!—good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress,—how chance you went not with Master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy that she hath committed;
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title;([102])
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursèd hours,
Which forcèd marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd; here is no remedy:
In love the heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy?—Fenton, heaven give thee joy!—
What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further.—Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!—
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so.—Sir John,
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford. [*Exeunt.*

P. 160. (1) "*George Page*," &c.

The folio has "Thomas *Page*," &c. (This is not in the quarto.)

P. 160. (2) "Shal."

To this and to Shallow's next speech the folio prefixes "Slen."

P. 162. (3) "*goot worts*."

I may just observe that here the folio has "good *worts*," though previously it has made Sir Hugh say "*goot* discretions" and "a *goot* motion," and presently after this makes him say "Ferry *goo't*."

P. 165. (4) "*more contempt*," &c.

The folio has "*more* content," &c. (This is not in the quarto.)

P. 167. (5) "*seese*," &c.

Here both the quarto and the folio have "cheese," &c.: but in act v. sc. 5, the folio makes Evans say "*Seese* is not good to giue putter," &c.

P. 167. (6) "*Let me see thee froth and lime*," &c.

"Thus the quarto; the folio reads—'and *live*.' This passage has passed through all the editions without suspicion of being corrupted; but the reading of the old quartos of 1602 and 1619, 'Let me see thee froth and lime,' I take to be the true one. The Host calls for an immediate specimen of Bardolph's abilities as a tapster; and *frothing* beer and *liming* sack were tricks practised in the time of Shakespeare. The first was done by putting soap into the bottom of the tankard when they drew the beer; the other, by mixing *lime* with the sack (i.e. sherry) to make it sparkle in the glass. *Froth* and *live* is sense, but a little forced [more than a little]; and to make it so we must suppose the Host could guess by his dexterity in frothing a pot to make it appear fuller than it was, how he would afterwards succeed in the world. Falstaff himself complains of *limed* sack." STEEVENS.

P. 168. (7)

"*O base Gongarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?*"

So the quarto.—The folio has "*O base* hungarian *wight*," &c.—"This is a parody on a line taken from one of the old bombast plays, beginning,

'O base *Gongarian*, wilt thou the distaff wield?'

I had marked the passage down, but forgot to note the play." STEEVENS.

P. 168. (8) "*at a minim's rest.*"

The old eds. have "*at a* minutes *rest;*" which editors have obstinately retained, though Langton had pointed out the right reading, and Sir J. Hawkins had cited from *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 4, "rests me his *minim's rest*," &c., adding, "A minute contains sixty seconds, and is a long time for an action supposed to be instantaneous. Nym means to say, that the perfection of stealing is to do it in the shortest time possible."—From Malone's explanation of the old text, "The true method is, to steal just at the instant when watchfulness is off its guard, and *reposes but for a moment*,"—we learn that he considered *a minute* and *a moment* as synonymous!—It now appears that Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector had here anticipated Langton.

P. 168. (9) "*she carves*," &c.

Altered by Jackson, and by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, to "*she* craves," &c., —very erroneously.—That *carve* is used here, as also in *Love's Labour's lost*, act v. sc. 2, to describe some particular form of action,—some sign of intelligence,—was first shown by Mr. Hunter; see his *New Illust. of Shakespeare*, i. 215: see also my *Few Notes*, &c. p. 20.

P. 168. (10)
"*He hath studied her well, and translated her well*," &c.

The folio, by an evident misprint, has "*He hath studied her* will; *and translated her* will," &c.—The corresponding words in the quarto are merely "*He hath studied her well*," &c. (In *King Lear* the folio has the misprint "will" twice,—in act i. sc. 1, "since what I *will* intend," &c., and in act i. sc. 4, "If but as *will* I other accents borrow," &c.)

P. 168. (11) "*he hath a legion of angels.*"

The folio has "*he hath a* legend *of angels.*"—The quarto, "She *hath* legions *of angels.*"

P. 169. (12) "*By welkin and her stars!*"

The folio has "—— *her* Star."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector rightly makes the word plural. (The quarto has "*By Welkin and her* Fairies.")

P. 169. (13) "—— *to Page.*
Pist. *And I to Ford* . . . .
. . . . . .
Nym. . . . *I will incense Page*," &c.

So the text has been properly (compare act ii. sc. 1) corrected from the quarto.—Here the folio has "Ford" instead of "*Page*," and "Page" instead of "*Ford.*"

P. 170. ([14]) "*the revolt of mien*," &c.

So Steevens.—The folio has "*the reuolt of* mine," &c. (This is not in the quarto.)

P. 171. ([15]) "*un boitier verd*," &c.

The folio has "vnboyteene *verd*," &c.,—misprinting here, as elsewhere, the French most ridiculously. (This is not in the quarto.)

P. 171. ([16]) "*You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby.*"

Mr. Halliwell prints "—— *and you are Jack* Rogoby;" and observes, "I adopt the method of spelling, *Rogoby*, from another speech in the first quarto. The doctor seems to intend a pun on his name; otherwise the speech is almost unmeaning."—But "*Jack*" was a common term of contempt; and Caius, I believe, now uses the word with a quibble.

P. 172. ([17]) "*for your master*," &c.

The folio has "yoe *your*," &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 173. ([18]) "*It is no matter-a for dat . . . for myself?*"

The folio has "*It is no matter'a* ver *dat . . . for my selfe?*"—Wherever the word afterwards occurs in the doctor's speeches, one excepted, the folio has the spelling "*for.*" (This is not in the quarto.)

P. 173. ([19]) "*mine host of de* Jartiere."

The folio has "*mine host of de* Iarteer." The modern editors usually print "—— of *de Jarterre.*" (We find in Cotgrave's *Dict.*; "A garter, *Jartier, Jartiere, Jarretière.*")

P. 174. ([20])
"*Will I? i' faith, that we will; and I will tell*," &c.

Mr. Halliwell's (comparatively modern) Ms. of this play has "—— *i' faith, that* I *will*," &c.; which Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector also substitutes,—because the singular pronoun is twice used by Mrs. Quickly in the same breath. But the alteration, to say the least of it, is quite unnecessary: even now-a-days in colloquial language nothing is more common than "*that we will*" for "*that* I *will.*"

P. 174. ([21]) "*have I*," &c.

The "*I*" was added in a late quarto, 1630.

P. 174. (22) "*though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor.*"

The folio has "—— *vse Reason for his* precisian, *hee*," &c.,—which the modern editors retain, with the strangest possible explanations.—The reading now adopted had been suggested long before it appeared among the emendations of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector; and Farmer had observed that it "becomes almost a certainty from a line in our author's 147th Sonnet,

'My reason, the *physician* to my love'," &c.—

Mason, indeed, labours to prove, from the train of thought in the sonnet just cited, that "*physician*" is inadmissible here: but with me at least his arguments weigh nothing. (Here the text of the quarto is very different.)

P. 174. (23) "*the love of a soldier*," &c.

The folio omits "*a*:" which was added in the third folio. (In this letter, as given in the quarto, we find "*A* souldier doth not vse many words," &c.)

P. 175. (24) "*for the putting down of men.*"

Theobald printed "*for the putting down of* fat *men*;" because "Mrs. Ford says in the very ensuing [the present] scene, 'I shall think the worse of *fat* men, as long as I have an eye,' &c. And in the old quartos, Mrs. Page, so soon as [a little after] she has read the letter, says, 'Well, I shall trust *fat* men the worse, while I live, for his sake,' &c."—Steevens, rejecting this addition, observes that here the "*putting down*" of men is equivalent to *the humiliation* of them, *the bringing them to shame*; which, no doubt, it is: but nevertheless Theobald's reading may be regarded as far from an improbable one.

P. 175. (25) "*praised*," &c.

The folio has "praise," &c.

P. 175. (26) "*keep place together*," &c.

It has been proposed to read "*keep* pace *together*," &c.,—an alteration which has been also made in *Troilus and Cressida*, act iii. sc. 3, "*Keeps place* with thought," &c.

P. 176. (27) "*some strain in me*," &c.

Has been altered to "*some* stain *in me*," &c.: but see Steevens's note *ad l.*

P. 177. (28) "*Away, Sir Corporal Nym!—*
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense."

Johnson proposed to give the words "*Believe it, Page; he speaks sense*" to

Nym; and to Nym they are assigned by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector,—wrongly beyond all doubt, as Steevens has shown in the following note. "He [Doctor Johnson] seems not to have been aware of the manner in which the author meant this scene should be represented. Ford and Pistol, Page and Nym, enter in pairs, each pair in separate conversation; and while Pistol is informing Ford of Falstaff's design upon his wife, Nym is, during that time, talking *aside* to Page, and giving information of the like plot against *him*.—When Pistol has finished, he calls out to Nym to come *away:* but seeing that he and Page are still in close debate, he goes off alone, first assuring Page, he may depend on the truth of Nym's story: 'Believe it, Page,' &c. Nym then proceeds to tell the remainder of his tale out aloud: 'And this is true,' &c. A little further on in this scene, Ford says to Page, '*You* heard what this knave (i.e. Pistol) *told me*,' &c. Page replies, 'Yes: and you heard what the other (i.e. Nym) told me'."—I may add (for, in spite of Steevens's note, I have lately seen the alteration in question recommended by a periodical critic) that the reading of the folio is most fully confirmed by the quarto,—

"Page, belieue him what he ses. Away sir Corporall Nym.
[*Exit Pistoll.*"

P. 177. (29) "*and there's the humour of it. Adieu.* [Exit.
Page [aside]. '*The humour of it*,' *quoth 'a!*"

The folio, by mistake, omits "*and there's the humour of it*,"—which Mr. Collier calls "a *needless* addition from the quartos"!

P. 177. (30) "*here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.*"

So the quarto.—The folio has "——*frights* English *out of his wits*,"—a reading "from which," according to Mr. Collier, "there is no pretence to vary." Surely, the "pretence" is—Nym's having used his favourite word "*humour*" so often in the preceding speech.

P. 177. (31) "*a drawling, affecting rogue.*"

The folio has "*a* drawling-affecting *rogue;*" which Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier retain,—Mr. Collier not hesitating to say that it means "a rogue who affects drawling."—The fact is, that the folio abounds in passages where the hyphen, as here, is introduced with odd impropriety: afterwards in the present play, it has, "Looke where my *ranting-Host* of the Garter comes" (p. 178); "your Cat-a-*Mountaine-lookes*, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-*beating-oathes*" (p. 180); "*heauen-blesse* them" (p. 181); "shee's a *good-creature*" (ibid.); "this old *fat-fellow*" (p. 217), &c.—For other instances of words wrongly hyphened in the folio, see note (42) on *King John*.

P. 179. (32) "*Brook*," &c.

So the quarto.—The folio (throughout) has "Broome."

P. 179 (33) "*Will you go, mynheers?*"

The folio has "*will you goe* An-heires?" (Mr. Knight is mistaken when he states that "the parallel passage in the quarto is, 'Here, boys, shall we wag?'")—Theobald conjectured "*Will you go* on here?" (which Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector also substitutes) and "*Will you go, mynheers?*"—That the latter conjecture restores the true reading ("An-*heires*" being a misprint for "*Min-heires*") is determined by a passage in act ii. sc. 3, of Fletcher's *Beggars' Bush*, as exhibited in the folio of 1647, p. 80,

> "Nay, Sir, *mine heire* Van-dunck
> Is a true Statesman."

(In my *Few Notes*, &c. p. 22, where I first adduced this passage of Fletcher, I erroneously attributed Theobald's emendation to *Hanmer*.)

P. 179. (34) "*his wife's frailty*," &c.

Theobald printed "*his wife's* fealty," &c.; and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (as appears from Mr. Collier's one-volume *Shakespeare*) substitutes "*his wife's* fidelity," &c.: but the old text is doubtless right,—"*his wife's frailty*" being equivalent, as Malone explains it, to *his frail wife*.

P. 180. (35) "*your bold-beating oaths*," &c.

Hanmer printed "—— *your* bull-baiting *oaths*," &c., and—considering the context "red-lattice [i.e. ale-house] phrases," and that formerly "bull-baiting" was often written "boll-baiting,"—the alteration is something more than specious.

P. 181. (36) "Quick. *I'll be sworn;*
As my mother was, the first hour I was born."

So arranged in the folio; nor can we doubt that a rhyme was intended here. Perhaps Mrs. Quickly is quoting some song or ballad.

P. 181. (37) "*Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,*—"

Qy. "*Well*, one *Mistress Ford, you say*—"? (though in the much shorter dialogue between Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly in the quarto, we find, "Say *on*, I prethy," and "Goe *on*.") Compare the preceding speech.

P. 181. (38)
"*I had myself twenty angels given me this morning*," &c.

Is altered by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "—— *given me* of a *morning*," &c.; and Mr. Collier remarks, "It seems *improbable* that Mrs. Quickly should have had 'twenty angels' given to her '*this* morning' by a person who wished

to be in the good graces of Mrs. Ford,"—not perceiving that the whole speech is a tissue of fictions,—that Mrs. Quickly's invention wanders from the past to the present,—and that if she had been here speaking of the past, she could not have failed to say "*I* have *had myself*," &c.

P. 186. (39) "*the folly of my soul dares not*," &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*the folly of my* suit *dares not*," &c.; and Mr. Collier says that "the propriety of the emendation can hardly be questioned:"—I think it may be.

P. 189. (40) "*A word, Monsieur Mock-water.*"

So the quarto.—The folio, by a manifest omission, has "*a Mounseur Mocke-water.*"—(Instead of "*Mock-water*," Farmer would read "Muck-*water.*")

P. 189. (41) "*Me dank you for dat.*"

Here the folio has "*Me* tanck *you for dat;*" but, presently after, it makes Caius say "mee *dancke* you," &c.

P. 189. (42) "*Cried I aim?*"

The quarto has "*cried* game;" the folio, "*Cride*-game;"—faulty, indeed, only in a single letter, *g* instead of *I* (or instead of *y*, for perhaps the original Ms. had "*cried* y *ame*").—So afterwards in this play, p. 194, and in *King John*, act ii. sc. 1, we have "*cry aim*,"—an expression of frequent occurrence in the writings of our author's contemporaries. (Warburton came very near the right reading in the present passage: but "*Cried I aim?*" was first proposed by Douce, *Illustr. of Shakespeare*, i. 71,—of which I was not aware when in my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 15, I brought it forward as my own emendation.)

P. 190. (43) "*the Pitty-ward*," &c.

So the folio ("*the pittie-ward*," &c.); and whether "*pittie*" is to be regarded as an old spelling, or as a misprint, I do not take upon me to determine. (This is not in the quarto.)

P. 192. (44) "*Gallia and Guallia*," &c.

The quarto has "gawle *and gawlia*," &c.; the folio, "*Gallia and* Gaule," &c.

P. 192. (45) "*and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so.—Give me thy hand, celestial; so.*"

This is the reading of the quarto.—The passage in the folio stands mutilated

thus; "*and the No-verbes. Giue me thy hand (Celestial) so.*" (Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector makes a random emendation, in noticing which, Mr. Collier cites the present reading as "Malone's text," forgetting that it is that of the quarto.)

P. 192. ([46]) "*Follow me, lads of peace,*" &c.

The folio has "—— Lad *of peace,*" &c.; and so read, I believe, all the modern editors, except Mr. Halliwell, though they might have found the true lection in the quarto.

P. 193. ([47]) "*for want of company.*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "*for want of* your *company.*"

P. 194. ([48]) "*search: there,*" &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*search* where," &c.

P. 196. ([49]) "'*Have I caught my heavenly jewel?*'"

So the quarto.—The folio has "*Haue I caught* thee, *my heauenly Iewell?*"—"thee" having most probably been foisted into the text by some transcriber, if not by the players, from ignorance that Falstaff is here quoting the first line of the Second Song in Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella,*—

"*Have I caught my heavenly jewel,*
Teaching sleep most fair to be?" &c.

P. 197. ([50]) "*By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so,*" &c.

So the quarto.—The folio reads more briefly "*Thou art a* tyrant *to say so,*" &c.,—the words "*By the Lord*" having undoubtedly been omitted in consequence of the statute, and "tyrant" being a poor and not very intelligible substitution for "*traitor*" (i. e. *traitor* to thy own merit).

P. 197. ([51])
"*I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend.*"

This passage has been tampered with: but it is evident that there is no corruption here, and that Mr. Collier (note *ad l.*) is right in understanding "*being*" after "Nature." The meaning of the whole is—"I see what thou wouldst be, having such gifts of Nature, if Fortune did not bar thy advancement." Shakespeare wrote "*If Fortune thy foe were not,*"—instead of the more natural collocation, "*If Fortune* were not thy foe,"—that the words "*Fortune thy foe*" might answer to the commencement of the well-known ballad, "*Fortune, my foe.*"

P. 199. ([52])

"*I love thee, and none but thee; help me away,*" &c.

The folio has merely "*I loue thee, helpe mee away,*" &c.—"These words ['*and none but thee*'], which are characteristic, and spoken to Mrs. Page aside, deserve to be restored from the old quarto. He had used the same words before to Mrs. Ford." MALONE.—Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight reject them: Mr. Halliwell adopts them,—as I have done, because the text reads rather bald without them; nor is it improbable that they were accidentally omitted in the folio, the eye of the transcriber or compositor having glanced from the first to the second "*thee.*" (For instances of accidental omissions in the folio, see notes ([29]), ([40]), ([45]), ([67]), ([88]); to which may be added the line in p. 218,

"Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head,"

derived from the quarto, and absolutely necessary to complete the sense of the passage.)

P. 200. ([53])

"*What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket!*"

So the folio.—Here the quarto has no corresponding speech of Mrs. Page: but it makes Mrs. Ford say, "I wonder what he thought when my husband bad them set downe the basket."—"We should read—'*what* was in the basket!' for though in fact Ford has asked no such question, he could never suspect there was either *man* or *woman* in it. The propriety of this emendation is manifest from a subsequent passage, where Falstaff tells Master Brook —'the jealous knave asked them once or twice *what* they had in their basket'." RITSON.—Mr. Halliwell, in order to reconcile the reading of the folio in this passage with what precedes, makes Ford exclaim on his entrance, "*How now!* who goes here? *whither bear you this?*"—an insertion from the quarto, which has, "*How now* who goes heare? *whither* goes *this?* whither goes it? set it downe."—I agree with Malone (see note ([58])) that we must attribute all this inconsistency to Shakespeare's having neglected to revise fully the text of the enlarged play.

P. 200. ([54]) "*that foolish carrion,*" &c.

The folio has "*that* foolishion *Carion,*" &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 204. ([55]) "*a fool, and a physician?*"

Here Hanmer altered "*and*" to "or:" but it is dangerous to meddle with Mrs. Quickly's phraseology.

P. 205. ([56])

"*as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies,*" &c.

The old eds. have "—— *a* blind bitches *Puppies,*" &c.; which Mr. Halliwell retains, observing that "all kinds of inversion were common in writers of the Shaksperian period." Here, at least, I cannot think that the "inversion" was

our author's: and it was the more likely to be accidental in the case of two words beginning with the same letter.—Mr. Collier, who also retains the original reading, lays stress on its being found in "every old copy;" as if the old copies did not sometimes agree in the grossest errors. E.g. "every old copy" of *The Tempest* (that is, the first, the second, the third, and the fourth folio) in Prospero's direction to Ariel about hanging up the apparel, act iv. sc. 1, has the ridiculous transposition,

"*Come, hang* on them *this line.*"

Mr. Collier further remarks that "Falstaff is not in a state of mind to study *extreme accuracy in his phraseology:*" but if Shakespeare meant to indicate Falstaff's perturbation by making him transpose these words, the audience must have possessed superhuman sagacity "to catch the joke."

P. 207. ([57])

"*and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction,*" &c.

So the folio.—The quarto has "*and* by *her inuention,*" &c.; which several editors have preferred.—Here some would read "direction" instead of "*distraction.*"

P. 207. ([58])

"*who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket,*" &c.

"So before [p. 200], 'What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket!' but Ford had asked no such question. Our author seems seldom to have revised his plays." MALONE.—Steevens's remark, that "Falstaff, in the present instance, may purposely exaggerate his alarms, that he may thereby enhance his merit with Ford, at whose purse his designs are ultimately levelled,"—is nothing less than foolish.

P. 208. ([59]) "*embassy of meeting,*" &c.

Here the folio has "ambassie *of,*" &c.; to which spelling ("ambassy") Mr. Halliwell adheres, with a remark that it is "the old form of the word in ed. 1623." But if we turn to act i. sc. 1 of *King John* in ed. 1623, we find,

"Silence (good mother) heare the *Embassie.*

. . . . . .

The farthest limit of my *Embassie,*

. . . . . .

And once dispatch'd him in an *Embassie,*" &c.

P. 208. ([60]) "*to make me mad,*" &c.

The folio has "*to make* one *mad,*" &c.—The necessary correction was first made in my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare,* p. 16.

P. 209. ([61]) "*let*," &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "get," &c.

P. 209. ([62]) "*Accusativo, hunc.*"

The folio has "—— hinc;" and, in the next speech, "Hing, *hang, hog:*" but I agree with Mr. Halliwell in thinking that no such blundering was intended here. (This is not in the quarto.)

P. 211. ([63]) "*compliment*," &c.

See note ([5]) on *Love's Labour's lost.*

P. 211. ([64]) "*his old lunes*," &c.

The folio has "*his olde* lines," &c.—(The quarto, in the corresponding passage, has "*his old* vaine," &c.)

P. 212. ([65]) "*Creep into the kiln-hole.*"

In the folio, these words, which obviously belong to Mrs. Page, are made a portion of the preceding speech. (Here the quarto does not assist us.)

P. 212. ([66]) "Mrs. Page."

The folio has "*Mist. Ford.*"—(The corresponding speech in the quarto is, "*Mis. Pa.* Then your vndone, your but a dead man.")

P. 213. ([67]) "*misuse him enough.*"

The "*him*" was added in the second folio.

P. 213. ([68]) "*I had as lief bear*," &c.

The folio has "*I had* liefe as *beare*," &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 213. ([69])

"*Set down the basket, villains! . . . O you panderly rascals!*"

The folio has "*Set downe the basket* villaine . . . *Oh you Panderly Rascals.*"—The quarto has,

"*Set downe the basket* you slaue,
You panderly rogue set it downe."—

Surely, it is plain that the "villaine" of the folio is a mistake for "*villains.*"

P. 213. ([70]) "*Youth in a basket!*"

Malone printed "You, *youth in a basket*, come out here!" from the quarto; but those words of the quarto correspond to the subsequent "Come forth, sirrah" of the folio.—Mr. Halliwell observes that "'Youth in a basket' appears to have been a sort of proverbial phrase. It is given as the title of some lines in *A Swarm of Sectaries and Schismatiques*, &c. 1641 [by Taylor the water-poet]."

P. 213. ([71]) "*a ging*," &c.

The folio has "*a* gin," &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 213. ([72]) "*Come, come forth!*"

"Is addressed to the 'youth in a basket,' and not to Mrs. Ford," says Mr. Knight,—and rightly, it would seem from the "*Come forth, sirrah*," a little further on.

P. 215. ([73]) "*let him not strike*," &c.

The "*not*" was added in a late quarto, 1630.

P. 215. ([74]) "*her muffler*."

So the quarto.—The folio has "his *muffler*." (I notice this, because one editor calls "*her*" a modern alteration.)

P. 216. ([75]) "*the Germans desire*," &c.

The folio has "*the* Germane *desires*," &c. (Here in the quarto they are spoken of as "three gentlemen.")

P. 216. ([76]) "*I'll call them to you*."

The folio has "*Ile call* him *to you*."—"Corrected," says Malone, "in the third folio:" but "*them*" is also found in the quarto.

P. 216. ([77]) "*they have had my house a week at command*," &c.

So the quarto.—The folio has "—— *my* houses," &c.,—which, strangely enough, is usually retained in the modern editions.

P. 217. ([78]) "*with cold*," &c.

An obvious correction, made by Rowe.—The folio has "*with* gold," &c. (Not in the quarto.)

P. 217. (79) "*You say he has been thrown,*" &c.

On the Ms. Corrector's alteration, "*You* see, *he has been thrown,*" &c., Mr. Collier remarks, "*The fact is,* that the other persons engaged in the scene had *said* nothing of the kind," &c. But it is evident from what precedes, that the two ladies have just been telling their husbands and Sir Hugh how they had served Falstaff.

P. 217. (80) "*And there he blasts the trees,*" &c.

So Hanmer.—The folio has "—— *the* tree," &c.,—which the context evinces to be wrong. (This is not in the quarto.)

P. 218. (81) "Mrs. Ford."

The folio has "*Ford.*"

P. 218. (82) "*Finely attirèd in a robe of white.*
Page. *That silk will I go buy:*—[aside] *and in that tire,*" &c.

The folio has "—— *and in that* time," &c.—I adopt Theobald's correction; which is manifestly the right word, though Warburton (from dislike to his *quondam* friend Theobald) defends the old text. (Here the quarto is very different, both in the distribution of the speeches and in the speeches themselves: but still it may be quoted as affording support to Theobald's emendation:

"*Pa.* Tis excellent, and my daughter Anne
Shall like a little Fayrie be disguised.
Mis. Pa. And in that Maske Ile make the Doctor steale my daughter An, and ere my husband knowes it, to carrie her to Church, and marrie her.")

P. 220. (83) "*My master, sir, Master Slender,*" &c.

The folio has "*My master* (*Sir*) my *master Slender,*" &c. (The quarto, "Marry *sir* my *maister Slender,*" &c.)

P. 220. (84) "Sim. *I may not conceal them, sir.*
Host. *Conceal them, or thou diest.*"

In the folio the first of these speeches is wrongly assigned to "Fal."—The facetious Host amuses himself with Slender's blunder in saying "*conceal*" instead of "reveal." (This is not in the quarto.)

P. 220. (85) "*Ay, sir; like who more bold.*"

i. e. Ay, sir; like the boldest.—So the folio (and with distinct punctuation,—"*I, sir: like,*" &c.)—(The quarto has, by a misprint, "*I* tike, *who more bolde*"

(without any interrogation-point); and Farmer having suggested that the author wrote "*Ay*, sir Tike, *who more bold?*", that extraordinary reading has been usually adopted.—Mr. Collier has devised a still more extraordinary one, "*Ay, sir*, tike, *who more bold?*" which he thus explains, "Falstaff calls Simple, 'sir,' and then corrects himself, in order to give him a derogatory appellation.")

P. 221. (86) "*Run away with the cozeners,*" &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector inserts "by" after "*with.*"

P. 222. (87) "*but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.*"

"The words "*to say my prayers*" were restored from the early quarto by Mr. Pope. They were probably omitted in the folio on account of the stat. 3 Iac. 1. ch. 21." MALONE.

P. 223. (88) "*wherein fat Falstaff,*" &c.

The word "*wherein*" is from the quarto. (The editor of the second folio, to assist the metre, printed "*fat* Sir John *Falstaffe*," &c.)

P. 223. (89) "*Her mother, ever strong,*" &c.

The folio has "—— euen *strong,*" &c.,—a decided misprint; which, however, Steevens tries to defend: "'*even* strong,'" he says, "is '*as strong, with a similar degree of strength*'"! (Compare the quarto, "Now her mother *still* against that match," &c.)

P. 223. (90) "*denote her,*" &c.

The folio has "deuote *her,*" &c. (Not in the quarto.)

P. 225. (91) "*daughter.*"

This word, which had been accidentally omitted in the first folio, was supplied by the editor of the second folio.

P. 226. (92) "*the Welsh devil Hugh?*"

So Theobald.—The folio has "*the Welch-deuill* Herne?"—The Ms. Corrector substitutes "*the Welch devil*, Evans;" and Mr. Collier observes, "Had 'Hugh' been the word, it seems probable that Mrs. Ford might have paid him the respect of calling him Sir Hugh." But Mr. Collier forgets that afterwards (p. 230) Ford says *to Evans*, "Well said, fairy *Hugh.*" (This is not in the quarto.)

P. 227. (93) "*a bribed buck*," &c.

Was altered by Theobald to "*a* bribe-*buck*," &c. (i.e. a *buck* sent for a *bribe*): but "*bribed*" may certainly stand,—in the sense of *stolen*. See Tyrwhitt's *Gloss. to Chaucer*, sub *Briben*, where he cites, from *Rot. Parl.* 22 Edw. IV. n. 30, a mention of persons who "have stolen and *bribed* signetts [young swans]"; Way's *Prompt Parv.* p. 50; and a long note in my ed. of Skelton's *Works*, ii. 256.—(A *stolen* buck was more likely to be "divided" than one *sent as a bribe*.)

P. 227. (94) "Anne."

The folio throughout this scene prefixes "Qui." and "Qu." to the speeches of the Fairy Queen: but, though in the quarto that part is assigned to Mrs. Quickly, there can be no doubt that in the enlarged play it is represented by Anne Page:

> "To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
> Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen," &c. p. 223.
>
> "Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies?" p. 226.

In the quarto the stage-direction for the entrance of the fairies is marked thus, "*Enter Sir Hugh like a Satyre, and boyes drest like Fayries, mistresse Quickly, like the Queane of Fayries: they sing a song about him, and afterward speake.*"—The folio has merely "*Enter Fairies.*"—That Mrs. Quickly was not intended by the poet to appear among the fairies in the amended play, is, I think, quite certain. (Mr. Collier, after stating that the Ms. Corrector has restored the part of the Fairy Queen to Anne Page, remarks; "It does not, indeed, appear that Mrs. Quickly took any part at all in the scene, although she most likely in some way lent her assistance, in order that she might be on the stage at the conclusion of the performance." But *all* the *dramatis personæ* are not brought together at the close of the play; for instance, neither Shallow nor the Host of the Garter are then on the stage; and why should Mrs. Quickly be present?)—Since the folio in this scene prefixes "*Pist.*" to the speeches of "Hobgoblin" (or Puck), I have given in the stage-direction "PISTOL, *as Hobgoblin:*" it seems, however, unlikely in the extreme that Shakespeare should have meant *Pistol* to figure here. "It is highly probable (as a modern editor [Capell] has observed), that the performer who had represented Pistol, was afterwards, from necessity, employed among the fairies; and that his name thus crept into the copies." MALONE.

P. 228. (95) "*shalt thou leap*," &c.

The Ms. Corrector gives, for the rhyme, "when *thou*'st leapt," &c. (I may notice that the quarto, though very different from the folio throughout this scene, has, in a speech assigned to Sir Hugh,—

> "And when you finde a slut that lies *a sleepe*,
> And all her dishes foule, and roome *vnswept*," &c.)

P. 228. (96) "*Pead?*"

So the quarto.—The folio has "Bede?"—"It is remarkable that, throughout

this metrical business, Sir Hugh appears to drop his Welsh pronunciation, though he resumes it as soon as he speaks in his own character. As Falstaff, however, supposes him to be a Welsh fairy, his peculiarity of utterance must have been preserved on the stage, though it be not distinguished in the printed copies." STEEVENS.—In the last line of the present speech the folio has "Pinch *them*," &c.: but afterwards (p. 230) it makes Sir Hugh say, "Fairies will not *pinse* you."

P. 228. (97) "*emerald tufts*," &c.

The folio has "*Emrold*-tuffes," &c.; and here Mr. Halliwell retains "tuffs" as being "the old and authentic form." But the folio has in *The Winter's Tale*, act ii. sc. 1, "the *tuft* of Pines," and in *As you like it*, act iii. sc. 5, "the *tuft* of Oliues." And see the various spelling of the word in the quotations given by Dr. Richardson in his *Dict.* sub "*Tuft*."

P. 230. (98) "*which must be paid to Master Brook*," &c.

"We ought rather to read with the old quarto, 'which must be paid to master *Ford*;' for as Ford, to mortify Falstaff, addresses him throughout his speech by the name of *Brook*, the describing himself by the same name creates a confusion. A modern editor [Capell] plausibly enough reads—'which must be paid *too*, Master Brook;' but the first sketch shows that *to* is right; for the sentence, as it stands in the quarto, will not admit *too*." MALONE.—Perhaps the change which Malone recommends would be an improvement: but what could he mean by stating that here "Ford *addresses Falstaff* by the name of Brook"?

P. 232. (99) "*her in white*," &c.

The folio has "*her in* greene," &c.

P. 232. (100) "*into green*," &c.

The folio has "*into* white," &c.

P. 232. (101) "*in green?*"

The folio has "*in* white?"

P. 233. (102) "*unduteous title*," &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*unduteous* guile," &c.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VINCENTIO, duke of Vienna.
ANGELO, the deputy in the Duke's absence.
ESCALUS, joined with Angelo in the deputation.
CLAUDIO.
LUCIO.
Two other Gentlemen.
Provost.
THOMAS, } two friars.
PETER, }
A Justice.
VARRIUS.
ELBOW, a constable.
FROTH.
POMPEY, servant to Mistress Overdone.
ABHORSON, an executioner.
BARNARDINE, a prisoner.

ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.
MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.
JULIET, beloved of Claudio.
FRANCISCA, a nun.
MISTRESS OVERDONE, a bawd.

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

SCENE—*Vienna.*

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An apartment in the* Duke's *palace.*

Enter Duke, ESCALUS, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Escalus,—
Escal. My lord?
Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency,(1) as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you're as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enrichèd any
That we remember. There is our commission, [*Giving it.*
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo. [*Exit an Attendant.*
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: what think you of it?
Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.
Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to the observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advértise;
Hold, therefore, Angelo:— [*Tendering his commission.*
In our remove be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary:—
Take thy commission. [*Giving it.*
Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.
Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and preparèd choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall impórtune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know

What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand:
I'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and aves vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter LUCIO *and two* Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why, then, all the dukes fall upon the king.

First Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

Sec. Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

Sec. Gent. "Thou shalt not steal"?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

First Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

Sec. Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

Sec. Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

First Gent. What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion or in any language.

First Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as, for example,—thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

First Gent. Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.

First Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech, I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

First Gent. I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

Sec. Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio.(2) Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—

Sec. Gent. To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

Sec. Gent. To three thousand dollars a year.

First Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

First Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error,—I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE.

First Gent. How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Mrs. Ov. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

Sec. Gent. Who's that, I pray thee?

Mrs. Ov. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

First Gent. Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Mrs. Ov. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head(3) to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Mrs. Ov. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

Sec. Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

First Gent. But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away! let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.*

Mrs. Ov. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter POMPEY.

How now! what's the news with you?

Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Mrs. Ov. Well; what has he done?

Pom. A woman.

Mrs. Ov. But what's his offence?

Pom. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Mrs. Ov. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Pom. No, but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Mrs. Ov. What proclamation, man?

Pom. All houses (4) in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Mrs. Ov. And what shall become of those in the city?

Pom. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Mrs. Ov. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

Pom. To the ground, mistress.

Mrs. Ov. Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Pom. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Mrs. Ov. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? let's withdraw.

Pom. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's Madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET,(5) *and* Officers.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demigod Authority
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Re-enter LUCIO *and two* Gentlemen.(6)

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality(7) of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What, is't murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir! you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend.—Lucio, a word with you.
[*Takes him aside.*

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—
Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me:—upon a true contract
I got possession of Julietta's bed:
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation(8) lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,

Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in:—but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrollèd penalties
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me:—'tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is: and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service:—
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer, away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A monastery.*

Enter Duke *and* FRIAR THOMAS.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a cómplete bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. T. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and(9) witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo—
A man of stricture and firm abstinence—
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this?

Fri. T. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,—
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,—(10)
Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes(11) more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. T. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleas'd:

And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment.(12) Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature(13) never in the fight,
To do it slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me(14)
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A nunnery.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges?
Fran. Are not these large enough?
Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.
Lucio [*within*]. Ho! Peace be in this place!
Isab. Who's that which calls?
Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.

When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit.*

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be,—as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! for what?

Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your scorn.(15)

Lucio. 'Tis true. I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:—
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison; even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?
Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names
By vain, though apt, affection.
Lucio. She it is.
Isab. O, let him marry her.
Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He—to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have for long run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions—hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.
Isab. Doth he so seek his life?
Lucio. Has censur'd him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.
Isab. Alas, what poor ability's in me
To do him good!
Lucio. Assay the power you have.
Isab. My power! Alas, I doubt,—
Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,

And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A hall in* ANGELO'S *house.*

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, *a* Justice, Provost, Officers, *and other* Attendants.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father!
Let but your honour know,—
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,—
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your(16) blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. What's open made
To justice, that justice seizes: what know the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [*Exit Provost.*

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice,(17) and answer none;
And some condemnèd for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, *and* Officers *with* FROTH *and* POMPEY.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to:—what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Pom. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir! a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife!

Elb. Ay, sir;—whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

Escal. [*to Angelo*] Do you hear how he misplaces?

Pom. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing—saving your honour's reverence—for stewed prunes, sir;—we had but two in the house, which at that very distant(18) time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence;

—your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes,—

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Pom. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right:—but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you threepence again,—

Froth. No, indeed.

Pom. Very well;—you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,—

Froth. Ay, so I did indeed.

Pom. Why, very well;—I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

Froth. All this is true.

Pom. Why, very well, then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Pom. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pom. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?—

Froth. All-hallond eve.

Pom. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?—

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.(19)

Pom. Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship.
[*Exit Angelo.*
Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Pom. Once, sir! there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Pom. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her?

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face.—Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose.—Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Pom. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Pom. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Pom. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right.—Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pom. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice or iniquity?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked

Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her!—If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer.—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it.—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. [*to Froth*] Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—[*To Pompey*] What trade are you of, sir?

Pom. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Pom. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Pom. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [*Exit Froth.*] Come you hither to me, master tapster. What's your name, master tapster?

Pom. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Pom. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the

Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

Pom. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Pom. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Pom. Does your worship mean to geld and splay(20) all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Pom. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't, then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There is pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Pom. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay:(21) if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you:—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Pom. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.
Whip me! No, no; let carman whip his jade:
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your(22) readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas, it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house. Fare you well. [*Exit Elbow.*] What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet,—poor Claudio!—There is no remedy.—
Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another room in the same.*

Enter Provost *and a* Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know
His pleasure; may be he will relent. Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects,(23) all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for it!

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?
Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?
Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?
Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.
Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.
Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.—
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.
Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd
Desires access to you.
Ang. Hath he a sister?
Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.
Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*
See you the fornicatress be remov'd:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCIO.

Prov. Save your honour! [*Offering to retire.*
Ang. Stay a little while.—[*To Isab.*] You're welcome:
what's your will?
Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.
Ang. Well; what's your suit?
Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;

For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. [*aside*] Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the fault,(21) whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just but severe law!
I had a brother, then.—Heaven keep your honour!
[*Retiring.*

Lucio [*aside to Isab.*]. Give't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown:
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But(25) might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio [*aside to Isab.*]. You are too cold.

Isab. Too late! why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back(26) again. Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the king's crown nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon nor the judge's robe,

Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipp'd like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio [*aside to Isab.*]. Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas, alas!
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment,(27) should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new-made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him:—he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!—
He's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio [*aside to Isab.*]. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first that did the edict infringe(28)
Had answer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,

Either new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no súccessive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.(29)

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio [*aside to Isab.*]. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder.—
Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man,
Dress'd in a little brief authority,—
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio [*aside to Isab.*]. O, to him, to him, wench! he will relent;
He's coming; I perceive't.

Prov. [*aside*] Pray heaven she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:(30)
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.

Lucio [*aside to Isab.*]. Thou'rt i' the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
Lucio [*aside to Isab.*]. Art avis'd o' that? more on't.
Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.
Ang. [*Aside*] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.—Fare you well.
Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me: come again to-morrow.
Isab. Hark how I'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.
Ang. How! bribe me!
Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.
Lucio [*aside to Isab.*]. You had marr'd all else.
Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven and enter there
Ere sun-rise,—prayers from preservèd souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.
Lucio [*aside to Isab.*]. Go to; 'tis well; away!
Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!
Ang. [*aside*] Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.
Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?
Ang. At any time fore noon.
Isab. Save your honour!
[*Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.*

Ang. From thee,—even from thy virtue!—
What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most, ha?
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite:—ever till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.(31) [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A room in a prison.*

Enter, severally, Duke *disguised as a friar, and* Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.
Prov. I am the provost. What's your will, good friar?
Duke. Bound by my charity and my bless'd order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison. Do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.
Look, here comes one,—a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flames(32) of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;
And he that got it, sentenc'd,—a young man
More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this.

Enter JULIET.

Duke. When must he die?
Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—
I have provided for you: stay awhile, [*To Juliet.*
And you shall be conducted.
Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?
Jul. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.
Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
Jul. I'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So, then, it seems your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?
Jul. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
Jul. I do confess it, and repent it, father.
Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,
Showing we would not spare(33) heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—
Jul. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.
Jul. Grace go with you! (34)
Duke. *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*

Jul. Must die to-morrow! O injurious law,(35)
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!
Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A room in* ANGELO'S *house.*

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention,(36) hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown sear'd(37) and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:(38)
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now! who's there!
Serv. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.
Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit Serv.*] O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons; (39)
Come all to help him, and so stop the air

By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid!

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so.—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring.*

Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,
As long as you or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained means
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather,—that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul: our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily;(40) and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield(41) beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, display'd.—But mark me;
To be receivèd plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,—
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,—that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-building(42) law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either

You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing(43) have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you, then, as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
Nothing akin(44) to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a fedary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed thy weakness.(45)

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,—

Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be bold;—
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one,—as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,—show it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me
That he shall die for't.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know your virtue hath a license in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world
Aloud what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,

I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. [*Exit.*

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof;
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in the prison.*

Enter Duke *disguised as before,* CLAUDIO, *and* Provost.

Duke. So, then, you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences
That do(46) this habitation, where thou keep'st,

Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast, forgett'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,(47)
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,(48)
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessèd youth
Becomes as agèd, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Isab. [*within*] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome.—Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring(49) me to hear them speak, where I may be Conceal'd. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why,
As all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting lieger:
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance,—a restraint,
Though(50) all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?

The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness.(51) If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew,
As falcon doth the fowl—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The priestly(52) Angelo?

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In priestly guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,—
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed?

Claud. O heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd?—O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamèd life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbèd ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts([53])
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathèd worldly life
That age, ache, penury,([54]) and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas, alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warpèd slip of wilderness
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance;
Die, perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,—
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin 's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [*Going.*

Claud. O, hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile.

Duke [*aside to Claudio*]. Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell. [*Exit Claudio.*] Provost, a word with you!

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid: my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit.*

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your com-

plexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him, I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But, O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation,—he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further. I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by(55) oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in

her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, and(56) now follows all:—we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's: there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.(57) *The street before the prison.*

Enter, on one side, Duke *disguised as before; on the other,* ELBOW, *and* Officers *with* POMPEY.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here?

Pom. 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir.—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat,(58) array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Pom. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his.—Take him to prison, officer:
Correction and instruction must both work
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
From our faults, as faults from seeming, free![59]

Elb. His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir.

Pom. I spy comfort; I cry, bail! Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar! art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it[60] clutched? What reply, ha? What sayest thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drowned i' the last rain, ha? What sayest thou to't?[61] Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus; still worse!

Lucio. How dóth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

Pom. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd: an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Pom. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell: go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born.—Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey: you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Pom. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Pom. You will not bail me, then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now.—What news abroad, friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go. [*Exeunt Elbow, and Officers with Pompey.*] What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the(62) downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawned him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that, when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion generative;(63) that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy(64) fellow was the duke: and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon; 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand,—the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise! why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer(65) love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return (as our prayers are he may), let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you

imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why, for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the duke we talk of were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar: I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet(66) and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?—
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, Provost, *and* Officers *with* MISTRESS OVERDONE.

Escal. Go; away with her to prison!

Mrs. Ov. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Mrs. Ov. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time; he promised her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison!—Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt Officers with Mistress Ov.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the see
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and(67) it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking: there is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accursed:—much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life;

which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty: but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you! [*Exeunt Escalus and Provost.*

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;(68)
More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness, made in crimes,(69)
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothèd but despis'd;
So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before* MARIANA'S *house.*

MARIANA *discovered sitting; a* Boy *singing.*

SONG.

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
Seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent. [*Exit Boy.*

Enter Duke *disguised as before.*

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.—
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Duke. I do constantly believe you.—The time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planchèd gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise on the heavy(70)
Middle of the night to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't:
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you greed concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this.—What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and have(71) found it.

Duke. Take, then, this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside?
[*Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.*

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report

Run with these([72]) false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies!

Re-enter MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

Welcome! How agreed?

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
"Remember now my brother."

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's([73]) to sow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in the prison.*

Enter Provost *and* POMPEY.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

Pom. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Pom. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What, ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir! fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

Pom. Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Pom. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Pom. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if(74) it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Pom. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd,—he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Pom. I do desire to learn, sir: and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt Pompey and Abhorson.*

The one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Knocking within.*] But, hark, what noise?—
Heaven give your spirits comfort! [*Exit Claudio.*] By and by!—
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter Duke *disguised as before.*

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will, then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice:
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just. [*Knocking within.*
Now are they come.
[*Exit Provost.*
This is a gentle provost: seldom when
The steelèd gaoler is the friend of men. [*Knocking within.*
How now! what noise? That spirit's possess'd with haste
That wounds the unsisting(75) postern with these strokes.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. [*speaking to one at the door*] There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.
Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?
Prov. None, sir, none.
Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.
Prov. Happily
You something know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's(76) man.
Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.
Mes. [*giving a paper*] My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge,—that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.
Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*
Duke [*aside*]. This is his pardon, purchas'd by such sin

For which the pardoner himself is in.
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.—
Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [*reads*]

"Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril."

What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he

would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack, how may I do it,—having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie(77) the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I

meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour; perchance of the duke's death; perchance entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another room in the same.*

Enter POMPEY.

Pom. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy,(78) and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier-and-dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthright(79) the tilter, and brave Master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and,

I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now "for the Lord's sake."

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Bar. [*within*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom. Your friend, sir; the hangman.(80) You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Bar. [*within*] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Pom. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pom. Very ready, sir.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Bar. How now, Abhorson! what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant 's come.

Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for 't.

Pom. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

Enter Duke *disguised as before.*

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night,

and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Bar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

Duke. Unfit to live or die: O gravel heart!—
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.*

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This reprobate till he were well inclin'd;
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: see this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done,—
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:(81)

Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, dispatch,
And send the head to Angelo. [*Exit Provost.*
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home,
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanc'd(82) form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost *with Ragozine's head.*

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*

Isab. [*within*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave!

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world:
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other:
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!
Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.
Isab. Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! most damnèd Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot;
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find(83)
By every syllable a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;
One of our covent,(84) and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can,(85) pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.
Isab. I am directed by you.
Duke. This letter, then, to Friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours
I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combinèd by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even, friar: where's the provost?
Duke. Not within, sir.
Lucio. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to't. But they say the

duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [*Exit Isabella.*

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of bur; I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A room in* ANGELO'S *house.*

Enter ANGELO *and* ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and redeliver(86) our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that;—to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd:
Betimes i' the morn I'll call you at your house:
Give notice to such men of sort and suit
As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir. Fare you well.

Ang. Good night. [*Exit Escalus.*

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body that enforc'd
The law against it! But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no;
For my authority bears so(87) credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right!—we would, and we would not. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Fields without the town.*

Enter Duke *in his own habit, and* FRIAR PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me:
[*Giving letters.*

The provost knows our purpose and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentius,(88) Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.

Fri. P. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit.*

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:
Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Street near the city-gate.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loth:
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I am advis'd to do it;
He says, to 'vailful purpose.(89)
Mari. Be rul'd by him.
Isab. Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic
That's bitter to sweet end.
Mari. I would Friar Peter—
Isab. O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter FRIAR PETER.

Fri. P. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded;
The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is entering: therefore, hence, away! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A public place near the city-gate.*

MARIANA *veiled*, ISABELLA, *and* FRIAR PETER, *behind*. *Enter, from one side*, Duke *in his own habit*, VARRIUS, Lords; *from the other*, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers, *and* Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang.
Escal. } Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand:—
And good supporters are you.

FRIAR PETER *and* ISABELLA *come forward.*

Fri. P. Now is your time: speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what? by whom? be brief.
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice:
Reveal yourself to him.
Isab. O worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear me, here!
Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother
Cut off by course of justice,—
Isab. By course of justice!
Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.
Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not strange and strange?
Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.
Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.
Duke. Away with her!—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.
Isab. O prince, I cónjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness! Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince:
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad,—as I believe no other,—
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio
As then the messenger,—

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now, then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale,—

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are i' the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy,—

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again. The matter;—proceed.
Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied,—
For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: but the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Duke. This is most likely!
Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!
Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.
Isab. And is this all?
Then, O you blessèd ministers above,
Keep me in patience, and with ripen'd time
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelievèd go!
Duke. I know you'd fain be gone.—An officer!
To prison with her!—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.—
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike.—Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swinge'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me! this'(90) a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Fri. P. Bless'd be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

Fri. P. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust,(91) a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villanously; believe it.

Fri. P. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange(92) fever. Upon his mere request,—
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo,—came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false; and what he, with his oath
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented. First, for this woman,—
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,—
Her shall you hear disprovèd to her eyes,

Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.

[*Isabella is carried off guarded; and Mariana comes forward.*

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?—
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow, then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you
Are nothing, then:—neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk, then, my lord: it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?
Mari. Not that I know.
Duke. No? you say your husband.
Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knows(98) Isabel's.
Ang. This is a strange abuse.—Let's see thy face.
Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
[*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on;
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagin'd person.
Duke. Know you this woman?
Lucio. Carnally, she says.
Duke. Sirrah, no more!
Lucio. Enough, my lord.
Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this woman:
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly for that her promisèd proportions
Came short of composition; but in chief
For that her reputation was disvalu'd
In levity: since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.
Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone in's garden-house
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixèd here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on: let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them to your height of pleasure.—(94)
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compáct with her that's gone, think'st thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation?—You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.—
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Fri. P. Would he were here, my lord! for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go do it instantly. [*Exit Provost.*
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you till you have well
Determinèd upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it throughly. [*Exit Duke.*] Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum:* honest in nothing but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again: I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*]—Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly, she'll be ashamed.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Re-enter Officers *with* ISABELLA.

Escal. [*to Isab.*] Come on, mistress: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to him till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Re-enter Duke *disguised as a friar, and* Provost.

Escal. Come, sir: did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne!—
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:
Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least.—But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox,
Good night to your redress! Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar,
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women

To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain? and then to glance from him
To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice?—
Take him hence; to the rack with him!—We'll touse you
Joint by joint, but we will know his(95) purpose.—
What, unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke dare
No more stretch this finger of mine than he
Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial. My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o'er-run the stew; laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state!—Away with him to prison!

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord.—Come hither, goodman baldpate: do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark, how the villain would gloze(96) now, after his treasonable abuses!

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal.—Away with him to prison!—Where is the provost?—Away with

him to prison! lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more.—Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion! [*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*

Duke. Stay, sir; stay awhile.

Ang. What, resists he?—Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir! Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will't not off?

[*Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er made(97) a duke.—
First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.—
[*To Lucio*] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you
Must have a word anon.—Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke [*to Escalus*]. What you have spoke I pardon: sit you down:—
We'll borrow place of him.—[*To Angelo*] Sir, by your leave.
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana.—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again.—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, and Provost.*

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel.
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advértising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty!

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance(98) of my hidden power
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose:—but, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER, *and* Provost.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudg'd your brother,—
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,—
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
"An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!"
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and measure still for measure.
Then,(99) Angelo, thy fault thus manifested,—

Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage,—
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.—
Away with him!

Mari. O my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come: for his possessions,
Although by confiscation([100]) they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege,— [*Kneeling.*

Duke. You do but lose your labour.—
Away with him to death!—[*To Lucio*] Now, sir, to you.

Mari. O my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do impórtune her:
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his pavèd bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing,—I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,

Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intents but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault.—
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.—
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him. [*Exit Provost.*

Escal. I am sorry, one so learnèd and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, *with* Barnardine, Claudio *muffled, and* Juliet.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man.—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd:
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come.—Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio as himself. [*Unmuffles Claudio.*

Duke [*to Isabella*]. If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is(101) he pardon'd; and, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: but fitter time for that.
By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth worth(102) yours.—
I find an apt remission in myself;
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.—
[*To Lucio*] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,
That you extol me thus?(103)

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you I might be whipped.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
If any woman's(104) wrong'd by this lewd fellow,—
As I have heard him swear himself there's one
Whom he begot with child,—let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore! Your highness said even now, I made you a duke:

good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison;
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.—

[*Exeunt Officers with Lucio.*

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.—
Joy to you, Mariana!—Love her, Angelo:
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There's more behind that is more gratulate.—
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.—
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's(105) meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*

P. 253. (1) "*then no more remains,*
But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work."

Some half dozen attempts have been made to amend this corrupted passage; and it would require no great effort of conjecture to produce half a dozen other alterations quite as satisfactory as any yet proposed. For my own part, I am strongly inclined to agree with Malone, who says; "I have not the smallest doubt that the compositor's eye glanced from the middle of the second of these lines to that under it in the Ms., and that by this means two half lines have been omitted:"—and he goes on to show that the very same error may be found in *Macbeth*, ed. 1632, in *Much ado about Nothing*, ed. 1623, and in *Romeo and Juliet*, ed. 1623.

P. 256. (2)
"Lucio. *Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—*
Sec. Gent. *To what, I pray?*
Lucio. *Judge.*
Sec. Gent. *To three thousand dollars a year.*
First Gent. *Ay, and more.*
Lucio. *A French crown more.*
First Gent. *Thou art always,*" &c.

So the folio.—The distribution of this dialogue has been variously altered by the modern editors. Some assign a portion of the first speech, "*I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—*" and the third speech, "*Judge,*" to *First Gent.* Others give the whole of the first speech, and the third speech, to *First Gent.* Both these alterations are not unjustly objected to by Mr. Halliwell; who himself makes no change in the prefixes, but boldly alters, in the first speech, "*I have purchased*" to "He [i. e. the First Gent.] has *purchased:*" which, however, cannot be right, because it is inconsistent with the speech of the person so jeered, "*Ay, and more.*"

P. 257. (3) "*his head to be chopped off.*"

Is usually altered to "*his head's to be,*" &c.

P. 258. (4) "*All houses,*" &c.

Tyrwhitt would read "*All* bawdy-*houses,*" &c. (and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector), or (as presently after) "*All houses* of resort," &c.

P. 258. (5) "JULIET," &c.

Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector strikes out "JULIET;" and Mr. Halliwell

changes it to "Gaoler:" but, whatever the seeming impropriety of her being on the stage during this scene, are not Pompey's words, "*there's Madam Juliet*," decisive that the author intended her to appear?

P. 259. (6) "*The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;*
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Re-enter Lucio and two *Gentlemen*."

Here, according to Henley, we have an allusion to St. Paul's *Epistle to the Romans*, ix. 15, 18.—Mr. Halliwell prints "*The* word *of heaven*," &c.—Roberts proposed "*The* sword *of heaven*," &c., citing from *The Cobbler's Prophecy*, 1594,

"In brief, they are the *swords of heaven* to punish:"

and his conjecture, as Malone observes, is supported by another passage in the present play (p. 299);

"He who the *sword of heaven* will bear," &c.—

Mr. W. N. Lettsom informs me that the late Sidney Walker not only approved of Roberts's reading, "sword," but altered "*yet still 'tis just*" to "*yet* 'tis just still."

The folio makes Lucio and the two Gentlemen enter along with the Provost, Claudio, &c.,—having in that place "*Scena Tertia*," and marking there (as it sometimes does elsewhere at the commencement of a scene) the *entrance of all the persons who are successively to take part in the scene*.—The common acting-copies of *Measure for Measure* properly make Lucio and his friends re enter here.

P. 259. (7) "*the morality*," &c.

The folio has "*the* mortality," &c.—Corrected by Davenant in his *Law against Lovers* (a drama formed out of *Measure for Measure* and *Much ado about Nothing*).

P. 259. (8) "*Save that we do the denunciation lack*
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower," &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters "*denunciation*" to "pronunciation," most unnecessarily, as (to say nothing of the line in *King John*, act iii. sc. 1,

"I will *denounce* a curse upon his head")

Mr. Collier might have learned, if he had turned to Todd's *Johnson's Dict.*, where under "*Denunciation*" the following passage is quoted from Hall's *Cases of Conscience*; "This publick and reiterated *denunciation* of banns before matrimony," &c.—For "*propagation*" Malone proposed "prorogation;" and Jackson and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector would substitute "procuration:" but see Steevens's note *ad l.*, and Richardson's *Dict.* sub "*Propagate*."

P. 261. (9) "*and witless bravery*," &c.

The "*and*" was added in the second folio.

P. 261. (10) " . . . . *headstrong steeds*,—
. . . . *let sleep*," &c.

The folio has,

" . . . . *headstrong* weedes
. . . . *let* slip," &c.

Here "*steeds*" is Theobald's correction (but the late Sidney Walker, as Mr. W. N. Lettsom informs me, would read "wills"): "*slip*" is from Davenant's refiction of the passage in his *Law against Lovers* (see note (7)).

P. 261. (11) "*Becomes more mock'd than fear'd*," &c.

The word "*Becomes*" was added by Pope (who in all probability was acquainted with the passage of Davenant just mentioned, which has

"Till it in time *become* more," &c.).

P. 262. (12) "*When evil deeds have their permissive pass,*
And not the punishment."

Qy. "*And not* their *punishment*"?

P. 262. (13) "*Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,*
And yet my nature never in the fight,
To do it slander."

Here I have deviated from the folio only in giving, with Hanmer, "*To do it slander*," instead of "*To do* in *slander*." I feel, however, by no means satisfied with the reading, "*never in the fight:*" Malone, indeed, remarks that "*fight* seems to be countenanced by the words *ambush* and *strike:*" but, strictly speaking, no *fight* is in question; Angelo was to strike with the sword of justice, which none would presume to resist.—Several editors have preferred "*never in the* sight."—Qy. "*never in the* light," &c.?

P. 262. (14) "*in person bear me*," &c.

The "*me*" is a modern addition.

P. 263. (15) "*Sir, make me not your scorn.*"

The folio has "*Sir, make me not your* storie."—Davenant (see note (7)) and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector are, I have no doubt, quite right in considering "storie" as a misprint for "*scorne.*" (Mr. Knight says [after Steevens],

"*make me not your story*, is, invent me not your story—a very common phraseology of our author. When Lucio replies, *'tis true*, he means his story is true; he has not invented it; and he adds that he would not jest with her," &c. So, too, Mr. Halliwell.—But (allowing that the phraseology is unobjectionable as far as "*me*" is concerned) does "*make me not your story*" in the sense of—"invent me not your story" suit the context?—Surely, not: for we should naturally expect that Isabella, in this rejoinder, would express some uneasiness and displeasure at the extremely free language of Lucio. As to the words "'Tis true" (What I have said is true), they suit either reading equally well.

P. 265. ([16]) "*of your blood*," &c.

The folio has "*of* our *blood*," &c.

P. 266. ([17]) "*Some run from brakes of vice*," &c.

The folio has "—— *from brakes of* Ice," &c.—See note ([61]) on *Coriolanus*.

P. 267. ([18]) "*that very distant time*," &c.

Rowe altered "*distant*" to "instant:" but Pompey was intended to blunder here: so afterwards (p. 269) he says, "I'll be *supposed* upon a book," &c.

P. 268. ([19])

"Froth. *I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.*"

The Ms. Corrector reads "—— *good for* windows;" by which, Mr. Collier says, "the matter is set right, and an error removed." I can only suppose that both the Ms. Corrector and his editor must have overlooked the description given of the speaker in the *Dram. Pers.* of the old ed., "FROTH, a *foolish* gentleman."

P. 271. ([20]) "*splay*."

See the quotations from Chapman's *Homer* and Holland's *Pliny* in Richardson's *Dict.* sub v.

P. 271. ([21]) "*after three-pence a bay*."

Here Pope changed "*bay*" to "day,"—in which rash alteration, as we now find, he had been anticipated by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector; neither of them being aware that *bay* is an architectural term of very common occurrence in old descriptions of houses.

P. 272. ([22]) "*by your readiness*," &c.

The folio has "*by* the *readinesse*," &c.—"Corrected by Mr. Pope. In the

Mss. of our author's age y^e and y^r (for so they were frequently written) were easily confounded." MALONE.

P. 272. (22) "*All sects, all ages,*" &c.

The late Sidney Walker, as Mr. W. N. Lettsom informs me, substituted "*All sorts, all ages,*" &c.

P. 274. (24) "*To fine the fault,*" &c.

The folio has "—— *the* faults," &c. (here, as elsewhere in the case of sundry other words, improperly adding the final *s*).

P. 274. (25) "*But might you do't,*" &c.

Mr. W. N. Lettsom informs me that "*But* you might *do't,*" &c. was the reading of the late Sidney Walker.

P. 274. (26) "*May call it back again.*"

Here "*back*" was added in the second folio.

P. 275. (27) "*If He, which is the top of judgment,*" &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "—— *the* God *of judgment,*"—most wantonly. That very expression which did not suit the taste of the Ms. Corrector occurs in another great poet, one whose fame is as imperishable as Shakespeare's;

"*Chè* cima di giudicio *non s' avvalla,*" &c.
Dante, *Purgatorio*, c. vi. 37.

P. 275. (28) "*If the first that did the edict infringe,*" &c.

In this line (though Mr. Knight admires its "retardation") a word is certainly wanting. It has been amended to "*If the first* man *that,*" &c., and to "*If* he, *the first that,*" &c.

P. 276. (29) "*that shows what future evils,*
Either new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no súccessive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end."

The folio has

" . . . . . .
Either now, *or by remissenesse* , .
. . . .
But here *they liue to end.*"

Pope altered "now" to "*new;*" Hanmer "here" to "*ere*" (and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—Malone prints "*But*, where *they live, to end;*" an emendation quite at variance with the preceding words, "in progress to be hatch'd and born." (I learn from Mr. W. N. Lettsom that the late Sidney Walker considered as unquestionably right the readings which I have adopted in this passage.)

P. 276. (30) "*We cannot weigh our brother with ourself,*" &c.

Warburton reads "*We cannot weigh our brother with* yourself," &c.; and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (as appears from Mr. Collier's one-volume *Shakespeare*) substitutes "You *cannot weigh our brother with* yourself," &c.

P. 278. (31)

"*Subdues me quite:—ever till now,*
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how."

Pope in one way, and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector in another, complete what they thought the defective measure of the first line. But frequently, when our early dramatists introduce a couplet, they make *the first line shorter* (sometimes *much shorter*) than the second: compare *The Merchant of Venice*, act ii. sc. 5;

"Fast bind, fast find,—
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind."

and see my notes on Middleton's *Works*, i. 424, ii. 7, 307.

P. 279. (32) "*in the flames,*" &c.

The folio has "*in the* flawes," &c.

P. 279. (33) "*Showing we would not spare heaven,*" &c.

"'*Spare heaven,*'—i. e. spare [or forbear] to offend heaven." MALONE.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*Showing we would not* serve *heaven,*" &c.

P. 279. (34) "*And I am going with instruction to him.*
Jul. *Grace go with you!*
Duke. Benedicite!"

The whole of this is given to the Duke in the folio.—Ritson first pointed out that a portion of it belongs to Juliet.

P. 280. (35) "*O injurious law,*" &c.

The folio has "*oh iniurious* Loue," &c.—Well does Mason observe that "Both Johnson's explanation of this passage [with the old reading], and Steevens's refutation of it, prove the necessity of Hanmer's amendment ['*law*'], which removes every difficulty, and can scarcely be considered as an alteration, the

trace of the letters in the words *law* and *love* being so nearly alike.—The law affected the life of the man only, not that of the woman; and this is the injury that Juliet complains of, as she wished to die with him."

P. 280. (36) "*Whilst my invention*," &c.

Warburton reads "*Whilst my* intention," &c.

P. 280. (37) "*sear'd*," &c.

So Lord Ellesmere's copy of the folio:—most copies have "feard," &c. (a misprint which the folio has again in *Cymbeline*, act ii. sc. iv. "O these *fear'd* hopes").

P. 280. (38) "*Blood, thou art blood*," &c.

Has been amended to "*Blood, thou art* but *blood*," &c., and to "*Blood, thou* still *art blood*," &c.; and, as Mr. W. N. Lettsom informs me, the late Sidney Walker read "*Blood*, blood, *thou art blood*," &c.

P. 280. (39) "*one that swoons*," &c.

The folio here has "*one that* swounds," &c.; as it usually spells the word,—but not always, for the modern spelling "*swoon*" is also found in it.

P. 282. (40) "*craftily; and that's not good.*"

So Davenant (see note (7)).—The folio has "crafty," &c.; which (though Shakespeare often uses adjectives adverbially) is shown by the metre to be a misprint.—*Just under that word*, in the next line, the folio has another blunder,—it omits "*me*."

P. 282. (41) "*as these black masks*
Proclaim an enshield beauty," &c.

Here, if "*enshield*" be right, it is equivalent to *en-shielded*.—Tyrwhitt would read "en-shell'd" or "in-shell'd" (which latter is given by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).

As to "THESE *black masks*,"—Tyrwhitt in his earlier days conjectured that Shakespeare alluded to "the masks of the audience when the play was acted at court:" but he afterwards repudiated that most extravagant conjecture; "My notion at present," he says, "is, that the phrase *these black masks* signifies nothing more than *black masks;* according to an old idiom of our language, by which the demonstrative pronoun is put for the prepositive article." In fact, "*these*" is sometimes little more than redundant in our old writers. So afterwards we have in the present play (p. 301),

"volumes of report
Run with *these* false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings!"

So too Shakespeare elsewhere. And compare Webster;

"We that are great women of pleasure use to cut off
These uncertain wishes and unquiet longings,
And in an instant join the sweet delight
And the pretty excuse together."

The Duchess of Malfi, act v. sc. 2.

(I cannot but feel surprised that Tyrwhitt's discarded conjecture, about *these masks* meaning the masks of the audience, should have been brought forward by Mr. Halliwell as a probable one; and that he should conceive it to be supported by a passage (to which he only refers) at the conclusion of Fletcher's *Beggars' Bush*, where Higgen, *speaking the epilogue*, says to the "ladies,"

"If you be pleas'd, look cheerly, throw your eyes
Out at your masks.")

P. 282. (42) "*the all-building law*," &c.

Here "*all-building*" has been altered to "*all*-holding" and to "*all*-binding."

P. 283. (43) "*That longing have been sick for*," &c.

In this line, by an ellipsis not unfrequent with our old writers, "*have*" is equivalent to "*I have*."—The usual modern alteration is "*That longing* I *have* (or I've) *been*," &c.: but Mr. Knight prints "*That longing* had *been*," &c., and says in all seriousness that here "*longing* is clearly a substantive"!

P. 283. (44) "*lawful mercy is*
Nothing akin to foul redemption."

Stands in the folio thus,—

"*lawfull mercie,*
Is nothing kin *to fowle redemption.*"

P. 283. (45) "*If not a fedary, but only he,*
Owe, and succeed thy weakness."

A very obscure passage; in which Rowe printed "by *weakness*;" and Malone proposes "this *weakness*." (On "*fedary*" see Richardson's *Dict.* sub "Federal.")

P. 285. (46) "*a breath thou art,*
Servile to all the skyey influences
That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict," &c.

The folio has "*That* dost *this habitation*," &c.—Porson says; "Sir T. Hanmer changed *dost* to *do* without necessity or authority. The construction is not,

'the skiey influences that do,' but, 'a breath thou art, that dost,' &c. If 'Servile to all the skiey influences' be enclosed in a parenthesis, all the difficulty will vanish." Now, what could the great critic have been thinking of when such a note dropt from him? Can any thing be plainer than the poet's meaning here, viz. that "the skyey influences hourly afflict" the body ("this habitation")?

P. 286. (47) "*to strange effects*," &c.

Johnson would read "*to strange* affects," &c.

P. 286. (48) "*call thee sire*," &c.

The folio has "*call thee*, fire," &c.—Corrected in the fourth folio.

P. 287. (49) "*Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be*
Conceal'd."

The folio has,

"*Bring* them *to heare* me *speak, where I may be conceal'd*,"—

the words "them" and "me" being transposed by mistake.—The editor of the second folio altered the passage to

"*Bring* them to speake, *where I may be conceal'd*, yet heare them."

P. 287. (50) "*Though all*," &c.

The folio has "Through *all*," &c.

P. 288. (51) "*Think you I can a resolution fetch*
From flowery tenderness."

The folio has an interrogation-point after "*tenderness*,"—wrongly, as Heath saw. ("*Think you*" is equivalent to "I would have you think"—"Be assured.")

P. 288. (52) "Claud. *The priestly Angelo?*
Isab. *O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,*
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In priestly guards!"

The folio has "*The* prenzie, *Angelo?*" and "*In* prenzie *gardes*."—The editor of the second folio altered in both places "prenzie" to "princely,"—an epithet which, in the repetition at least, has little propriety.—On a careful consideration of the passage, it appears to me that Warburton's reading "*priestly*" (given also by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector) is far preferable to any other. (Tieck's conjecture "precise" has the accent on the wrong syllable, and seems objectionable in the combination "precise *guards*." Of the other readings which have been proposed here, some are almost too ridiculous to be noticed.) —For "*guards*" (i. e. facings, trimmings) Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector very unnecessarily substitutes "garb."

P. 289. ([53]) "*incertain thoughts*," &c.

The folio has "*incertaine* thought," &c.

P. 289. ([54]) "*penury, and*," &c.

The folio has "periury, *and*," &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 291. ([55])

"*She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath*," &c.

The "*by*" was added in the second folio. (Here "*She*" is used for "Her.")

P. 292. ([56])

"*This being granted in course, and now follows all*," &c.

Most of the modern editors reject the "*and*,"—rather hastily, as might be shown by various passages in our early writers.

P. 293. ([57]) "[Exeunt severally.

SCENE II.," &c.

Here the folio has only "Exit" [Isabella]; and it marks no new scene.

As soon as Isabella had quitted the stage, the audience were to suppose that the scene was changed from the interior to the outside of the prison.

P. 293. ([58]) "*I eat, array myself*," &c.

The folio has "*I eate* away *my selfe*," &c.

P. 294. ([59]) "*From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!*"

A mutilated line.—In the second folio it was amended to,—

"Free *from our faults, as faults from seeming free;*"

which in the fourth folio became

"Free *from* all *faults, as faults from seeming free.*"

P. 294. ([60]) "*it clutched?*"

The folio omits "*it.*"

P. 294. ([61]) "*What sayest thou to't?*"

Grey's correction.—The folio has "—— *thou* Trot?" (Compare *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, p. 186 of the present vol., "*What say you to't*, Sir John?" and *Coriolanus*, act i. sc. 1, "*What say you to't?*")

P. 295. (62) "*the downright way of creation*," &c.

The folio has "this *downe-right*," &c.,—which, though not irreconcilable with old phraseology, I believe to be a decided error; the compositor's eye having caught what (in the old copy) stands exactly above,—"*this* Angelo."

P. 295. (63) "*a motion generative*," &c.

"This may be sense; and Lucio perhaps may mean, that, though Angelo have the organs of generation, yet that he makes no more use of them than if he were an inanimate puppet. But I rather think our author wrote '*a motion* ungenerative,' because Lucio again in this very scene says, 'this *ungenitured* agent,' &c." THEOBALD.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*a motion* ingenerative," &c.

P. 296. (64) "*A shy fellow*," &c.

Has been altered to "*A* sly *fellow*," &c.—("The meaning of this term ['*shy*'] may be best explained by the following lines in the Fifth Act;

> ''tis not impossible
> But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
> May seem as *shy*, as grave, as just, as absolute, &c.'"
>
> MALONE.

Assuredly the passage cited by Malone does not support the reading "*shy*" in the present one,—far from it.)

P. 296. (65) "*dearer love*."

The folio has "deare *loue*."

P. 297. (66) "*He's now past it; yet and I say to thee*," &c.

Was altered by Hanmer to "*He's* not *past it yet; and, I say to thee*," &c.

P. 298. (67) "*and it is as dangerous*," &c.

So the third folio.—The earlier folios have "*and* as *it is as dangerous*," &c., —a reading adopted and defended both by Mr. Collier and by Mr. Halliwell: but my conviction is, that the "as" (a word which occurs again *twice in the sentence*) was inserted by a mistake of the original compositor.

P. 299. (68) "*Grace to stand, and virtue go*."

i. e. —— and virtue *to* go. (The line has been unnecessarily altered.)

P. 299. ([69]) "*How may likeness, made in crimes,*
Making practice on the times," &c.

A passage in which it seems hopeless to ascertain what the poet really wrote. —Malone once conjectured that "*made in crimes*" should be "wade *in crimes*;" but he finally persuaded himself that the true reading of these lines was,—

"*How may likeness, made in crimes,*
Mocking, practise *on the times,*" &c.—

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives,

"*How may likeness, made in crimes,*
Masking *practice on the times,*" &c.,—

which Mr. Collier calls a "highly valuable alteration," and contrives to explain.

P. 301. ([70]) "*There have I made my promise on the heavy*
Middle of the night to call upon him."

So the folio,—except that it has "—— vpon *the heauy,*" &c.: but, I believe, not *so Shakespeare.*—The passage has been altered to

"There, on the heavy middle of the night,
Have I my promise made to call upon him;"

and to—

"There have I made my promise to call on him
Upon the heavy middle of the night."

P. 301. ([71]) "*and have found it.*"

Qy. "*and* I *have found it*"?

P. 302. ([72])
"*Run with these false and most contrarious quests*
. . . . . *idle dreams,*" &c.

The folio has "—— *contrarious* Quest" and "*idle* dreame," &c.,—the first of which mistakes was corrected in the second folio.

Here Hanmer printed "*Run with* their *false,*" &c.; and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "*Run with* base, *false,*" &c. But (though Mr. Collier thinks that "'*these*' can hardly be right, since no 'false and contrarious quests' have been previously mentioned"), the old reading is undoubtedly the true one. See note ([41]).

P. 302. ([73]) "*for yet our tilth's to sow.*"

The folio has "*for yet our* Tithes *to sow.*"—That Warburton was right in altering "Tithes" to "*tilth's*" is demonstratively shown by the notes of Farmer, Tollet, and Steevens. (Yet what says Henley in defence of the old misprint?—that "the Duke is speaking in the person of an ecclesiastic," &c.!)

P. 303. (74) "Abhor. *Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief*," &c.

The folio has

"*Abh.* Euerie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.
Clo. [i. e. *Clown*=*Pompey*] If it be too little for your theefe," &c.

"The argument of the hangman is exactly similar to that of the bawd [Pompey]. As the latter puts in his claim to the whores, as members of his occupation, and, in virtue of their painting, would enroll his own fraternity in the mystery of painters; so the former equally lays claim to the thieves, as members of his occupation, and, in their right, endeavours to rank his brethren, the hangmen, under the mystery of fitters of apparel or tailors." HEATH. But qy. if something has not dropt out?

P. 305. (75) "*the unsisting postern.*"

Here, for "*unsisting*," conjecture has substituted "unresisting," "unresting," "unlist'ning," "unlisting," "unfeeling," "resisting," "unshifting," and "unwisting"!!

P. 305. (76) "*This is his lordship's man.*"

The folio has "—— Lords *man*." ("Corrected by Mr. Pope. In the Ms. plays of our author's time they often wrote *Lo.* for *Lord*, and *Lord.* for *Lordship*; and these contractions were sometimes improperly followed in the printed copies." MALONE.)—The folio gives the above words to "*Duke*," and the next speech to "*Pro.*,"—which Tyrwhitt long ago pointed out as wrong; and yet the error is perpetuated by the modern editors,—Mr. Knight excepted, who notices the strange inconsistency of the Provost's first saying, "Here comes Claudio's pardon," and presently after, "I told you [*that he had no chance of a pardon*]."

P. 307. (77) "*tie the beard*," &c.

Simpson would read "dye *the beard*," &c.

P. 308. (78) "*Dizzy*," &c.

The folio has "Dizie," &c. (which, as Steevens observes, "might have been corrupted from *Dicey*, i. e. one addicted to dice").

P. 308. (79) "*Forthright*," &c.

The folio has "Forthlight," &c.

P. 309. (80) "*Your friend, sir; the hangman.*"

The folio has "*Your* friends *Sir, the Hangman.*"—Corrected in the third folio.

P. 310. (81)

"*Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:*
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation," &c.

The length of the first line offending the modern editors, they have variously altered the old arrangement of this speech. But it appears from several passages of Shakespeare and of his contemporary dramatists, that occasionally they did not scruple to disregard the metre when proper names were to be introduced.

The folio has "*To* yond *generation,*" &c.—I give the correction of Hanmer (who saw that the "yond" of the folio was nothing else than "ÿ ond'"="*the under*"),—a correction made, says Johnson, "with true judgment." Yet how unaccountably has it been misunderstood! Steevens (defending it), and Mr. Knight and others (rejecting it), agree in supposing that "*the under generation*" can only mean *the Antipodes!* But, surely, the following passages (not to cite others),—

"Approach, thou beacon to *this under globe,*
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter!"

King Lear, act ii. sc. 2.

and

"You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,—
That hath to instrument *this lower world*
And what is in't," &c.

The Tempest, act iii. sc. 3.

might have shown them that "*the under generation*" is equivalent to "the generation who live on the earth beneath,—mankind in general." (Let me add, that this misconception on the part of Steevens and his successors,—long time a matter of surprise to me,—did not escape the notice of my acute friend Mr. W. N. Lettsom, who, in a letter with which he lately favoured me, mentions it as astonishing.)

P. 311. (82) "*well-balanc'd form,*" &c.

The folio has "weale-*ballanc'd forme,*" &c.

P. 312. (83) "*Mark what I say,*" &c.

Something seems to have dropt out from this line.

P. 312. (84) "*covent,*" &c.

Altered by the modern editors to "convent," &c.: but "*covent*" is usually the form of the word in old writers. (It occurs again in *Henry VIII.* act iv. sc. 2.)

P. 312. (85) "*If you can, pace your wisdom*
In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have," &c.

In the folio there is no comma between "*can*" and "*pace*:" and the late Sidney Walker (as I learn from Mr. W. N. Lettsom) supposed a line to have been lost between the second and third of these lines.

P. 313. (86) "*redeliver our*," &c.

The folio has "reliuer *our*," &c.; the second folio, "deliuer *our*," &c.

P. 314. (87) "*For my authority bears so credent bulk*," &c.

The folio has "—— *beares* of a *credent bulke*," &c.;—which cannot be the true reading, and has been variously altered to "—— *bears* a *credent bulk*," &c., to "—— *bears* off a *credent bulk*," &c., and (by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector) to "—— *bears* such a *credent bulk*," &c. (Is not the "of a" of the folio a corruption of "*soe*"? In act i. sc. 2 of this play (see p. 258), the folio has

"On whom it will not (*soe*) yet still 'tis iust.")

P. 314. (88) "*give the like notice*
To Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus," &c.

As the line halts, "*Valentius*" is usually changed to "Valentinus,"—rightly perhaps.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (see Mr. Collier's one-volume *Shakespeare*) substitutes "Unto *Valentius*," &c.; which reads very awkwardly with the following "*to* Crassus;" and besides, twice before in this play we find "notice *to*," pp. 312, 314.

P. 315. (89) "*to 'vailful purpose*."

The folio has "*to* vaile full *purpose*."

P. 320. (90) "*this' a good friar*," &c.

i. e. "this is a good friar," &c. (So in the folio.)

P. 320. (91) "*on my trust*," &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*on my* truth," &c.; and Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, p. 14), "*on my* troth," &c.:—why?

P. 320. (92) "*Of a strange fever*."

The late Sidney Walker (as Mr. W. N. Lettsom informs me) would read "*Of a* strong *fever*,"—which I suspect the author wrote.

P. 322. (93) "*that he knows Isabel's*."

Qy. "*that he* knew *Isabel's*"?

P. 323. ([94]) "*And punish them to your height of pleasure.—*"

Qy. "—— *them* even *to your*," &c., or "—— *them* unto *your*," &c.?

P. 325. ([95]) "*We'll touse you*
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose."

Here most of the modern editors print "—— this *purpose;*" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (see Mr. Collier's one-volume *Shakespeare*) substitutes "—— your *purpose.*"—Boswell, defending the old text, says that "the close of the sentence is addressed to the by-standers." It is at least certain that similar changes of person are to be found in some other passages of Shakespeare: e.g.,

"Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took *thee* for their mother,
And every day do honour to *her* grave."
Cymbeline, act iii. sc. 3.

Nor is this sort of construction peculiar to Shakespeare.

P. 325. ([96]) "*would gloze now*," &c.

The folio has "*would* close *now*," &c. (We frequently find that the letters *c* and *g* at the beginning of words are confounded by early printers, most probably in consequence of their having been capitals in the Mss. Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*, act ii. sc. 2, the folio has "My bloud is mingled with the crime of lust," &c.)

P. 326. ([97]) "*that e'er made a duke.—*"

The folio has "*that ere* mad'st *a Duke.*"

P. 327. ([98]) "*Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power*," &c.

Here to "*remonstrance*" we may apply what Gifford says of the same word in the following passage of Shirley's *Imposture*,—viz. that it "is sufficiently catachrestic;"

"make
Each garden a *remonstrance* of this battle," &c.
Works, v. 190.

(Malone proposed to read "*Make rash* demonstrance," &c., which Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector also gives,—see Mr. Collier's one-volume *Shakespeare.*)

P. 327. ([99])
"*Then, Angelo, thy fault thus manifested,—*
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage,—
We do condemn thee to the very block," &c.

The folio has,

"*Then, Angelo, thy* fault's *thus manifested;*
Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage.
We doe condemne thee to the very block," &c.

P. 328. ([100]) "*by confiscation,*" &c.

The folio has "*by* confutation," &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 330. ([101]) "*Is he pardon'd,*" &c.

A suspicious line, which has been amended to "*Is he* too *pardon'd,*" &c.

P. 330. ([102]) "*her worth worth yours.*"

Hanmer printed "*her worth* works *yours;*" and the late Sidney Walker, as Mr. W. N. Lettsom informs me, read "*her worth* work *yours.*"—Heath proposes "*her* worth's *worth yours.*"

P. 330. ([103]) "*Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,*
That you extol me thus?"

There is something wrong here, which the modern editors have variously endeavoured to rectify,—by printing,

"*Wherein have I* deserved so *of you*
That you extol me thus?"

and

"*Wherein have I so deserv'd of you, that you*
Extol me thus?"—

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (see Mr. Collier's one-volume *Shakespeare*) gives

"*Wherein have I so* well *deserv'd of you,*
That you extol me thus?"

and I learn from Mr. W. N. Lettsom that the late Sidney Walker read

"*Wherein have I so* un*deserv'd of you,*
That you extol me thus?"

P. 330. ([104]) "*If any woman's,*" &c.

The folio has "*If any* woman," &c.

P. 331. ([105]) "*that's meet,*" &c.

The folio has "that *meete,*" &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SOLINUS, duke of Ephesus.
ÆGEON, a merchant of Syracuse.
ANTIPHOLUS* of Ephesus, } twin brothers, and sons to Ægeon
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } and Æmilia.
DROMIO of Ephesus, } twin brothers, and attendants on the two
DROMIO of Syracuse, } Antipholuses.
BALTHAZAR, a merchant.
ANGELO, a goldsmith.
First Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.
Second Merchant, to whom Angelo is a debtor.
PINCH, a schoolmaster.

ÆMILIA, wife to Ægeon, an abbess at Ephesus.
ADRIANA, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
LUCIANA, her sister.
LUCE, servant to Adriana.
A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—*Ephesus.*

* In the folio this name is spelt both "Antipholis" and "Antipholus." I may notice that the only form in ancient authors is "*Antiphilus.*"

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A hall in the* Duke's *palace.*

Enter Duke, ÆGEON, Goaler, Officers, *and other* Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians(1) and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more, if any born at Ephesus
Be seen at(2) Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again, if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levièd,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,

Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort,—when your words are done
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusian, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home,
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too,(3) had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum; till my factor's death,
And the(4) great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself—almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear—
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon and safe arrivèd where I was.
There had she not been long but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor(5) mean woman was deliverèd
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon!
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,

Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscurèd light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none:—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other:
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discoverèd
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;

Which being violently borne upon,(6)
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdenèd
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee(7) till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and impórtun'd me
That his attendant—so(8) his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name—
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd

To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,—
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,—
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudgèd to the death,
And passèd sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can.
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day
To seek thy help by beneficial help:(9)
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.—
Gaoler,(10) take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A public place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, DROMIO of Syracuse, *and* First Merchant.

First Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

First Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

First Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*Exit.*

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.—
Here comes the almanac of my true date.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,—
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray,—
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper:—
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,(11)
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir! why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner:
My mistress and her sister stays for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.
[*Beating him.*

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands!
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguisèd cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties(12) of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Before the house of* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and when they see time,
They'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.(13)

Luc. O, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the wingèd fowls,
Are their males' subjects and at their controls:
Men,(14) more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Indu'd with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some otherwhere?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me;
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.—
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully,(15) thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain!

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad.
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand(16) marks in gold:
"'Tis dinner-time," quoth I; "My gold," quoth he;
"Your meat doth burn," quoth I; "My gold," quoth he:
"Will you come home?"(17) quoth I; "My gold," quoth he;
"Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?"
"The pig," quoth I, "is burn'd;" "My gold," quoth he:
"My mistress, sir," quoth I; "Hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!"

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master:
"I know," quoth he, "no house, no wife, no mistress."
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home!
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. [*Exit.*

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowereth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,

Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard:
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault,—he's master of my state:
What ruins are in me that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayèd fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy,—fie, beat it hence!

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain;—
Would that alone alone(18) he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see the jewel(19) best enamellèd
Will lose his beauty; and though gold bides still,
That others touch, yet often-touching will
Wear gold: and no man that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A public place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation and mine host's report,

I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart.—See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.
[*Beating him.*

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jet(20) upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspéct,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and ensconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—
For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?
Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir: I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir; what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men(21) in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones, then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones, then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in trimming;(22) the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely,(23) no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion:
But, soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown:
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana nor thy wife.
The time was once when thou unurg'd wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,

That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,
That thou art then estrangèd from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the grime(24) of lust:
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep, then, fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live unstain'd,(25) thou undishonourèd.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio!

Dro. S. By me!

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compáct?

Dro. S. I, sir! I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus, then, call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband,—I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger(26) state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. [*aside*] To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd(27) fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land;—O spite of spites!—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish(28) sprites:
If we obey them not, this will ensue,—
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone,(30) thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!
Dro. S. I am transformèd, master, am not I?(30)
Ant. S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.
Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.
Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.
Dro. S. No, I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.
Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laughs my woes to scorn.—
Come, sir, to dinner.—Dromio, keep the gate.—
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.—
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister.—Dromio, play the porter well.
Ant. S. [*aside*] Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
I'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.
Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before the house of* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus, ANGELO, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours;

Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house.—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You are sad, Signior Balthazar: pray God our cheer
May answer my good will and your good welcome here!

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft! my door is lock'd.—Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jin!

Dro. S. [*within*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter?—My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. [*within*] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door!

Dro. S. [*within*] Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore! for my dinner: I have not din'd to-day.

Dro. S. [*within*] Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. [*within*] The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stol'n both mine office and my name!

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce [*within*].(31) What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce [*within*]. Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh!—
Have at you with a proverb;—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce [*within*]. Have at you with another; that's,—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. [*within*] If thy name be call'd Luce,—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?(32)

Luce [*within*]. I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. [*within*] And you said no.

Dro. E. So, come, help:—well struck! there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce [*within*]. Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce [*within*]. Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce [*within*]. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [*within*] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. [*within*] By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. [*within*] Your wife, sir knave! go get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go fetch me something: I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. [*within*] Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. [*within*] It seems thou want'st breaking: out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much "out upon thee!" I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. [*within*] Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in:—go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather,—master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so!
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,—your long experience of her(32) wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be rul'd by me: depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;
And about evening come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it,
And that supposèd by the common rout
Against your yet ungallèd estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever housèd where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle:
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife—but, I protest, without desert—
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;
For there's the house: that chain will I bestow—
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste.

Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.
Ang. I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.
Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A street near the house of* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.(33)

Enter LUCIANA(34) *and* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous? (35)
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness:
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managèd;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but(36) believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,—
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me, then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:
Far more, far more to you do I decline.(37)
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister flood(38) of tears:
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bride(39) I'll take thee, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death that hath such means to die:
Let Love, being light, be drownèd if she sink!(40)

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where(41) you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part,
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim(42) thee.
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir! hold you still:
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit.*

Enter, running, DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverend body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say sir-reverence. I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wóndrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean,—a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why(43) she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir; but her name and(44) three quarters, that's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her hair.(45)

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had

about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch:

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel,
She had transform'd me to a curtal dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go hie thee presently, post to the road:—
An if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night:—
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO *with the chain.*

Ang. Master Antipholus,—

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir:—lo, here is the chain.
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.
Ang. You are a merry man, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*
Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay:
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A public place.*

Enter Second Merchant, ANGELO, *and an* Officer.

Sec. Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much impórtun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.
Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus;
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.
Off. That labour may you save: see where he comes.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus *and* DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end: that will I bestow
Among my wife and her(46) confederates
For locking me out of my doors by day.—

But, soft! I see the goldsmith.—Get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!
[*Exit.*

Ant. E. A man is well holp up that trusts to you:
I promisèd your presence and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good Lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Sec. Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear how he impórtunes me;—the chain!—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.(47)

Ant. E. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath.
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.
Sec. Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say whêr you'll answer me or no:
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?
Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.
Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.
Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.
Ant. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.
Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.
Sec. Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
Off. I do;—
And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.
Ang. This touches me in reputation.—
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.
Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.—
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.
Off. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.
Ant. E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail.—
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.
Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away.(48) Our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for naught at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish shee
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?
Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.
Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose and what end.
Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon:(49)
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.
Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave, be gone.—
On, officer, to prison till it come.
[*Exeunt Sec. Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant.*.
Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Ex*

SCENE II. *A room in the house of* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesu

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou, in this case,
Of(50) his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.
Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.
Adr. Didst speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformèd, crookèd, old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
Adr. Ah, but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go; the desk, the purse! sweet, now, make haste.
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
Dro. S. By running fast.
Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse,—a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.
Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?
Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.
Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;
But is in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,
[*Exit Luciana.*
That(51) he, unknown to me, should be in debt.—
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing,—
A chain, a chain: do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell:—'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O, yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, 'a turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth to season.
Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?
If Time(52) be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Re-enter LUCIANA *with the purse.*

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.—
Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit,—
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A public place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;

And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me; some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy;—
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for.—What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?(53)

Ant. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's skin that was killed for the Prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went, like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob,(54) and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What, thou meanest an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, "God give you good rest!"

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessèd power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes that the wenches say, "God damn me;" that's as much as to say,(55) "God make me a light wench." It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; so(56) bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid thee, fiend!(57) what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I cónjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone;
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise: an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain:
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch!—Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. "Fly pride," says the peacock: mistress, that you know. [*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S.*

Cour. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain:
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,—
Besides this present instance of his rage,—
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A street.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus *and the* Officer.(58)

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away:
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger:
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—
Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus *with a rope's end.*

How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?
Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.
Ant. E. But where's the money?
Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.
Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?
Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.
Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

[*Beating him.*

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good, now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears.—I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *the* Courtezan, *and* PINCH.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather, to prophesy like the parrot,(59) "Beware the rope's end."

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beating him.*

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

[*Striking him.*

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I cónjure thee by all the saints in heaven!

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressèd soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home;
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

Ant. E. Din'd(60) at home!—Thou villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity you did;—my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me! heart and good-will you might;
But surely, master,(61) not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?—
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damnèd pack
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out these(62) false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company!—The fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

Enter three or four, who assist PINCH *in binding* ANT. E. *and* DRO. E.

Ant. E. What, will you murder me?—Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner: if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.—
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here entered in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master; cry, the devil!

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.

[*Exeunt Pinch and Assistants with Ant. E. and Dro. E.*

Say now whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?

Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. Whenas your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,—
The ring I saw upon his finger now,—
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.—
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse *and* DROMIO of Syracuse *with their rapiers drawn.*(63)

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords. Let's call more help,
To have them bound again.

Off. Away! they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezan, and Officer.*

Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm: you see(64) they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before an abbey.*

Enter Second Merchant *and* ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.
Sec. Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?
Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Sec. Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse *and* DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And, not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me; can you deny it?
Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.
Sec. Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.
Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?
Sec. Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee:(65)
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.
Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Sec. Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *the* Courtezan, *and others.*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.—
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house!
This is some priory:—in, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. into the abbey.*

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Sec. Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much(66) different from the man he was;
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love,—
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing?
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Abb. And [illegible]
The venom [illegible]
Poison more [illegible]
It seems his sleeps [illegible]
And thereof [illegible]
Thou say'st his meat [illegible]
Unquiet meals make [illegible]
Thereof the raging [illegible]
And what's a fever [illegible]
Thou say'st his sports [illegible]
Sweet recreation barr'd, [illegible]
But moody and dull [illegible]
Kinsman to grim and [illegible]
And at her heels a huge [illegible]
Of pale distemperature [illegible]
In food, in sport, and [illegible]
To be disturb'd, would [illegible]
The consequence is, then, [illegible]
Have scar'd thy husband [illegible]
Luc. She never [illegible]
When he demean'd himself [illegible]
Why bear you these [illegible]
Adr. She did betray [illegible]
Good people, enter, and lay [illegible]
Abb. No, not a creature [illegible]
Adr. Then let your [illegible]
Abb. Neither: he took [illegible]
And it shall privilege him [illegible]
Till I have brought him [illegible]
Or lose my labour in [illegible]
Adr. I will attend my [illegible]
Diet his sickness, for it [illegible]
And will have no attorney [illegible]
And therefore let me [illegible]
Abb. Be patient; [illegible]

Till I have us'd the approvèd means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order.
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him. [*Exit.*

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Sec. Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death(68) and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Sec. Mer. To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See where they come: we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke, *attended;* ÆGEON *bareheaded; with the* Headsman *and other* Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus my husband,—
Who I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Once did I [illegible]
Whilst to [illegible]
That here and [illegible]
Anon, I wot not [illegible]
He broke from [illegible]
And with his mad [illegible]
Each one with [illegible]
Met us again, and [illegible]
Chas'd us away; till [illegible]
We came again to [illegible]
Into this abbey, [illegible]
And here the abbess [illegible]
And will not suffer [illegible]
Nor send him forth, [illegible]
Therefore, most [illegible]
Let him be brought [illegible]

Duke. Long since [illegible]
And I to thee engag'd [illegible]
When thou didst make [illegible]
To do him all the [illegible]
Go, some of you, knock [illegible]
And bid the lady abbess [illegible]
I will determine this [illegible]

Serv. O mistress, [illegible]
My master and his man [illegible]
Beaten the maids a-row, [illegible]
Whose beard they have [illegible]
And ever, as it blaz'd, [illegible]
Great pails of puddled [illegible]
My master preaches [illegible]
His man with scissors [illegible]

And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here;
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scotch(69) your face, and to disfigure you. [*Cry within.*
Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!

Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing.—Guard with halberds!

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus *and* DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, O, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,
That hath abusèd and dishonour'd me
Even in the strength and height of injury:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault.—Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord: myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together. So befal my soul
As this is false he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman!—They are both forsworn:
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advisèd what I say;
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,

I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Sec. Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart:
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey-walls;
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain. So help me heaven
As this is false you burden me withal! (70)

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—
You say he din'd at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying.—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porpentine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange.—Go call the abbess hither.—
[*Exit an Attendant.*
I think you are all mated or stark mad.

Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound.

Æge. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.

Æge. O, grief hath chang'd me since you saw me la
And careful hours with Time's deformèd hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and what a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grainèd face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st we parted: but perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the cit
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years

Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Re-enter Abbess, *with* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse *and* DROMIO of Syracuse.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to see them.*

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio: pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Æge.(71) If I dream not, thou art Æmilia:
If thou art she, tell me where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum he and I
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two Antipholus', these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—(72)
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.—

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

I hope I [illegible]

If this be [illegible]

Ang. [illegible]

Ant. S. I [illegible]

Ant. E. [illegible]

Ang. I think I [illegible]

Adr. I sent you [illegible]

By Dromio; but I [illegible]

Dro. E. No, [illegible]

Ant. S. This [illegible]

And Dromio my [illegible]

I see we still did [illegible]

And I was ta'en for [illegible]

And thereupon [illegible]

Ant. E. Th[illegible]

Duke. It shall [illegible]

Cour. Sir, I [illegible]

Ant. E. There, [illegible]

[illegible] cheer [illegible]

Abb. Renowned [illegible]

To go with us into [illegible]

And hear at large [illegible]

And all that are [illegible]

That by this [illegible]

Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.—
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; and, till this present hour,
My heavy burden ne'er deliverèd.—(74)
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and joy with me;
After so long grief, such festivity! (75)

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt Duke, Abbess, Ægeon, Courtezan, Sec. Merchant, Angelo, and Attendants.*

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me.—I am your master, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Ant. E., Adr. and Luc.*

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-fac'd youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then, thus:—
We came into the world like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*

P. 353. (1) "*Syracusians*," &c.

I retain this spelling in preference to the more correct one, *Syracusans*, not because it has (as Boswell observes) the sanction of Bentley in his *Diss. on Phalaris*, but because it is the spelling of the folio throughout, and therefore, in all probability, that which Shakespeare chose to adopt.

P. 353. (2) "*Nay, more, if any born at Ephesus*
Be seen at Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again, if any Syracusian born," &c.

In the second of these lines the folio has "*Be seene at* any *Siracusian*," &c. (the "any" having been inserted by a mistake of the transcriber or compositor, whose eye had caught it in the preceding or in the following line); and so the more recent editors, *though the passage had been long ago set right.*

P. 354. (3) "*And by me too*," &c.

The "*too*" was added in the second folio.

P. 354. (4) "*And the great care of goods at random left*," &c.

So Theobald (a correction which Malone gives as his own).—The folio has "*And* he *great care of goods at* randone *left*," &c.—The editor of the second folio substituted "*And* he *great* store *of goods at* randone leaving," &c. (Though here the folio has the old form "randone," it has, in *The Two Gent. of Verona*, act ii. sc. 2, "I writ at *randome*," &c.)

P. 354. (5) "*A poor mean woman*," &c.

"The word '*poor*' was added to complete the metre in the second folio. It is manifest that some word was omitted by the compositor of the original copy; but the word supplied by the second folio can hardly be the author's word, for in the next line but one we have 'for their parents were exceeding *poor*'." MALONE.

P. 356. (6) "*borne upon*," &c.

The folio has "*borne* vp," &c.; the second folio "*borne* up *upon*," &c.

P. 356. (7) "*and thee till now.*"

The folio has "*and* they *till now.*"—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 356. (8) "*so his case*," &c.

The second folio reads "for *his case*," &c.

P. 357. (9) "*To seek thy help by benefic*

Pope printed (very badly) "*To seek thy* life
"*To seek thy help by beneficial* means," &c.—
thy hope *by*," &c. (and so his Ms. Corrector)
(*Shakespeare Soc. Papers*, ii. 52) commends as b
exclamation just afterwards,

'Hopeless and helpless must *A*

I doubt, however, if much stress can be laid on
"Hopeless and helpless" is found in severa
(*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 15) conjecture
After all, Malone was certainly justified in rem
"the jingle has much of Shakespeare's manner.

P. 357. (10) "*Gaoler, take him to thy*

Has been amended to "So, *gaoler, take him t*
other ways.

P. 359. (11) "*your clock*," &c.

The folio has "*your* cooke," &c.

P. 360. (12) "*liberties of sin*," &c

Hanmer printed "libertines *of sin*," &c. (and s
see Mr. Collier's one-volume *Shakespeare*).

P. 360. (13) "*takes it ill*."

The folio has "*takes it* thus."—Corrected in the

P. 361. (14) "*Men, more divine, the master*
Lords of," &c.

The folio has

"Man *more divine, the* Master
Lord *of*," &c.

P. 362. (15) "Luc. *Spake he so doubtful*

When Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector altered "
here and in Dromio's reply, he must have for
can only mean to speak deceitfully.

P. 362. ([16]) "*a thousand marks*," &c.

The folio has "*a* hundred *marks*," &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 362. ([17]) "'*Will you come home?' quoth I*," &c.

Here the word "*home*" happens to have dropt out from the folio: and, though the line is unmetrical without it, and though it has been thus reiterated by Dromio in the scene (pp. 358-9) which he is now describing,—"you come not *home*,"—"strike you *home*,"—"*home* to your house,"—"*home* to dinner,"—Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier are agreed that there is no necessity for its insertion.

P. 363. ([18]) "*Would that alone alone he would detain*," &c.

So the second folio; and rightly, it would seem: compare our author's *Lucrece*; "But I *alone alone* must sit and pine," &c.—The first folio has "*Would that alone*, a loue *he would detaine*," &c.

P. 363. ([19]) "*I see the jewel best enamelled*," &c.

I am forced to content myself with the usual modern reading of this passage. —The folio has;

"I see the Iewell best enamaled
Will loose his beautie: yet the gold bides still
That others touch, and often touching will,
Where gold and no man that hath a name,
By falshood and corruption doth it shame."

P. 364. ([20]) "*Your sauciness will jet upon my love,*
And make a common of my serious hours."

The folio has "*Your sawcinesse will* iest *vpon*," &c.,—an error partly occasioned perhaps by the occurrence of the word "jest" both in the preceding speech and towards the close of the present one.—The second line so obviously leads to the correction which I have now made, that I wonder how it escaped the commentators. Compare *Titus Andronicus*, act ii. sc. 1;

"and think you not how dangerous
It is to *jet upon* a prince's right?"

Richard III. act ii. sc. 4;

"Insulting tyranny begins to *jet*
Upon the innocent and aweless throne."

and *Sir Thomas More* (a play edited by me for the Shakespeare Society); "It is hard when Englishmens pacience must be thus *jetted on* by straungers," &c. p. 2.

P. [illegible] ([illegible])

[illegible]

P. [illegible] ([illegible]) "[illegible]

The folio has "[illegible]
metaphor, and the [illegible]
'—— with the [illegible]
[p. 377] "[illegible]
See note ([illegible]), p. [illegible].

P. 367. ([illegible])

The folio has "*I* [illegible]

P. 368. ([illegible])

The folio has "*thy* [illegible]

P. 368. ([illegible])

The folio has "*the* [illegible]

P. 368. ([illegible])

Here "*sleiel*" (misprinted [illegible]
the passage well enough: [illegible]
word; for all the alterations [illegible]
trary.

P. 369. ([illegible]) "[illegible]

So Theobald; nor do I [illegible]

cause Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier have rejected it.—The folio has "*Dromio, thou* Dromio, *thou snaile*," &c.,—the compositor having repeated "Dromio" by mistake. (The second folio omits "*thou*" before "*snail*" for the sake of the metre.)

P. 369. (30) "*am not I?*"

The folio has "*am* I not?"

P. 371. (31) "Luce [within]."

Here the folio has "Enter LUCE," and, a little after, "Enter ADRIANA;" which may lead us to suspect that both maid and mistress made their appearance on the balcony termed *the upper stage*, though they undoubtedly were supposed not to see the persons at the door.

P. 371. (32) "*I hope?*"

"A line following this has, I believe, been lost, in which the speaker threatened Luce with the corporal correction of a rope, which might have furnished the rhyme now wanting. In a subsequent scene he puts the threat which I imagine was made here into execution, by ordering Dromio to go and buy a rope's-end, adding,

'that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates.'

Mr. Theobald and all the subsequent editors read, without any authority, 'I *trow*;' for the purpose of making out a triplet: but that word and '*hope*' were not likely to be confounded by either a transcriber or a compositor." MALONE.

P. 373. (33) "*of her wisdom*," &c.

The folio has "*of* your *wisdome*," &c.; and in the next line but one "*on* your *part*," &c.

P. 374. (34)

"SCENE II. A street near the house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus."

This location is awkward enough: but I know not what other to adopt. We can hardly suppose that Luciana and Ant. S. now enter *from the door* of the house as soon as the stage has been left vacant by the departure of Antipholus E. and his companions. But for the entrance of Angelo at p. 378, I should have marked the scene as laid in the garden of Ant. E.'s house: and there, indeed, the poet may have intended the audience to fancy that it passed, till the exit of Dromio S., p. 378; after which they were to consider Antipholus as standing in the street. That the spectators of those days (when

P. 374. ([illegible])

The folio has "[illegible]

P. 375. ([illegible]) "[illegible]

Here, either through [illegible] the more recent, Mr. [illegible] *cline.*"—Compare (among [illegible] the original text); "That [illegible] be impartiall, [illegible] merite." Greene's *Pa*[illegible]

P. 375. ([illegible])

Unnecessarily altered in the [illegible]

P. 375. ([illegible]) "*And as* [illegible]

The folio has "*And as a bed* [illegible] "*And as a bed He,*" [illegible] became the usual [illegible] but no other than [illegible]

P. 375. (40) "*Let Love, being light, be drownèd if she sink!*"

Malone has remarked that here, as in some other places, Shakespeare uses *Love* for the Queen of love.—Compare Marlowe's *Ovid's Elegies;*

> "*Love* and *Love's* son are with fierce arms at odds."
> ("Nec *Venus* apta," &c) *Works*, iii. 130, ed. Dyce.

P. 375. (41) "*Gaze where you*," &c.

The folio has "*Gaze* when *you*," &c.

P. 376. (42) "*for I aim thee.*"

Capell's correction.—The folio has "*I* am *thee.*"

P. 377. (43) "*for why she sweats*," &c.

The folio has "*for why? she sweats*," &c.; and the interrogation-point is retained in the modern editions,—very erroneously, since *for why* is equivalent to *because, for this reason that.*—Compare our author elsewhere;

> "*For why* the fools are mad, if left alone."
> *The Two Gent. of Verona*, p. 114 of the present vol.
>
> "*For why* the senseless brands will sympathize
> The heavy accent of thy moving tongue," &c.
> *Richard II.* act v. sc. 1.

(where the folio has an interrogation-point after "*why*").—Also the following passages;

> "But let me see; what time a day is't now?
> It cannot be imagin'd by the sunne,
> *For why* I haue not seene it shine to daie," &c.
> *A Warning for Faire Women*, 1599, sig. E 4.
>
> "Thomas kneele downe; and, if thou art resolu'd,
> I will absolue thee here from all thy sinnes,
> *For why* the deed is meritorious."
> *The Troublesome Raigne of King John* (*Part Sec.*), sig. I 2, ed. 1622.

P. 377. (44) "*but her name and three quarters*," &c.

The folio has "*but her name* is *three quarters*," &c.

P. 377. (45) "*armed and reverted, making war against her hair.*"

In this quibbling passage, the spelling of the second folio, "*hair*," is evidently required.—The first folio has "heire."

P. 379. (46) "*and her confederates*," &c.

The folio has "*and* their *confederates*," &c.

P. 380. (47) "*send me by some token*."

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "*send* by me *some token*;" which change, as Mr. Collier says, "seems scarcely required:" and see Malone's note *ad l.*

P. 381. (48) "*And then, sir, she bears away*."

Altered in the second folio to "*Then sir she beares away*."

P. 382. (49) "*You sent me for a rope's end as soon*," &c.

Steevens (who compares the language of Dromio a little before,—and who might have compared the next line of the present speech) printed "*You sent me*, sir, *for a rope's end as soon*;" and so probably Shakespeare wrote. (Malone prints "—— *a* ropes *end as soon*,"—asserting that "ropes" is here *the Saxon genitive case!*)

P. 382. (50) "*Of his heart's*," &c.

The folio has "Oh, *his hearts*," &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 384. (51) "*That he*," &c.

The folio has "Thus *he*," &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 384. (52) "*If Time be in debt*," &c.

The folio has "*If* I *be in debt*," &c.—Malone reads "*If* he *be in debt*," &c.—But I much prefer Rowe's correction, "*Time*." In the Ms. used for the folio, the word (because it had occurred so often just before) was probably written here contractedly, T, which the compositor might easily mistake for "I."

P. 385. (53)

"*What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?*"

Theobald printed "*What, have you got* rid of *the picture*," &c.—Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare*, 1826) thus explains the original text: "The sergeant is designated by '*the picture of old Adam*' because he wore buff, as Adam wore his native buff; and Dromio asks Antipholus if he had *got* him *new-apparelled*, i.e. got him a new *suit*, in other words, got rid of him."

P. 385. (54) "*a fob*," &c.

This is the usual modern reading.—The folio has "*a* sob," &c.—Hanmer

printed "*a* bob," &c.—Mr. Halliwell, in his *Dict. of Arch. and Prov. Words*, gives "*Sob*—To sop, or suck up. *Suffolk*;" and adds, "Perhaps *sob* in the old copies of *The Comedy of Errors* means *sop*."—It may be that the former is a misprint for the latter.

P. 386. (55) "*that's as much as to say*," &c.

The folio has "*thats as much to say*," &c. But in this formula Shakespeare I believe, never omits the second "*as*," though he sometimes places it before, sometimes after the verb: compare *Two Gent. of Ver.* act iii. sc. 1; *Much ado about Nothing*, act ii. sc. 3, act iii. sc. 2; *Twelfth-Night*, act i. sc. 5; *Sec. Part of Henry VI.* act v. sc. 2; *and Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 4.

P. 386. (56)

"*Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; so bespeak a long spoon.*"

The folio has "*Master, if do expect spoon-meate*, or *bespeake a long spoone*."—The editor of the second folio made no alteration except in adding "*you*."

P. 386. (57) "*Avoid thee. fiend!*"

The folio has "*Auoid* then *fiend*;" which was altered in the fourth folio to "*Avoid* thou *fiend*."

P. 387. (58) "and the *Officer*."

The folio has "with a Jailer" (but prefixes "*Offi.*" and "*Off.*" to his speeches in the scene).—Mr. Collier prints "*and* a Jailor," observing that "This is the old stage-direction; and as Adriana and Antipholus subsequently call him so, there is reason for retaining it, instead of 'an Officer,' as it stands in the modern editions." But Mr. Collier does not perceive into what inconsistency he runs by printing here "a Jailor;" for in the first scene of this act he gives "Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and *an Officer*;" and that the Officer who arrests Antipholus in that scene is the very person who now enters with him, is proved by the speech of Antipholus to the Duke, p 368, "My liege, I am advisèd what I say," &c.

P. 388. (59)

"*or rather, to prophesy like the parrot, 'Beware the rope's end'.*"

The folio has "*or rather* the *prophesie like*," &c.

P. 389. (60) "*Din'd at home!*"

Has been altered to "I *din'd at home!*"

P. [illegible] (*)

The folio has [illegible]
are frequently [illegible]
see him dead [illegible]

P. [illegible] (*)

In this line "[illegible]
the recent editors [illegible]
the line [illegible]

P. 393. (*)

The second folio has "[illegible]

P. 394. (*) "[illegible]

And [illegible]
Of [illegible]

Even allowing that heels [illegible]
"*her* heels," [illegible]
dark confident [illegible]

P. 395. (⁶⁶) "*The place of death*," &c.

The folio has "*The place of* depth," &c.—That "depth" was a misprint for "*death*," I did not require the authority of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to convince me; but I am glad he has pronounced it to be so, because the probability of future editors retaining it is thereby considerably lessened. (Even Mr. Collier, who gave "*death*" in his text, was afterwards troubled with great doubts whether he had done rightly: see the "*Additional Notes*" to his *Shakespeare*, i. cclxxxv.).—According to Mr. Hunter, "'The place of *depth*' means, in the Greek story, the Barathrum, the deep pit, into which offenders were cast. So Jonson,—

> 'Opinion! [O God] let gross opinion sink [and be damn'd]
> As deep as *Barathrum*.'
>
> *Every Man in his Humour*, ed. 1601."

New Illustr. of Shakespeare, i. 225.

But *Ægeon* was not about to be "*cast into a deep pit*:"—he was to be "Beheaded publicly for his offence." Nor do I see the appositeness of Mr. Hunter's quotation from Jonson. In it "*Barathrum*" undoubtedly means *hell*. Compare Dekker's *Knights Conjuring*, 1607; "Inraged at which, he flung away, and leapt into *Barathrum*." Sig. c. 3. And Taylor's *Band*;

> "Cocitus Monarch, high and mighty Dis,
> Who of Great Limbo Lake Commander is,
> Of Tartary, of Erebus, and all
> *Those Kingdomes which men Barathrum doe call*."
>
> P. 92 (second),—*Workes*, ed. 1631.

P. 397. (⁶⁷) "*To scotch your face*," &c.

The folio has "*To* scorch *your face*," &c.—Warburton saw that "*scotch*" was the true reading here: but his obvious emendation has been treated with contempt by his successors. "'*Scorch*,' says Steevens, "I believe, is right. He would have punished her as he had punished the conjurer before;"—which must have been *by singing off her beard!*—The folio has the very same misprint in *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 2;

> "We haue *scorch'd* [read "scotch'd"] the snake, not kill'd it."

So, too, have all the old editions of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, act iii. sc. 4;

> "*Re-enter* George, *leading a Second* Man *with a patch over his* nose.
>
> *George*. Puissant knight, of the Burning Pestle high,
> See here another wretch, whom this foul beast
> Hath *scorcht* [read "scotch'd"] and scor'd in this inhuman wise!"

P. 399. (⁶⁸) "*I never saw the chain. So help me heaven*
As this is false you burden me without!"

[illegible]lio has,

> "*I never saw the Chaine, so helpe me heaven!*
> And *this is false you burden me without!*"

P. 402. (*)

Rowe substituted

P. 403. (*)

The folio has,

The alteration

reading

Knight

P. 404

The folio has,

> "*And you the Kalenders of their Natiuity,*
> *Go to a Gossips feast, and* go *with mee,*
> *After so long greefe such* Natiuitie,"—

wrongly beyond all doubt.—In the second line (where "go" cannot be considered as one of those "repetitions" which Shakespeare frequently affects) I adopt the correction of Heath; in the third line, that of Johnson, who observes, "'*Nativity*' lying so near, and the termination being the same of both words, the mistake was easy."—Hanmer printed "—— *such* felicity!"

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